

SRI GÜNÉSHÙ

WANDERINGS
OF A
PILGRIM
IN SEARCH OF THE
PICTURESQUE

by
FANNY PARKS

with an introduction and notes
by
ESTHER CHAWNER

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOLUME ONE

OXFORD
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INTRODUCTION

TO THE 1975 EDITION

Fanny Parks sailed for India with her husband, Charles Crawford Parks, a Writer in the East India Company's service, in 1822, shortly after their marriage, and they returned to England in 1846. Throughout those twenty-four years she kept a diary.

Her diary is well worth our attention today, for besides giving a detailed and lively account of domestic and social life, she travelled widely in north India, and journeyed into parts of the country unknown to other diarists. Her voyage up the Jumna is a good example. Some of the places she describes are now seldom visited, such as Gaur and Kanauj. Of others, still seen by all who come to northern India, her treatment is unhackneyed and lively, and the differences between then and now are striking to anyone familiar with the places. She also observes Indian customs and ideas with interest and sympathy, an attitude which, as time advanced, grew less and less common. Many kept diaries and wrote accounts of English life in India at this period, but they were mostly either unwilling exiles or visitors for a few years only, while Mrs. Parks made a long stay, and enjoyed it.

Fanny was born on 8 December 1794, at Conway in Wales, the daughter of Captain William Archer and his wife Anne. Captain Archer, who had served for many years in the 16th Lancers, had come to live at Conway on

leaving the army. Frances Susannah (Fanny) was baptised there on 22 January 1795. It was at Lymington, Hampshire where the family had gone to live, that Fanny was married to Charles Parks, on 25 March 1822.

It is as well to correct an error which appears in the *Dictionary of Indian Biography* by C.E. Buckland. Fanny is here shown as the daughter of Major Edward Archer, A.D.C. to Lord Combermere when he was Commander-in-Chief, India, but her baptism and marriage certificates, as well as internal evidence from the diary, show that her father was Captain William Archer. Her father had retired long before Fanny sailed for India, and he died in 1838, while Major Edward Archer did not leave the army till 1853.

Charles Parks, who was nearly three years younger than his wife, had already been to India before he married. Both his father and his brother had been in the service there and Charles, after attending the East India College at Haileybury, arrived in India in 1818 but soon returned to Europe where he stayed on extended leave until 'the last ships of the 1821-22 season'. In the meantime, he married.

After just over a year at Fort William College, Charles Parks was posted as First Assistant to the Collector of Sea Customs, Calcutta. At the end of 1826 he was sent to Allahabad, where he remained as Collector of Customs for the rest of his service, except for a brief spell of less than a year at Cawnpore. His wife, however, did not remain at Allahabad for all these years, but moved about the country, visiting relations and friends, at Fatehgarh and Khasgunge, sailing up the Jumna to Agra, twice visiting Lucknow, making several trips up and down the Ganges between Allahabad and Calcutta, and going cross-country to Delhi and Meerut and thence to the Himalayas.

They planned to go home on furlough in 1833-34, but for some reason they were never able to go. Charles is not mentioned as having taken any leave, except for a brief

spell when he joined his wife in Agra and Khasgunge, so it is not surprising that he fell ill, and in 1842 had to be sent to the Cape to recuperate. There his wife joined him, and after this they had a short further period in India. But Charles was a sick man, and in March 1845 he was given permission to go to England on furlough. On 29 August 1845, very reluctantly on her part, they sailed from Calcutta, never to return.

Not much is known of Charles and Fanny after they reached England, for there her journal stops. Charles' furlough had been granted for three years, up to September 1848, but he was already seriously ill on the voyage, and in England his health continued to deteriorate. He had put in almost twenty-three years of continuous service in India, so, three months after his arrival in England, he tendered his resignation, and was admitted to annuity from 29 May 1846. The Parks at first settled at St. Leonards-on-Sea, and there Fanny prepared her journal for publication, and published it in 1850. A few years afterwards, Charles died in London, of Bright's Disease, on 22 August 1854, at the age of 56. Fanny survived him for more than twenty years, dying in London on 21 December 1875, of shingles, aged 81, 'widow of Charles Crawford Parks, of the Bengal Civil Service, retired'.

We know practically nothing of Fanny and her husband as people except what can be glimpsed from the diary, and there, as she is extremely reticent, she does not tell us much, not even mentioning her husband's name, and referring to most other people only by their initials. But in spite of this a vivid though incomplete picture of her emerges — a woman of boundless energy, both physical and mental, kindly, intelligent and unprejudiced, more than usually observant and enquiring, her interests not confined to the home or the social life of the English stations. She was full of activity, taking a tremendous lot of exercise on horseback, exploring out-of-the-way places and going on expeditions, and, when at home, busy with her

hobbies (stone-cutting and stuffing birds rather than needlework and other ladylike accomplishments) and her reading, always learning more about what she saw around her. A very independent and capable woman, she enjoyed danger, adventure and solitude, and had no hesitation in setting off alone on long river journeys, for pleasure not necessity, in an unsuitable boat against the stream at the height of the rains, or going in a ricketty cart into the jungle to look for traces of tiger. She could deal with any crisis from a mad dog to a leak in the boat. Highly unconventional, she had strong feelings about the position of women and the inferior education given to them; of the Indian ladies she met, the one she preferred, much more than the exotic beauties of the *zenana*, was the Baiza Bai who had ruled a kingdom and ridden to battle with her army.

Mrs. Parks must herself have had the kind of education she criticises, but she had a well-stored mind, read eagerly and widely, knew French and took lessons in Italian, was interested in scientific experiments, played various instruments and tried many handicrafts. She was an ardent sketcher and also a student of nature and collector of specimens. Her friends sometimes made fun of her enthusiasms, and probably many people found her too knowledgeable and outspoken, and too insatiably interested in everything. To the Edens, the sisters of Lord Auckland the Governor-General, she seemed tiresome and persistent and they tried hard, but in vain, to shake her off when they met on their travels. She is typical of her time in her romanticism — her love of ruins and the past, of the fallen greatness of the Mughals, of storms and wild scenery, of the picturesque and everything Eastern — but in her outlook she seems modern, and one can well imagine her in present-day India.

The only description of what she looked like is given by the Hon. Frances Eden, in a letter of 1838, when Fanny Parks was forty-four: 'She has been a beauty, and has the remains of it, and is abundantly fat and lively.' Of what

Charles looked like we only know that in 1829, when he was thirty-three, he weighed fourteen stone.

Charles appears only occasionally in the diary, as a kind and very considerate husband, generous in his gifts of horses to his wife, allowing her much freedom and encouraging her to travel about where and when she wished. Her views on Civil Service conditions and on events appear to reflect his, and she includes some quotations from his letters home. He was quiet, good-humoured and sensible, but, although hard-working, he does not seem to have been ambitious, and was content to remain as Collector of Customs at Allahabad, where they liked the place, the life and the society, rather than return to Calcutta where he could have advanced his career. Other Collectors of Customs progressed to political posts, like his friend Mordaunt Ricketts, who became Resident at Lucknow, but there is no sign that Charles envied them. He shared Fanny's enthusiasm for horses and was a keen sportsman.

The period 1822-45 was not a time of outstanding events in India. The East India Company was then at the height of its power. By 1822 its rivals, both external and internal, had been weakened or defeated. The French were no longer a power in the land, and, after the defeat of Napoleon, were no more a menace to shipping on the route to India. The Nepalese, who had spread into northern India and stood up bravely to the Company, had been defeated in the wars of 1814-16. The Mughal Empire, after two hundred years of rule, had decayed since the death of Aurangzeb in 1707, and was now a mere shadow, with no political power, though with a strong sentimental hold over the people. The power of the Mahrattas, who had dominated the scene when the Mughals faded, had been broken, when their fatal rivalries enabled the Company to divide and defeat their leaders one by one.

There were still traces of the past to be seen, which were soon to vanish. There was a Mughal Emperor on the throne of Delhi — Akbar Shah II until 1837, and after him

the last of the line, Bahadur Shah II, whose family Mrs. Parks visited. There were still famous Mahrattas living — Daulat Rao Sindia lived till 1827, and his widow, Fanny's friend, and his successor continued to struggle for power in Gwalior for many years. There was the independent Kingdom of Oudh on the Company's borders, gradually being brought under their control, but not absorbed till 1856 and to the north-west was the only really powerful and independent ruler left in India, Ranjit Singh, who had unified the Sikhs and built up a strong kingdom in the Punjab.

The period was then on the whole, one of peace, and the Company did not extend its territory much. In the beginning there was the Burma War of 1824-26, the capture of Bharatpur in 1826, and then no more fighting until the Afghan War of 1839-42. The annexation of Sindh in 1843 is not mentioned by Mrs. Parks.

Though there was scarcely any police force, law and order were good and Mrs. Parks was able to travel about alone, even in remote parts, safely. The Pindaris and other marauding disbanded soldiers had been dealt with. The practice of thuggee had been brought to light, and by the end of the period its suppression had been completed. There were some improvements in transport; the rivers continued to be the main highway, but steamboats began to ply on the Ganges, first near Calcutta, and then as far up as Allahabad; the condition of most roads was still bad, but the Grand Trunk Road was started in 1833.

The servants of the Company were no longer able to amass great fortunes, as their predecessors had done. Towards the end of the eighteenth century their pay had been improved, but they had lost the right to private trade, and no longer received a commission on the revenue collected. Lord Hastings was Governor-General when the Parks arrived. His rule, and that of his successor, Lord Amherst, had been expensive, so in 1828 Lord William Bentinck was sent out with instructions to economise. The

allowances of the army and perquisites of the civilians were slashed and this aroused much resentment, but Bentinck's economies enabled the Company to make a better case for itself when the question of renewal of its Charter again came up in Parliament.

The first half of the nineteenth century was a time of transition in the social life of the English in India, from the days when they adopted the luxurious ways of Eastern nobility and lived like princes — the days of the 'Nabobs' with their display of wealth, and of the adventurers who took service with Indian chieftains. This style of life had disappeared in Calcutta, but lingered on in remote parts, and Fanny was able to see an example of it in her friend Colonel Gardner. It was replaced by trying to live as English a life as possible, and to forget that one was surrounded by India; the old flamboyance was gone, life became more sober, and Indian habits and ways of life were more and more avoided. One of the main reasons for this change was that the number of Englishwomen had considerably increased, though they were still proportionately few. The change, to deliberate isolation and self-sufficiency, however, was not complete until the second half of the century, after the Mutiny. Life as we see it in Mrs. Parks' pages seems to contain both less discomfort and less luxury than one would have expected. With their *punkahs* and thermantidotes, Venetians and ice, they managed to alleviate the heat; the unsuitably large meals and drinking habits of earlier days, and the amount of display had considerably decreased, and the Parks led sensible and not extravagant lives (except in the matter of horses). Dress still followed the English fashion, but was not quite so unsuitable to the climate as before, and Fanny, in any case, was unconventional enough to wear what was comfortable.

People still came out to make India their home for a lifetime, and seldom if ever returned to England on leave, nor did they escape from the heat of the summer to hill-

stations, which were just being opened up at this time. A few, like Mrs. Parks, went to the hills to recover when their health broke down, but because of the difficulty of travel they were very few. Convalescents from Calcutta would go down to the sea at the mouth of the Hoogly in the pilot ship for a cruise, or up the river for a change of air. For many, life was still very short, as a visit to any old cemetery in India will show, but it was not quite so short as in the eighteenth century, for they had learned to live more sensibly. As we can see from the diary, medical ignorance of the causes and cures of the chief Indian illnesses was very great.

There were as yet no social clubs in the English stations, but there was sufficient social life for the Parks' tastes. Society consisted almost entirely of civil servants and army officers; there were some lawyers in Calcutta, and, with the ending of the Company's monopoly of trade in 1813, some other merchants began to come in, and isolated in the country were the indigo planters. Doctors and clergymen were servants of the Company, as were the engineers. There were also the soldiers of the British regiments, for whose miseries Fanny shows considerable concern. Because appointments to the Company's service went by patronage, many of the same family were there, and newcomers generally had a number of relations whom they could visit.

This was a time when social contacts with Indians were becoming fewer, as the English confined their interests more and more to their own community. In Calcutta Mrs. Parks only attended a few formal entertainments given by wealthy Indians, but later she had more opportunities than most, and made a considerable number of Indian friends. They seem to have liked her, and talked freely and informally to her; when they found she was interested and sympathetic they gave her opportunities to see more of their life and customs. She learnt, and prided herself on carefully observing, all the rules of Indian etiquette, and she did not share the prejudice of the time

against the use of all things Indian. She met only the aristocracy, for in those days there was little chance of middle-class contacts, and she was not able to see the home life of the average Indian woman. She makes no mention of the friendliness and fine qualities of the peasants, whom she must have met on her journeys, and she does not comment on the social condition of the common people, except to describe famine and epidemics. She saw them mainly as part of her collection of the picturesque and the curious, or as elements in a possible sketch.

Mrs. Parks had a good background knowledge, read widely about what she saw, and also learnt the language. Though full of information, she brings her diary to life, is always entertaining, and much of what she tells us is still useful today. She writes vividly and is never sententious or boring, though she may seem, to modern taste, rather over effusive at times. She writes best in the middle years of her diary, when her interests had matured, her tolerance developed, and she had done much reading about India. She was interested in India's past and read as much about it as she could find. On the Mughals she was able to get plenty of information, but about the earlier Hindu period very little was then available, and so there are, until we realise this, what appear strange gaps in her accounts of Kanauj and Gaur, and her omission of all mention of its history when she describes Patna.

Her diary was written for her mother, and everything went into it, especially in the early years, just as it caught her attention, with delightful inconsequence. Sent home in instalments, it falls off slightly after her mother's death in 1842. She edited it carefully, adding a few small bits of later information to make the picture more complete, such as the account of the death of Prince Dara Bukht in 1849, and the news she received after leaving India about the Baiza Bai and her family. She also added a good and full glossary, a list of Oriental Proverbs and Sayings (which she quotes liberally and with considerable point in the

text) and an Appendix of 34 items, very miscellaneous, ranging from the Archer family history and Francklin's 'Historie of Delhie' to the comparative charges of taxidermists and how to prepare perfumed tobacco cakes. She also gives genealogical trees of the Gardner family, the later Mughals and the kings of Oudh, and over forty full-page illustrations. Almost all of these are from her own sketches, which are interesting and competent, though of no particular artistic merit. The diary was published in 1850, by Pelham Richardson of London. The title-page contains her first Oriental Proverb:

'Let the result be what it may, I have launched my boat.'

Her name is written in the Persian script, both on the title-page and at the end of the Introduction and Dedication, and is nowhere given in English.

Her spelling of Indian words and names is sometimes odd, but always recognisable. When she uses Hindustani words she generally, for the first time at least, gives the meaning in brackets. Mrs. Parks is very correct in her facts and details. There are a few exceptions, such as her use of the word *fakir* to include all religious mendicants, while strictly it is not applied to Hindus; her use of *salam* which is not the proper term for a Hindu greeting and appears incongruous when applied to Ganesh; and her calling herself a *haji* when her pilgrimage was not to Mecca. Sometimes her use of words strikes one as odd now — for instance, she refers to 'we Indians' and 'old Indians', meaning Europeans living in India.

Mrs. Parks provides no map (except of the city of Delhi) so, as the routes of her wanderings are seldom those followed by travellers today, a map to illustrate her journeys has been added. The notes, which appear at the end so as not to distract from the narrative, have been kept to the minimum necessary to make the subject clear.

In Fanny Parks we have the best of companions to introduce us to all the strangeness and novelty which she

found in India. In her company we meet people such as M. le General Allard with his famous forked beard, Sir Charles Metcalfe whom she reproves for cutting down trees, and one of the sons of Tippu Sultan. We see her giving riding displays to the ladies of the Mahratta court and teaching them how to dress a camel. We attend the wedding of a Mughal prince, who appears very human amidst all the pomp. We watch crocodiles and peacocks while stuck fast on a sandbank in the Jumna, and mix with crowds of pilgrims and holy men at the sacred bathing-places on the Ganges. Her book is full of people who come alive, and whatever she writes about she is never dull. Of all the Indian diaries of the time hers is the most sparkling and lively.

ESTHER CHAWNER

WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM,

IN SEARCH OF

The Picturesque,

DURING FOUR-AND-TWENTY YEARS IN THE EAST;

WITH

REVELATIONS OF LIFE

IN

THE ZENĀNA.

BY

فاني پارکس

ILLUSTRATED WITH SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

"Let the result be what it may, I have launched my boat."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PELHAM RICHARDSON, 23, CORNHILL.
1850.

To the Memory

OF

MY BELOVED MOTHER,

AT WHOSE REQUEST IT WAS WRITTEN,

THIS NARRATIVE IS DEDICATED:

AND IF ANY OF THE FRIENDS,

WHOSE KIND PARTIALITY HAS INDUCED THEM TO URGE

ITS PUBLICATION,

SHOULD THINK I HAVE DWELT TOO MUCH

ON MYSELF, ON MY OWN THOUGHTS, FEELINGS, AND ADVENTURES,

LET THEM REMEMBER THAT

THIS JOURNAL WAS WRITTEN FOR THE AFFECTIONATE EYE

Of Her

TO WHOM NOTHING COULD BE SO GRATIFYING

AS THE SLIGHTEST INCIDENT CONNECTED WITH HER

BELOVED AND ABSENT CHILD,

فاني پارکس

श्री

INVOCATION.

Work-perfecting Gŭnéshŭ! Salamut.
Gănésh!—Gănésh!
Two-mothered! One-toothed!
Portly-paunched! Elephant-faced Gŭnéshŭ!
Salām!!
Moon-crowned! Triple-eyed!
Thou who in all affairs claimest precedence in adoration!
Calamity-averting Gănésh!
Salām!!
Thou who art invoked on the commencement of a journey, the writing of a book,
Salām!!
Oh! Gănésh, "put not thine ears to sleep[1]!"
"Encourage me, and then behold my bravery;
Call me your own fox, then will you see me perform the exploits of a lion[2]!"
"What fear need he have of the waves of the sea, who has Noah for a pilot[3]?"
First-born of Mahādēo and Parvutī!
God of Prudence and Policy!
Patron of Literature!
Salām!!
May it be said,
"Ah! she writes like Gănésh!"

[1] Oriental Proverbs and Sayings, No. 2. [2] Ibid. No. 3. [3] Ibid. No. 4.



"The Camels were being branded for the Public Service and the Spider came to be marked also."

श्री

INTRODUCTION.

GĂNÉSH, THE PATRON OF LITERATURE.

"WHATEVER THE WANDERING TRAVELLER SAYS, HE DOES SO FROM HAVING SEEN THAT OF WHICH HE SPEAKS [1]."

So many admirable works have appeared of late, illustrating scenes in India, both with pen and pencil, that I offer these sketches in all humility, pleading the force of example.

"THE CAMELS WERE BEING BRANDED WITH HOT IRONS FOR THE PUBLIC SERVICE, AND THE SPIDER CAME TO BE MARKED ALSO [2]."

For four-and-twenty years have I roamed the world,—

"I NEITHER WENT TO MEKKA NOR MUDĪNA, BUT WAS A PILGRIM NEVERTHELESS [3]."

The Frontispiece represents the idol Gănésh, the deified infant whom I have invoked.

The sign *Sri*, at the top of the page, implores his triple eyes to look with favour on the undertaking,—in the same manner that this sign, ♃, the old heathen invocation to Jupiter, sought his blessing ; and is equivalent to the usual invocation of the poets to the Muses,—the Muhammadan authors to the Prophet,—or the "Laus Deo," with which merchants' clerks formerly began their books,—a practice not yet quite extinct.

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 5. [2] Ibid. No. 6. [3] Ibid. No. 7.

"Sri" is written at the top of all Hindī writings; the meaning of the word is "prosperity;" it is put as a title of respect before proper names; frequently they write the same word twice over ("Sri, Sri,")—or they write "Sri Gănésh." The Muhammadans, in a similar manner, dedicate their writings to God by a character on the first page, which, as in short-hand writing, implies a whole sentence.

The history of Gănésh is as follows:

"I SPEAK TO THOSE WHO HAVE DAUGHTERS, AND LET THOSE WHO HAVE SONS LISTEN[1]!"

Parvutī, the mountain-born, the daughter of the Himalaya, the mountain goddess, the mother of Gănésh the wisest of deities, on the birth of her son, charmed with his beauty, and proud of the infant, in the presence of the gods assembled in council, requested their congratulations on the happy event.

Shivŭ the destroyer, although he paid the compliments necessary on the occasion, ever avoided looking upon the child. The mother naturally reproved him; Shivŭ, annoyed at the rebuke, gazed upon the infant, whose beautiful head instantly withered away beneath a glance which none can endure and live.

Indra, the abode of the gods, resounded with the lamentations of Parvutī, who, struck with dismay, was inconsolable.

Brahma, having pity on her distress, bade her be comforted, and commanded Shivŭ to bring the head of the first animal that he should find lying with its head to the north.

This sleeping with the head to the north is unlucky, and ever to be avoided, it being forbidden by the Shăstr, and the penalty thereof death.

Shivŭ went forth: the first animal he encountered in the above-mentioned unlucky position being an elephant, he cut off its head, and, returning to the assembly of the gods, fixed it upon the body of Gănésh. Seeing this, the mother became

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 8.

frantic, nor could she be consoled until Brahma thus addressed her: "Lament not the fate of your child;—with the head of an elephant he shall possess all sagacity. In *pūja* Gănésh shall be invoked ere any other god be worshipped, hence shall he be greater than all the gods. Ere a pious Hindū commence any sort of writing, the sign of Gănésh shall he make at the top of the page, otherwise his words shall be folly, and his traffic a matter of loss. He shall be the patron of learning, his writing shall be beautiful.

"'Behold! he writes like Gănésh!' who shall say more?—with the simplicity of the child shall be united the wisdom of the elephant, his power shall be all-seeing—The patron of literature and work-perfecting."

The daughter of the Himalaya listened to the words of Brahma, and the heart of the mother found consolation in the honours bestowed upon her child.

He is called two-mothered, uniting the elephant's head to his natural body, therefore having a second mother in the elephant.

In the wars of heaven he lost one tusk, hence his appellation one-toothed.

His quadruple hands and arms denote power. In one of his hands is the *ānkus*, the instrument with which the elephant is guided; in another a battle-axe. Being a child, and therefore fond of sweetmeats, a third hand bears a small cup filled with *pera*, a sweetmeat common in all bazārs; in the fourth he carries a short rosary, wherewith he counts his beads. Around his neck is twined the *Cobra-di-capello*, the holy serpent, whose hood is outspread upon his breast. This image is dignified by a frontal eye, signifying the sun, encircled by a crescent, a sol lunar emblem and mystical mark, hence "moon-crowned," "triple-eyed." His attendant, a rat, holding a *pera*, sweetmeat, is placed at his side: on his head is a crown, and around his limbs a yellow *dhotī*, a cloth of Benares tissue edged with gold. His body is covered with ornaments of rich jewellery, such as are

worn by men in the East,—his single tusk is bound with gold,—his hands and feet are dyed with *menhdī*, hinnā. On each of his four arms are two *bāzūbands*, or armlets; and *chūrīs*, or bracelets, of massive gold, adorn his wrists. A golden plate on the back of the hand is fastened round the wrist by chains of gold, and from the upper part similar but finer chains pass over the back of the hand, and unite with rings on all the fingers and the thumb. This ornament is very peculiar; both hands are thus adorned. The *chaunrīs* above his head, emblems of royalty, are used by the attendant Brahmāns to keep off the flies; they wave them over the head of the idol during *pūja*.

Gănésh is seated on an altar, such as is used in the *mut'hs*, Hindū temples, surrounded by divers idols, sacred shells, and instruments of worship; small brass cups filled with oil, called *chirāghs*, are burned as lamps before the shrine. The worshippers pour oil and the holy water of the Ganges over the head of the god, which is thus bathed daily, and offerings of boiled rice and flowers are made at the time of prayer. The conch shell, which lies before him, is blown by the Brahmāns during the hours of pūja at different times—it is considered very holy—the priest holds it clasped in both hands, and blows into it from the top. The sound can be heard afar off, especially when on the river at the time of evening worship; it resounds from every side of the water, mingled with the ringing of the priest's bells and the sound of a sort of brass castanet, which they strike whilst chanting forth their prayers.

The opening of these shells is on the left side; but they say a shell is sometimes found with the opening on the right side, and its spiral involutions reversed; it is then called *Dūkshina Vŭrtŭ*, and is valued at from three to five hundred rupees. Vishnŭ is said to hold a shell of this sort in his hand. Shells are placed with flowers around the idol, the bull-mouthed is considered sacred, and often adorns the shrine.

Small brass bells are used in worship; some are decorated with the image of Hunoomān, some with the sacred cow They are

rung during pūja, not only, it is said, to amuse the god, but to keep off evil spirits.

The shape of the spoon with which the rice or oil is put upon the head of the image is remarkably beautiful and antique. The top of the spoon bears the image of Gănésh, crowned by the *Nāgā*, or holy serpent, with a hundred heads, which are outspread, to screen him from the sun.

This idol is made of solid white marble, and weighs three hundred weight and a quarter. It is painted and gilt, as in the Frontispiece. It was brought down from Jeypūr to the sacred junction of the triple rivers at Prāg, at which place it came into my possession.

Although a *pukka Hindū*, Gănesh has crossed the *Kālā Pānī*, or Black Waters, as they call the ocean, and has accompanied me to England.

There he sits before me in all his Hindū state and peculiar style of beauty—my inspiration—my penates.

O Gănésh, thou art a mighty lord! thy single tusk is beautiful, and demands the tribute of praise from the Hājī of the East. Thou art the chief of the human race; the destroyer of unclean spirits; the remover of fevers, whether daily or tertian! The pilgrim sounds thy praise; let her work be accomplished!

SALĀM! SALĀM!

فاني پارکس

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GLOSSARY.

A.

Āb, water. *Ābdār*, water-cooler.
Abīr, red powder used in the Holī.
Ābnūs, ebony.
Achchhā, good.
Ādāb, salutation, respects, politeness.
Adālut, court of justice.
Ādam-khor, a cannibal.
Afgan, overthrowing.
Afghān, the name of a race of people who inhabit the country to the north-west of Lahore; called also *Pathans*. They are supposed to be of Jewish extraction.
Afīm, or *aphīm*, opium.
Agārī pichhārī, the ropes with which horses are tied.
Agast, æschinomene grandiflora.
Āghā, lord master.
Aghan, the eighth Hindū solar month.
Aghorī, professing *ughorpanth*, an order of religious mendicants, who eat every thing, however filthy, even human carcases; hence, a gross or filthy feeder.
Ā'īna, a mirror.
Ākās, the sky, the firmament.
Ākās-bel, the air-creeper; it has no root nor leaves, but grows on the tops of trees.
Ākās-diya, a lamp which the Hindūs hang aloft on a bamboo in the month *Kārtik*.
Akbar, very good, greatest.
Akbarābādī, of Akbar.
'Alam, a spear, a standard.
'Alam-dār, standard-bearer (*Abbās*).
'Ālam-gīr, conqueror of the universe.
Allāh, God. *Allāhuakbar*, God is great!
Ām, mango (mangifera Indica).
Amarī, a seat with a canopy to ride in on an elephant.
Ānā, a copper coin, the sixteenth part of a rupī.
Anannās, pine-apple.
Āndhī, storm, tempest.
Angethī, chafing-dish, brazier.
Angiya, a native boddice.
Ankus, the elephant goad.
Arghā, a vessel shaped like a boat, used by the Hindūs for making libations in their devotions.
Ārsī, a mirror, particularly a mirror in a thumb-ring.
Āsan, a seat or small carpet.—See Vol. ii. p. 385.
Asārh, the third Hindū solar month (June and July).
Aswina, the first month of the Hindū lunar year.
Ātashbāzī, fireworks.
Ātāsh-khwar, fire-eater; name of a bird, the *chakor*.
Atr, perfume. *Atr-dan*, perfume-box.
Avatār, a descent.
Ayb, or *aib*, spot, mark, defect.
Ayha, a lady's maid.
Azan, the summons to prayers, generally proclaimed from the minars or towers of a mosque.

B.

Baboo, a Hindū gentleman, a Calcutta merchant.
Babūl, mimosa Arabica.
Badrī-nāth, a celebrated place of pilgrimage.
Badshah, or *pādshāh*, a king.
Bāgh, a tiger.
Bāgh, a garden.
Bāgh-sira, gryllus monstrosus.
Bāghīchar, a small garden.
'baghnā, an ornament made of tigers' claws.
Bahādur, champion, boaster.
Bahangī, a stick with ropes hanging to each end, for slinging baggage to, which is carried on the shoulder.
Bahut, much, most.
Bā'ī, mistress, lady amongst the Mahrattas.
Bailī, bullock carriage.
Bairāgī, a fakīr.
Bājrā, panicum spicatum.
Bakāyan, melia sempervirens.
Bakhshish, a gift; *bakhshnā*, to give.
Bakrā, he-goat.
Bandar, a monkey.
Bandh, an embankment.
Banglā, a thatched house.
Baniya, shop-keeper.
Bāns, the bamboo.
Bā'olī, a large well.
Barā, great.
Bara-dīn, a holiday.
Bāra-singha, twelve-horned stag (cervus elaphus).
Barāt, marriage procession.
Bardār, a bearer.
Barha'ī, a carpenter.
Bārī, a garden house.
Barkandāz, a native policeman.
Basantī, yellow, the favourite colour of Krishna.
Bastī, a village.
Bater, quail.
Batū'ā, a small bag.
Baunā, a dwarf.
Bāwarchī, cook.
Bayā, loxia Indica.
Bāzār, market.
Bāzūbands, armlets.
Begam, lady.
Bel, ægle marmelos (cratæva religiosa).
Belā, jasminum zambac.
Bengālī, a native of Bengal.
Bér, or *bar*, ficus Indica.
Besan, flour or meal of pulse, particularly of *chanā* (cicer arietinum).
Betī, daughter.
Bhabhūt, ashes which the fakīrs use.
Bhagat, a devotee of a religious order, peculiar to the low tribes, whose initiation consists in putting a necklace of beads around the neck, and marking a circle on the forehead; after which the initiated person is bound to refrain from spirituous liquors, flesh, &c.
Bhāgulpūr, the town of.
Bhagwān, the Deity, the Supreme Being, fortunate.
Bhains, buffalo.
Bhaiyā, brother.
Bhang, or *bhengh*, cannabis Indica.
Bhātā, an extra allowance to troops on service.
Bhū'a, a father's sister.
Bhūsā, chopped straw.
Bichchhū, the scorpion,
Bidrī, a kind of *tutanag*, inlaid with silver, used to make *hukka* bottoms, cups, &c.
Bīghā, a quantity of land, containing 20 *katthās*, or 120 feet square, or 1600 square yards, which is nearly one-third of an English acre; in the Upper Provinces it is nearly five-eighths of an acre.
Bihisht, paradise.
Bihisht-ī, a water-carrier.
Bilva, or *bilwa*, cratæva marmelos (Linn.).
Binaulā, seed of the cotton tree.
Biskhopra, lacerta iguana.
Bismillāh, in the name of God.
Boxwālā, an itinerant merchant with a box of goods.
Brahm, or *Brŭmhŭ*, the one eternal God.
Brahma, the first person of the Hindū trinity.
Brahman, an Hindū priest.
Brahmand, the mundane egg of the Hindūs.
Brindāban, the forest of *Brindā*, in the vicinity of *Mathurā*, celebrated as the scene of Krishna's sports with the Gopis.
Burāk, Muhammad's steed.
Burhiyā, old woman.
Burj, a bastion, tower; *burūj*, pl.
Burjī, a turret, a small tower.
Burka, a dress, a disguise.

C.

Chabenī, parched grain.
Chābuk, a whip.
Chabūtāra, a terrace to sit and converse on.
Chādir, *Chādar*, mantle, garment.
Chakkī, a mill-stone.
Chakor, partridge (perdix chukar).
Chakwā, Brāhmanical duck.
Chakwī, the female of the *chakwā*.
Chamār, currier, shoemaker.
Champā kalī, a necklace.
Chanā, gram (cicer arietinum).
Chānd, the moon.
Chandnī-chauk, a wide and public street or market.
Chandnī kā mār-janā, a disease in horses, supposed to proceed from a stroke of the moon. "The moonlight has fallen on him," is said especially of a horse that is weak in the loins.
Chāotree, or *chauthī*, a marriage ceremony, the fourth day.
Chapātī, a thin cake of unleavened bread.
Chaprāsī, a messenger or servant wearing a *chaprās*, badge.
Chār, four.
Charkhī, a spinning-wheel, &c.
Chārpāī, bed, four-legged.
Chatā'ī, mat.
Chatr, umbrella.
Chauk, market,
Chaukīdār, watchman.
Chaunrī, fly-flapper.
Chhach hūndar, musk-rat.
Chhallā, thumb or great toe ring.
Chhappar, a thatched roof.
Chhat, roof.
Chhattak, about an ounce.
Chilamchī, washhand bason.
Chirāgh, lamp.
Chirāgh-dān, stand for lamps.
Chiri-mār, bird-catcher.
Chītā, hunting leopard.
Chītthī, note.
Chob-dār, mace-bearer.
Chor, or *cho'ār*, thief.
Chūlee, a fire-place.
Chūnā, lime.
Chūrī, bracelets.
Chŭrŭk-pūja, a festival.
Chyūnta, black ant.
Compound, ground around a house.
Conch, a shell.
Corook. See *Kurk*.

D.

Dabāo, pressure.
Daftarī, the paper-ruler, penmaker, &c.
Dāk, post, post-office.
Dakait, or *dākū*, a robber.
Daldal, bog, quagmire.
Dālī, basket of fruit.
Damrī, a coin, four to a *paisā*.
Dānd, oar.
Dāndī, boatman.
Darbār, hall of audience.
Dārogha, head man of an office, inspector.
Darwāza, a door; *darwān*, doorkeeper.
Daryā-i, or *daryā*, the sea, river.
Darzī, a tailor.
Dastkhatt, signature.
Dastūrī, perquisites paid to servants by one who sells to their master.
Daulut-khana, house of fortune.
Derā, a dwelling, a tent.
Devī, a goddess.
Dewālai, *dewāl*, or *dewālaya*, temple of idols.
Dewālī, an Hindū festival, celebrated on the day of the new moon of *Kārtik;* when the Hindūs, after bathing in the Ganges, perform a *shraddhā*, and at night worship Lakshmī; the houses and streets are illuminated all night; and in Hindostan the night is universally spent in gaming.
Dhān, rice before it is separated from the husks.
Dhanuk, a bow, a bowman.
Dhobī, washerman.
Dhotī, a cloth, passed round the waist, passing between the limbs, and fastening behind.
Dighī, a large tank or reservoir, in the form of an oblong square.
Dil, heart; *dil-kushā*, heart-expanding.
Dillī, or *Dihlī*, the metropolis of Hindūstan; generally called by Musalmāns Shah-jehan-abad, and by Europeans Delhi.
Dinghee, a small boat.

Diwak, white ant.
Dīwan-i-am, public hall of audience.
Dīwān-i-khās, privy-council chamber.
Dogh, buttermilk.
Dohā'ī, or *duhā'ī*, mercy.
Dolī, a kind of sedan for women.
Domra, the name of a caste of Musalmāns, the males of which are musicians, and the females sing and dance in the company of females only.
Donī, a native vessel or boat.
Do-patta, or *du-patta*, a sheet of two breadths.
Do-shala, or *du-shāla*, two and shawl, two shawls being always worn together by the natives.
Dosūtā, two-threaded cloth.
Dūb, name of a grass (agrostis linearis).
Dūdhiyā, milky.
Duldul, a hedgehog; the name of the horse of 'Ali, the prophet's son-in-law.
Dūlhā, or *dūlha*, bridegroom.
Dulhān, bride.
Dumba, a kind of sheep with a thick tail.
Durga, one of the names of Bhawānī, the goddess Durgā.
Durga-pūja, the festival in honour of Durgā.
Durgah, a tomb, a shrine.

E.

Eed, a festival, a solemnity.

F.

Fajr, morning; *barī-fajr*, early dawn.
Fakhr, glory, nobility.
Fakīr, a religious mendicant.
Falīta, fusee; *falīta-dār*, a matchlock.
Fānūs, a shade to keep the wind from a candle.
Fath, victory.
Fātima, the daughter of the prophet, and the wife of the caliph 'Ali.
Fidwī, devoted (your devoted servant).
Fīl, elephant.
Fīl-khāna, elephant shed.
Fīl-pāī, elephantiasis.

G.

Gaddī, sovereign's throne.
Gāgrī, a water-vessel of brass.
Gainā, a species of small bullock.
Gaini, a carriage for a *gainā*.
Galahi, forecastle.
Gal'haiya, boatswain, forecastle-man.
Gālī, abuse.
Gāndar, a kind of grass, of which *khas-khas* is the root (andropogon muricatum).
Ganjha, or *gānja*, the young buds on the leaves of the hemp-plant.
Garh, a fort, as *fatīh-garh*.
Garī, a cart, a carriage.
Garī-wan, carter, driver.
Gaur, an ancient city, formerly the capital of Bengal.
Ghantā, a clock.
Ghar, a house.
Gharā, an earthen waterpot.
Gharāmī, a thatcher.
Gharī, an instrument for measuring time, a water-clock.
Gharis, division of time.
Ghariyāl, a crocodile, a plate of brass for beating time.
Ghariyālī, the person who attends the *gharī*, and strikes the hours.
Gharna'ī, a raft supported by empty pots (*gharā*, an earthen waterpot).
Ghī, clarified butter.
Ghirgut, or *girgut*, lizard, chameleon.
Ghulām, slave.
Ghunghrū, a small bell, or little bells on a string for the ankles.
Ghur, or *ghorā*, a horse.
Ghur-daur, race-course.
Ghuwā, a coarse kind of cotton cloth.
Go-mukhī, a cloth bag, containing a rosary, the hand being thrust in counts the beads; the chasm in the Himalaya mountains, through which the Ganges issues.
Gobar, cow-dung.
Gola, a granary.
Gop, a cow, a caste.
Gopī, feminine of *gwālā*, a cowherd.
Gor-istān, burying-ground.
Gosā'īn, a holy man.
Gul-āb, rose-water.
Gul-badan, a kind of silk cloth.
Gulistān, rose garden.
Gun, track rope.
Gūnth, a pony.
Gurū, spiritual director.

H.

Hājī, pilgrim.
Hajjām, a barber.
Hakīm, a physician, a learned man.
Hakrī, a cart.
Hammām, a hot bath.
Hān, yes.
Hāndī, a pot, a small cauldron.
Hār, a necklace of pearls, a wreath, a chaplet of flowers.
Hargilla, the adjutant, or gigantic crane.
Harkāra, running footman.
Harphārewrī, or *harpharaurī*, the name of a sour fruit (averrhoa acida, Linn.).
Hāth, the hand, a cubit, or eighteen inches.
Hāthī, an elephant.
Hathī-wān, elephant-driver.
Hawāldār, a native military officer of inferior rank.
Hāzim, digestive.
Hāzir, present.
Hāzirī, breakfast.
Hazrat, a title addressed to the great; majesty; highness.
Hazrat'isā, Jesus Christ.
Hinnā, the tree lawsonia inermis.
Hirdāwal, the name of a defect in horses.
Hisāb, accounts, computation.
Howā, air.
Howdah, a seat to ride in on an elephant, without a canopy.
Hubāb, a bubble.
Hubāb-i, bubbling.
Hukāk, stone-cutter, lapidary.
Hukka, or *hooqŭ*, a pipe.
Hukka-bardar, pipe-bearer.
Hukm, order.
Huzūr, the presence.

I. J.

Jādū, enchantment.
Jadū-garī, magic.
Jafari, lattice-work.
Jāgīr, land given as a reward for service.
Jahānārā, world adorning.
Jahān-gīr, world-taking.
Jahān-pannāh, world protection, his majesty, your majesty.
Jahannam, the infernal regions.
Jahaz, a ship.
Jahāzi, a sailor.
Jai, or *jaya*, triumph, victory, bravo! huzza! all hail!
Ja'ī, oats.
Jamadār, head of the *harkāras*.
Jān, life, soul, spirit.
Janao, Brāhmanical thread.
Jangal, forest.
Janglī-kawwa, a raven.
Janwār, an animal.
Jawāb, an answer.
Jhaīhar, cymbals or bells for the ankles.
Jhāmā, pumice-stone, bricks burnt to a cinder.
Jhāmp, a matted shutter.
Jhārū, a broom.
Jhārū-bardar, a sweeper.
Jinn-ī, genii.
Ikbal, good fortune.
Imām, a leader in religious affairs.
Indra, the Hindū heaven.
Joār, or *jwār*, millet (andropogon sorghum).
Ishk-peshā, ipomea quamoclit.
Islām, the religion of Muhammad.
Istrī, a smoothing iron, a wife.
Jum'a, Friday.
Jum'a-rāt, Thursday, eve of Friday.
Izār-bund, the string with which trowsers are tied.

K.

Ka'ba, the temple of Mecca.
Kabr, a grave, a tomb.
Kabūl or *kubūl*, consent, assent.
Kābul, the capital of Afghanistān.
Kacharī, or *kacherī*, court of justice, an office.
Kachchhī, a horse with a hollow back, from the province of Kachchh, on the banks of the Sind.
Kachnār, bauhinia variegata.
Kadam, a footstep.
Kadam-bos, one who kisses the feet of a superior.
Kadam-chūmnā, to kiss the feet, to bid adieu.
Kāfir, infidel.
Kāfūr, camphor.
Kāghaz, paper.
Kāghazī, paper-case.
Kāhan, an aggregate number, consisting of 17 *pans*, or 1280 *kaurīs*.

Kahār, a palkī bearer.
Kahwa, coffee.
Kālā, black.
Kālā chor, an unknown person, a domestic thief.
Kālā namak, a kind of rock salt, impregnated with bitumen and sulphur.
Kālā pānī, the ocean, the black water.
Kālā zīra, the seeds of the nigella Indica.
Kalam, a pen, a reed.
Kalam-dan, inkstand.
Kalghī, an ornament on a turban, an aigrette, a plume.
Kālī, the goddess; or, *Kali Ma*, the black mother.
Kalsā, the spire or ornament on the top of a dome, a pinnacle.
Kam-bakht, unfortunate.
Kam de'o, the god of love.
Kamān, a bow.
Kamān-dār, an archer.
Kamar-band, a girdle.
Kammal, a blanket.
Kanāt, canvas enclosure, walls of a tent.
Kanauj, the ancient city.
Kangan, an ornament worn on the wrists of Hindū women, a bracelet.
Kangni, millet (panicum Italicum).
Kanhaiyā, a name of *Krishna*.
Kans, or *Kansa*, the tyrant whom *Krishna* was born to destroy.
Kapās, cotton undressed, the cotton plant (gossypium herbaceum).
Kaprā, cloth.
Karbalā, the name of a place in Irāk, where Husain, the son of 'Ali, was murdered.
Karbī, the stalk or straw of *jo'ār* or *bājrā* (holcus sorgum and spicatus).
Kār-khāna, workshop.
Kark-nath, a fool with black bones.
Karn-phūl, a kind of ear-ring.
Karor, ten millions.
Kārtik, a Hindū month, our October and November.
Karwā-tel, oil made from mustard-seed, bitter oil.
Kās, a kind of grass of which rope is made (saccharum spontaneum).
Kasā'ī, a butcher, cruel, hard-hearted.
Kāshī, the city of Benares.
Kāsid, courier, a runner.
Kath, an astringent vegetable extract.
Katmiram, (vulgo: *catamaran*,) a very small raft, used as a fishing boat on the coast of Madras.
Kaurī, a cowrie, a small shell used as a coin (cypræa moneta).
Kāwar, the baskets in which the holy water is carried.
Kawwā, a crow.
Kāzī, a judge.
Khāla, mother's sister.
Khalāsī, a sailor, a native artilleryman, a tent pitcher.
Khān, a lord, a title of respect.
Khāna, a house.
Khānā, food.
Khāna-pīnā, meat and drink.
Khānsāmān, head table-servant.
Kharīta, bag, a letter.
Khas-khas, root of *gāndar*.—See *Gāndar*.
Khatrī, the second of the four grand Hindū castes, being that of the military.
Kazānchī, treasurer.
Khet, a field.
Khidmatgar, table-servant.
Khil'at, dress of honour.
Khīsā, a rubber used in baths.
Khraunchī, a native carriage.
Khudā, God.
Khudā-wand, master.
Khudā-yā, O God!
Khūnd, a well, a spring.
Khush-bo, perfume, odour.
Khusrū, the king; *Khusrau*, the sultan.
Kibla-gāh, the place turned to when at prayer; a father, or the one beloved.
Kibla, Mecca, an altar.
Kimkhwab, silk brocade worked in gold and silver flowers.
Kishan, the Hindū god *Krishna*.
Kishtī, (prop. *kashtī*), a ship, boat, barque.
Kismat, fate, destiny.
Kitāb, a book.
Kohī, mountain.
Kohī-nūr, the mountain of light, the great diamond.
Kohirawān, the moving mountain, *i. e.* the elephant.
Kot, a fort.
Krānī, a clerk.

Krishna, a descent of *Vishnū*.
Kū'ā, a well.
Kudalī, a small pickaxe.
Kulfī, a cup with a cover, in which ice is moulded.
Kumbhīr, an alligator.
Kumhār, potter.
Kum'hir, a crocodile.
Kur'ān, (vulgo: *koran*,) the precepts of Muhammad.
Kurand, corundum stone (adamantine spar).
Kurk, an order made public, that no one may be seen on the road on pain of death.
Kurtā, a kind of shirt, a tunic.
Kurtī, a short garment for women, jacket for soldiers, coat.
Kusūr, fault.
Kutb, the polar star, the north pole.
Kuttā, a dog.
Kutwāl, native magistrate, head of the police.

L.

Lachhman, the half-brother of Rāmachandra.
Lachhmī, the goddess of beauty.
Lailī, also *Lailā*, the beloved of Majnūn.
Lākh, one hundred thousand; *gum lac*, a kind of wax formed by the coccus lacca.
Lāt, or *lāth*, obelisk, pillar, club, staff.
Lāthī, staff, stick.
Lāw, a rope, cable.
Līchī, a fruit (dimocarpus litchi).
Līl, indigo.
Log, people.
Lon, salt.
Lota, a drinking vessel.
Lubāda, or *labāda*, a wrapper, great coat.
Lūnī, the salt that effloresces from walls.
Lunj, or *langrā*, lame.

M.

Mā, mother.
Ma-bāp, mother and father, parents.
Machh, or *Machchh*, the name of the first avatār.
Machchhar, a gnat.
Machhlī, or *Machhī*, a fish.
Madrasa, a Muhammadan college.
Magar, an alligator.
Magrela, a seed (nigella Indica).
Mahā-bhārat, the great war.
Mahādēo, or *Mahā-deva*, a descent of Shiva.
Mahā-kalī, or *Kalī-mā*, a terrific form of Durgā, the consort of Shiva.
Māhā-nimba, melia sempervirens.
Mahā-rāj, great king, excellency.
Mahā-rājā, an Hindū emperor.
Mahal, house.
Mahāwat, elephant driver.
Mahū'ā, or *mahu'ā*, bassia longifolia, bearing flowers which are sweet, and from which a spirituous liquor is distilled; the nuts afford an oil used instead of butter.
Maidān, a plain.
Makka, vulgo: *Mecca*.
Makrī, a spider.
Mālā, Hindū rosary, a garland.
Mālī, gardener, florist.
Mālik, lord, master.
Mandap, or *mandul*, a house, a temple.
Mangūs, or *newalā* (viverra mungo), ichneumon.
Mānjhī, master of a vessel, steersman.
Masālah, spices, drugs, materials.
Mash'al, a torch.
Mash'al-chi, torch-bearer.
Mashk, water bag.
Masīh, or *Masīhā*, the Messiah, Christ our Lord.
Masjid, mosque.
Masjid-i-jāmī, a great mosque.
Masnad, a throne, a large cushion.
Māyā, idealism, illusion; a deception depending on the power of the Deity, whereby mankind believe in the existence of external objects, which are in fact nothing but idea.
Melā, a fair.
Mem sāhiba, madam, the lady of the house.
Menhdī, lawsonia inermis.
Mihtaranī, sweeper's wife.
Mik'hal, the instrument with which collyrium is applied to the eyes.
Mirg, a deer.
Mirg nābbī, musk, a bag of musk.
Mirzā, a prince.
Misī, or *missī*, a powder to tinge the teeth black.

Misrāb, a steel frame for the fore-finger when playing on the sitar.
Motī, a pearl.
Muazzin, the call to prayers.
Mufassal, the country.
Mugdar, a club.
Muḥammad, the Arabian prophet.
Muḥarram, the first Muhammadan month.
Mulākāt, interview.
Mulk, kingdom, realm.
Mumtāz, distinguished, exalted.
Mŭn, a weight, forty ser.
Mund-māl, a necklace of human heads.
Munh, mouth.
Muniyā, amadavat.
Munkir, *Nakīr*, the names of the two angels who examine the dead in the tomb.
Murabbā, a preserve, confection.
Musāfir, a traveller.
Musāhib, aide-de-camp, companion.
Muṣallā, a carpet to pray upon.
Musalmān, a Muhammadan.
Musalmanī, fem. of *Musalmān*.
Mushk, musk.
Mut'h, Hindū temple.

N.

Nāch, an Indian dance.
Nadī, or *naddī*, a river.
Nadir-shāh, the king.
Nā'echa, a small reed, *hukka* snake.
Nāgā, the holy serpent.
Nahīn, or *nā'īch*, not, no.
Nālā, a rivulet.
Nālkī, a sort of litter used by people of rank.
Nānd, a large earthen pan.
Nārangī, an orange.
Nārjīl, cocoa-nut, or cocoa-nut tree.
Nasīb, fortune; *balā-nasīb*, unfortunate.
Nawab, vulg. Nabob.
Nazr, a gift especially offered to a superior.
Newala, mungoose (viverra mungo).
Newār, tape.
N'hut, a nose-ring.
Nīl-gāw, *lil-gā'ī*, or *rojh*, the white-footed antelope of Pennant, antilope picta of Pallos.
Nīm, or *neemb*, margosa tree (melia azadirachta).
Nīmbu, or *līmu*, a fruit, the lime.
Nūn, *non*, or *lon*, salt.
Nūr, light.
Nut-log, tumblers.

P.

Pābos, kissing the feet.
Pachāsī, a game, so named from the highest throw, which is twenty-five.
Padshāh, a king.
Pāgal, fool; *pāgal-i-nāch*, a fancy-ball.
Pahār, a mountain.
Pahar, a watch of three hours.
Pahare-wālā, a sentry.
Pahār-i, a hill, a mountain.
Pā'ī, the fourth part of an *ānā*.
Paisā, copper coin.
Pājāma, trowsers, long drawers.
Pakkā, exact, expert, built of brick.
Palang, couch, cot.
Palīta, match (of a gun).
Pālkī, or *palkee*, a palanquin.
Palwār, a boat.
Pān, leaves of piper betel.
Panchāyāt, a court of inquiry.
Pānī, water.
Pankhā, a fan.
Pā-posh, slipper.
Pāras-patthar, the philosopher's stone.
Parbatī, *pārvatī*, mountaineer.
Parbut, mountain.
Parda-nishīn, remaining behind the curtain.
Parī, fairy.
Pāt, a leaf, ornament worn in the upper part of the ear.
Pātā, a plank on which washermen beat clothes.
Pātāl, the infernal regions.
Patelā, or *patailā*, a flat-bottomed boat.
Patelī, a small flat-bottomed boat.
Pāthur, or *patthar*, a stone.
Pattar, *puttī*, or *pattī*, a leaf.
Pattū, a kind of woollen cloth.
Pera, a sweetmeat.
Peshkār, minister, deputy.
Peshwā, Mahratta minister.
Peshwāz, a gown.
Phāns, a bamboo.
Phānsī-gār, a strangler, a *Ṭhag*.
Phānsnā, to noose.
Phurr, the noise of a bird, as a partridge or quail, suddenly taking wing.

Phuslānā, to decoy.
Phuslā'ū, wheedling.
Pīlī-bhīt, the name of a town in Rohilkhand, famous for the smallness and fineness of its rice.
Pinnace, a yacht.
Pīpal, ficus religiosa.
Pīr, a saint.
Pitārā, a basket.
Piyāla, a glass, a cup.
Prāg, the ancient name of Ilāhābād, commonly Allahabad.
Pūjā, worship, adoration.
Pul, a bridge.
Pulā'o, a dish of flesh and rice.
Pur, a town, a city.
Purā, a large village, a town.
Purān or *purāṇa*, the Hindū mythological books.
Putla, a puppet, an image.
Pūtlī, a small puppet or image.
Puwāl, straw.

R.

Rahīm, merciful, compassionate.
Rahmān, forgiving.
Ra'īyat, tenants, subjects.
Rāj, kingdom.
Rājā, a prince, a king.
Rāj-rānī, a queen, royal consort.
Rāj-put, a descendant of a *rājā*, the name of a celebrated military caste.
Rākkī, a bracelet or amulet, which the Hindūs tie on their arms on a certain festival, held in the full moon of *Sāwan*, in honour of *Kṛishṇa*.
Rām, the seventh Hindū incarnation.
Rām-rām, a Hindū form of salutation.
Rāmtur'aī, hibiscus longifolius.
Rānī, a Hindū queen or princess.
Rā'ō, a prince.
Rās, the circular dance performed at the festival of Krishna.
Rās-dhārī, a dancing boy.
Rasūl, a messenger.
Rāt-alū, the yam (dioscorea sativa).
Rat-aundhā, blindness at night (nyctalopia).
Rath, a four-wheeled carriage.
Rauza, mausoleum.
Rāwtī, a kind of tent.
Ṛezai, or *razā'ī*, a native counterpane.
Ṛikhi or *ṛishi*, a sage, a saint.

Rohū, a fish (cyprinus denticulatus).
Rotī, wheaten cakes baked on an iron plate, called *tawā*.
Rūpiya, a rupee.
Rustam, a hero.

S.

Sach, truth.
Sāchak, hinnā presented to the bride on the day of marriage.
Sadr'adālut, supreme court of justice.
Sāgar, the sea, the ocean.
Sāgūn, teak, a forest tree.
Sahajnā, horseradish tree.
Sāhib, master, gentleman of the house.
Sāhiba, lady.
Sā'īs, a groom.
Sajjāda, a carpet or mat on which the Muhammadans kneel at prayers.
Sālagrām, a stone containing the impression of one or more ammonites.
Salām, salutation, peace, safety.
Salāmut, salvation, safety.
Sallam, cloth.
Sālotarī, horse doctor.
Samāt, signs.
Samudr, the sea.
Sānchā, a mould.
Sang-i-miknātīs, the loadstone.
Sang-i-sulaimānī, agate, onyx.
Sang-tarāsh, a stonecutter, lapidary.
Sang-i-yashm, a kind of jasper or agate.
Sangtara, an orange (cintra).
Sankh, a conch which the Hindūs blow, a shell.
Sānkho, shorea robusta.
Sarā'e, a native inn.
Sarā'ī, a small cover.
Sārangī, a musical instrument like a fiddle.
Sāras, a species of heron (ardea antigone), saras phenicopteros.
Sardar, headman.
Sarhang, (corrupt: *serang*,) or *galaiya*, master of a vessel, commander.
Sarī, a dress, consisting of one long piece of cloth or silk, worn by Hindū women.
Sarkār, a superintendent.
Sarp, a serpent.
Sarpat, a kind of reed or grass (saccharum procerum).
Sarpesh, an ornament worn in the turban.
Sarposh, cover, lid.

Sati, a woman who burns herself on her husband's funeral pile, chaste, virtuous, constant.
Sawār, a horseman.
Ser, two pounds.
Shab-bo, polianthes tuberosa.
Shaddā, the banners that are carried with the Taziya in the Muharram.
Shādī, a wedding, marriage.
Shāh, king.
Shāh-bāsh! bravo!
Shāh-zāda, a prince.
Shahī, kinglike.
Shaikh, (vulgo: *Shekh*) a chief, a venerable old man.
Sharāb, wine.
Sharm, shame.
Shāstr, Hindū scriptures.
Shatrang-i or *sutraengī*, a kind of carpet.
Sher, a tiger, a lion.
Shī'a, a follower of the sect of 'Alī.
Shikār, chase.
Shīsha, glass.
Shīsha-mahul, a house adorned with glass.
Shīsham, dalbergia sissoo (Roxb.).
Shiva, the third person of the Hindū triad.
Sholā, (commonly pronounced *sola*,) æschynomene paludosa (Roxb.).
Sihrā, a chaplet worn on the head by the bridegroom and bride at the marriage ceremony.
Silā, the stone on which cooks grind, with the looreea or rolling pin of stone.
Singhārā, trapa natans.
Sipāh'ī, (whence seapoy,) a soldier.
Sir, head.
Sircar. See *Sarkār*.
Sirjāh-tālū, black mouthed.
Sītalpatī, a fine and cool mat.
Siwālā, or *shīwālā*, a temple dedicated to Mahadēo.
Sonā, gold; *sonahla*, golden.
Sontā, a club.
Sonte-bardār, a mace-bearer; a person in the retinue of the great, armed with a short curved club, generally covered with silver.
Sraddha, funeral obsequies in honour of ancestors.
Srī or *Shrī*, a name of *Lakshmī*, the wife of *Vishnu*. It is written as a mark of respect at the beginning of Hindū proper names of persons.
Sū'ar, a hog.
Sūbadār, governor of a province.
Sulaimān, Solomon.
Sultān, king, emperor.
Sunn, hemp.
Sunnī, an orthodox Muhammadan, who reveres equally the four successors of Muhammad. The Turks are *Sunnīs*, the Persians are *Shī'as*.
Sūp, a kind of basket for winnowing corn.
Supyāri, betel nut.
Surāh-ī, a long-necked goblet.
Surma, collyrium.

T.

Taat, paper made of hemp, i. e. *sunn*.
Tāj, a crown.
Takā, a copper coin, equal to two *paisā*.
Takht, a throne; *padshah-i-takht*, the king's throne.
Taksāl, the mint.
Tamāshā, fun, sport.
Tana, a spider's web.
Tanjan, a chair carried by natives.
Tarāi, marsh meadows.
Tasar, a cloth.
Tattī, a screen or matted shutter.
Tattoo, a pony.
Tawā, the iron plate on which (*rotī*) bread is baked.
Taziya, the representation of the tomb of Hasun and Husain, used during the Muharram.
Thaili, purse, bag.
Thiliyā, water pot.
Tīkā, a mark or marks made with coloured earths, or unguents, upon the forehead and between the brows, either as ornament or sectorial distinction; an ornament worn on the forehead.
Tilak, a mark the Hindūs make on the forehead.
Tiriyā, wife.
Tiriyā-raj, Amazon country, petticoat government.
Top, cannon.
Tope, plantation.
Tri-benī, or *tri-venī*, the junction of the three sacred rivers.
Tūfān, a hurricane, a storm of wind whirling round.
Tulsī, a plant, basil (ocymum sanctum).

U. V.

Uchchat tilak, a religious ceremony, see vol. ii. p. 385.
Vishnu, the second person of the Hindū triad.
Ulāk, a small boat.
Ummed-wār, an expectant.
Voirājī, or *bairāgī*, a religious mendicant.
Uplā, cakes of dried cowdung.

W.

Walī-uhd, heir apparent.

Y.

Yāk, the small cow of Thibet.
Yug, or *yuga*, an age of the world. The Hindūs reckon four *yugas*, or ages, since the creation of the present world.
Yugānt, the end of the four *yugas*, or ages, when, according to the Hindūs, a total destruction of the universe takes place.

Z.

Zaban-i-urdū, the court language.
Zāmin, guarantee.
Zamīndar, landlord.
Zanāna, or *zenāna*, female apartments, feminine, effeminate.
Zūl-jana, the horse of Husain, *i. e.* the winged wolf.
Zunnār, the Brahmanical thread.

Italic reference numbers in the text refer to the notes to the 1975 edition to be found on pp. 483 - 493.

WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

1822, *April*—Flying Visit to Switzerland—The good Ship 'Marchioness of Ely'—H. M. 16th Lancers—Porto Santo—Fellow-Passengers—Isle of Palma—Divine Service—The Band—Quadrilles—The first Shark—Bristol Water—Skip-jacks—Prickly heat—Crossing the Line—Amusements on Board—A Blue Shark—Sucking-Fish—Bonito—Santa Trinidada and Martin Vas Rocks—The Albatross—Thoughts of Home—A Calm—Shooting Season on the Ocean—Three Days of Battue—Whale-Shooting—A deep Calm—Scarcity of Water—Anchored at Carnicobar.

In April, 1822, Monsieur mon mari took me to Switzerland. For the first time, I quitted England. How beautiful was the Valley of Chamouni! how delightful our expedition on the La Flegere! The guides pronounced it too early in the year to attempt the ascent of Mont Blanc. We quitted the valley with regret, and returned to Geneva: but our plans were frustrated, and our hopes disappointed; for, on reaching the hotel, we found a letter requiring our instant return to England. The 'Marchioness of Ely,' in which we had taken our passage to Bengal, was reported to be ready to sail in a few days: no time was to be lost; we started immediately, travelled night and day incessantly, and arrived, greatly harassed, in town. The illness brought on by the over-fatigue of that journey never quitted me for years. The vessel, however, was merely preparing for her departure, and did not sail until long after.

Happily the pain of separation from the beloved home of my

childhood was broken by the necessity of exertion in preparation for the voyage.

June 13*th*.—We went to Gravesend, to see the ship: it was scarcely possible to enter our destined abode, the larboard stern cabin; so full was it to overflowing—boxes of clothes, hampers of soda water, crates of china and glass—a marvellous confusion! After a time the hampers and boxes were carried below, the furniture cleated and lashed, and some sort of order was established.

We had carefully selected a ship that was not to carry troops: we now found the 'Ely' had been taken up to convey four troops of H. M. 16th Lancers; the remainder of the regiment was to sail in the 'General Hewitt.' Some of our fellow-passengers were on board on the same errand as ourselves.

June 18*th*.—We had lingered with our friends, and had deferred the sad farewell until the last moment: half uncertain if we should be in time to catch the ship in the Downs, we posted to Deal, took refuge at the 'Three Kings,' and had the satisfaction of watching the 'Marchioness of Ely,' and the 'Winchelsea' her companion, as they bore down. At 11 P.M. we went on board, and sailed the next day. There was such a glorious confusion on deck, that those who were novices in military and naval affairs might deem, as they gazed around, it could never subside into any thing approaching order. Every one, however, was saying it would be very different when the ship was at sea; of which, indeed, there was little doubt, for to go on as we were would have been impossible. Off the Isle of Wight the pilot left us to our captain's guidance; the breeze was favourable; we were sailing so smoothly, there was scarcely any motion. The last farewell tears dropped as I passed the Needles and the coast of Hampshire, whilst memory recalled the happy days I had spent there, and in the Forest, the beautiful Forest!

Such thoughts and feelings it was necessary to throw aside. I joined the party in the cuddy, scrutinized the strange faces, and retired to my cabin, with as solitary a feeling as if my husband and I had been exiles for ever.

The voyage began prosperously; I was satisfied with the captain, with my cabin, with my servant, and happy with my lord and master.

We regretted we had taken our passage in a ship full of troops, and anticipated we should be debarred taking exercise on the quarter-deck, and enjoying ourselves with walk and talk during the fine moonlight nights. In the 'Ely' it appeared as if it would be impossible; were you to attempt it, you would be sure to blunder over some sleeping Lancer. However, the band was on board—some small consolation; and as the society was large, there was more chance of entertainment.

July 1*st.*—Porto Santo looked beautiful, its head enveloped in clouds. The rocky island rises boldly out of the sea; its mountains are very picturesque. The sight of land and white châteaux was quite charming.

I now began to recover from the *maladie de mer*, and to regain my usual good spirits. Creatures of habit, we soon grew accustomed to the small space. The stern cabin, twelve feet by ten, at first sight appeared most extremely inconvenient; but now it seemed to have enlarged itself, and we were more comfortable. Still sleep would scarcely visit me, until a swinging cot was procured. From that time I slept calmly and quietly, whatever pranks the old 'Ely' might choose to play.

The comfort or discomfort of a voyage greatly depends upon your fellow-passengers. In this respect we were most fortunate; one-half the officers of the 16th Lancers were in the 'Ely.' The old 16th to me were friends; my father, who had been many years in the regiment, was forced to quit it, in consequence of a severe wound he received in action in the Pays Bas, under the command of the Duke of York. My uncle had commanded the gallant regiment in Spain, and other relatives had also been many years with the regiment. Chance had thrown us amongst friends.

Perhaps no friendships are stronger than those formed on board ship, where the tempers and dispositions are so much set forth in their true colours.

July 4*th.*—We passed the Isle of Palma; it looked beautiful,

rising abruptly from the sea; the trees appeared fine and numerous. We are in the trade winds, going generally about eight knots an hour; the evenings are delicious; little or no dew falls so far from land; in the evening we sit on deck, and enjoy the breeze. The moon is reflected so beautifully on the waves, the nights are so warm, the air so pure, the climate so agreeable, I could willingly turn canary bird, and take up my residence in this latitude.

Sometimes quadrilles are danced by the light of the moon; sometimes by the glare of half-a-dozen lanterns. There is little or no motion in the vessel; no events occur; yes—let me not forget—a little boy fell into the pea-soup and got a ducking; luckily for him, it was nearly cold. "The misfortunes of the stable fall on the head of the monkey [1]." The deck presents a curious assemblage: Lancers at extension exercise, women working, sailors hauling, children at school, ladies reading or talking in groups—altogether an amusing scene.

On Sundays Divine service is performed; the psalms are sung in very good style, accompanied by the Lancer band. The weather is hot; the thermometer 79° in our cabin, 81° in the cuddy, which at dinner-time contains six-and-thirty people. To-day a shark was caught; it was attended by three pilot fish, which, they say, guide the shark to its prey. These small fish are very pretty, and striped like zebras. The shark was hooked and dragged up by the stern windows; he struggled manfully, but was soon despatched.

A little flying-fish flew into one of the ports to escape the pursuit of a larger fish; it was small and curious, but not so pretty as one would imagine. Two large fins spread out on its sides, like wings. It was a novelty to most of the passengers.

July 22nd.—What a strange, bustling life! This is baggage-day; all the trunks are on deck—such a confusion! I am suffering from *maladie de mer;* the wind is contrary; we tack and veer most tiresomely; the ship pitches; we cling about like cats, and are at our wits' end, striving to endure our miseries with patience.

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 9.

The Bristol water is invaluable, the ship water very black, and it smells vilely. I knew not before the value of good water; and, were it not for the shower bath, should be apt to wish myself where Truth is—at the bottom of a well.

Yesterday such a noise arose on deck, it brought me to the scene of action in a minute: "Come here! come here! look! look! There they go, like a pack of hounds in full cry!". I did come, and I did look; and there were some hundred of skip-jacks leaping out of the water, and following each other with great rapidity across the head of the ship. When many fish leaped up together, there was such laughing, shouting, pointing, and gazing, from four hundred full-grown people, it was absurd to see how much amusement the poor fish occasioned. I looked alternately at the fish and the people, and laughed at both.

A kind of rash teases me; in these latitudes they call it prickly heat, vow you cannot be healthy without it, and affirm that every one ought to be glad to have it. So am not I.

Having beaten about the line for a fortnight, with a contrary wind, at length we entertained hopes of crossing it, and letters were received on board from Neptune and Amphitrite, requesting to be supplied with clothes, having lost their own in a gale of wind.

July 30th.—Neptune and his lady came on board to acquaint the captain they would visit him in form the next day. The captain wished the god good night, when instántly the deck was deluged with showers of water from the main-top, while a flaming tar-barrel was thrown overboard, in which Neptune was supposed to have vanished in flame and water.

July 31st.—At 9 A.M. the private soldiers who were not to be shaved were stationed on the poop with their wives; on the quarter-deck the officers and ladies awaited the arrival of the ocean-god. First in procession marched the band, playing "God save the King;" several grotesque figures followed; then came the car of Neptune—a gun-carriage—with such a creature for a coachman! The carriage was drawn by six half-naked seamen, painted to represent Tritons, who were chained to the vehicle. We beheld the monarch and his bride, seated in the

car, with a lovely girl, whom he called his tender offspring. These ladies were represented by the most brawny, muscular, ugly and powerful fellows in the ship; the letters requesting female attire having procured an abundance of finery. The boatswain's mate, a powerful man, naked to the waist, with a pasteboard crown upon his head and his speaking-trumpet in his hand, who represented Neptune, descended from his car, and offered the captain two fowls as tropical birds, and a salted fish on the end of a trident, lamenting that the late boisterous weather had prevented his bringing any fresh. A doctor, a barber with a notched razor, a sea-bear and its keeper, closed the procession.

Re-ascending the car, they took their station in front of the poop, and a rope was drawn across the deck to represent the line. Neptune then summoned the colonel-commandant of the Lancers to his presence, who informed him he had before entered his dominions. The major was then conducted, by a fellow calling himself a constable, to the foot of the car: he went up, expecting to be shaved, but the sea god desired him to present his wife to Amphitrite. After the introduction they were both dismissed.

My husband and myself were then summoned: he pleaded having crossed the line before. Neptune said that would not avail, as his lady had entered the small latitudes for the first time. After a laughable discussion, of to be shaved or not to be shaved, we were allowed to retire. The remainder of the passengers were summoned in turn. The sentence of shaving was passed upon all who had not crossed the line, but not carried into execution on the officers of the ship. The crew were shaved and ducked in form, and in all good humour. In the mean time the fire-engine drenched every body on deck, and the officers and passengers amused themselves for hours throwing water over each other from buckets. Imagine four hundred people ducking one another, and you may have some idea of the frolic. In the evening the sailors danced, sang, recited verses, and spliced the main brace[2], until very late,

[2] Drank grog.

and the day ended as jovially as it began. Several times they charmed us with an appropriate song, roared at the utmost pitch of their stentorian lungs, to the tune of "There's na luck about the house."

"We'll lather away, and shave away,
And lather away so fine,
We always have a shaving day
Whenever we cross the line."

With sorrow I confess to having forgotten the remainder of the ditty, which ended—

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As crossing of the line."

"Rule Britannia," with a subscription for the ruler of the seas, was the finale, leaving every one perfectly satisfied with his portion of salt water. It was agreed the rites and ceremonies had never been better performed or with greater good humour.

Colonel Luard's beautiful and faithful sketches have since been presented to the public. Watching his ready pencil, as it portrayed the passing scene, was one of the pleasures of the 'Ely;' and I feel greatly obliged to him for having given me permission to add copies of some of his original sketches to my journal.

Neptune was accompanied on board by a flying-fish that came in at one of the ports, perhaps to escape from an albicore: a lucky omen. The gentlemen amuse themselves with firing at the albatross, as they fly round and round the vessel; as yet, no damage has been done — the great birds shake their thick plumage, and laugh at the shot.

The favourite game is pitch-and-toss for dollars. Boxing is another method of spending time. Chess and backgammon-boards are in high request; when the evenings are not calm enough for a quadrille or a waltz on deck, the passengers retire to the cuddy, to whist or blind hookey, and dollars are brought to table in cases that formerly contained Gamble's most excellent portable soup! On the very general introduction of caoutchouc

into every department of the arts and sciences, some of the principal ship-builders proposed to form the keels of their vessels of indian-rubber, but abandoned the project apprehending the *entire effacement of the equinoctial line.*

Aug. 1*st.*—Caught a bonito and a sea-scorpion; the latter was of a beautiful purple colour, the under part white: also a nautilus and a blue shark; in the latter were four-and-twenty young ones. The shark measured seven feet; its young from twelve to fourteen inches. The colour of the back was blue, of the belly white; several sucking-fish were upon the monster, of which some were lost in hauling him on board: one of those caught measured nine inches and a half; it stuck firmly to my hand in an instant.

Our amusements concluded with viewing an eclipse of the moon.

A stiff gale split the mainsail and blew the foretop and mizentop sails to pieces: no further damage was sustained. I enjoyed the sight of the fine waves that tossed the vessel as if she were a cockle-shell.

We caught two Cape pigeons, very beautiful birds; the moment they were brought on deck they suffered extremely from *maladie de mer!*

Aug. 11*th.*—During Divine service we came in sight of San Trinidada and Martin Vas Rocks; the former distant twelve miles, the latter thirty.

Aug. 16*th.*—Lat. 27° S., long. 19° W.—The annexed lithograph is from an original drawing of Colonel Luard's, and the following extract from his "Views in India:"—

"This drawing represents the numerous birds that constantly follow ships from lat. 27° S. to lat. 40° S., constantly hovering about the ship, and picking up anything eatable which may be thrown overboard. The pintado, or Cape pigeon, a very pretty bird, black and white striped all over, is the most numerous. They fly backwards and forwards across the ship's wake, in such numbers and so carelessly, that they are frequently caught by entangling their wings in lines thrown over the stern of the ship to catch the albatross. This immense bird is also portrayed in



On Stone by Major Parlby

From an Original Drawing by Col. Luard

S. LAT. 27°–W. LONG. 19°

the drawing, whose astonishing power, fierceness, and fleetness, render him formidable amongst the feathered tribe of these regions. There is an instance on record of a man having fallen overboard from a ship-of-war, when a noble-minded midshipman instantly jumped overboard, and, from his power as a swimmer, would probably have rescued the sailor from a watery grave, had not an albatross passing at the moment stooped upon the generous youth, and struck him upon the head: he sank to rise no more! Both he and the sailor were drowned."

Aug. 23rd.—There is a ship alongside! a ship bound for England! it speaks of home and the beloved ones, and although I am as happy as possible, my heart still turns to those who have heretofore been all and everything to me, with a warmth of affection at once delightful and very painful.

Aug. 27th.—Lat. 32° 9′ S., long. 4° 25′ E.—A dead calm! give me any day a storm and a half in preference! It was so miserable—a long heavy swell, without a ripple on the waves; the ship rolled from side to side without advancing one inch; she groaned in all her timbers: the old 'Marchioness' appeared to suffer and be as miserable as myself. The calm continued the next day, and the rolling also; the captain kindly allowed the jolly-boat to be lowered, in which some of the Lancers and my husband went out shooting.

This day, the 28th of August, was the commencement of the shooting season: game was in abundance, and they sought it over the long heavy swell of the glasslike and unrippled sea. The sportsmen returned with forty head of game: in this number was an albatross, measuring nine feet from the tip of one wing to that of the other; a Cape hen, a sea-swallow, with several pintado and other birds.

When the boat returned, it brought good fortune; the wind instantly sprang up, and we went on our way rejoicing. This day a whale was seen at a distance; if it had approached the vessel, a captain of the Lancers had prepared a Congreve rocket for its acceptance.

Sept. 1st.—We spoke a Dutchman off the Cape, looking in a very pitiable condition: the same gale which had damaged her overtook us, and blew heavily and disagreeably for three

days. The weather was very cold and wet, and we felt disappointed at not touching at the Cape.

Sept. 10*th.*—Lat. 36° 43′ S., lon. 45° 30′ W., ther. 64°.—Another calm, and another battue: the gentlemen returned from the watery plain with great éclat, bringing seven albatross, thirty pintados, a Cape hen, and two garnets. One of the albatross, which was stuffed for me, measured fifty-three inches from head to tail, and nine feet ten inches across the wings.

Sept. 20*th.*—In the evening we passed St. Paul's and Amsterdam, but the haziness of the weather prevented our seeing them. This, the most southerly point of our voyage, was also the coldest. The cold was really painful.

Sept. 23.—A *school*[1] of twenty or thirty whales passed near the ship; it was almost a calm; they were constantly on the surface, frolicking and spouting away. They were, the sailors said, of the spermaceti order, which are smaller in size, and do not spout so high as the larger race. I was disappointed. Two of the officers of the Lancers rowed within ten yards of a large whale, and fired a Congreve rocket into its body; the whale gave a spring and dived instantly. The rocket would explode in a few seconds and kill him: a good prize for the first ship that falls in with the floating carcase. They fired at another, but the rocket exploded under water and came up smoking to the surface. The boat returned safely to the ship, but it was rather a nervous affair.

Sept. 25*th.*—Another calm allowed of more shooting, and great was the slaughter of sea game. I must make an extract from Colonel Luard's work, speaking of a battle that took place on the 10th:—"The Cape hen was a large fierce black bird, and only having its wing broken, tried to bite every person's legs in the boat. When she was placed on the ship's quarter-deck, a small terrier belonging to one of the officers attacked her, and they fought for some time with uncertain advantage; the bloody streams from the dog proving the severity of the bird's bite: at last the terrier seized his adversary by the throat, when the battle and the bird's life ended together. In lat. 4° 13′ S., long.

[1] A technical term used in the whale fishery.

93° 11′ E., the thermometer in the sun standing at 130°, and in the shade 97°, two small birds, in every respect resembling the English swallow, came about the ship. One of them was caught, and died; the other (probably in hopes of rejoining its companion) remained with the ship fourteen or fifteen days, frequently coming into the cabins and roosting there during the night. It was at last missing; and, not being an aquatic bird, perhaps met a watery death."

During the time of the battue on the third day, three sharks were astern; we caught one that had a young one by her side. When opened on deck, a family of twenty-four were found, each about twelve or fourteen inches long; the mother measured seven feet. The shark is said to swallow its young when in peril, and to disgorge them when the danger has passed. The curious birds and fish we see relieve the tedium of the voyage.

We now looked impatiently for the end of our passage, and counted the days like schoolboys expecting their vacation. It was amusing to hear the various plans the different people on board intended to pursue on landing—all too English by far for the climate to which they were bound.

The birds were numerous south of the tropics; we saw few within them. The flying-fish are never found beyond the tropics.

Oct. 11*th.*—Lat. 4° 20′ S., long. 93° 11′ E.—The heat was very great; the vertical sun poured down its sickening rays, the thermometer in the shade of the coolest cabin 86°; not a breath of air; we felt severely the sudden change of temperature. The sails flapped against the mast, and we only made progress seventeen knots in the twenty-four hours! Thus passed eleven days—the shower bath kept us alive, and our health was better than when we quitted England. M. mon mari, who was studying Persian, began to teach me Hindostanee, which afforded me much pleasure.

In spite of the calm there was gaiety on board; the band played delightfully, our fellow-passengers were agreeable, and the calm evenings allowed of quadrilles and waltzing on the deck, which was lighted up with lanterns and decorated with flags.

We spoke the 'Winchelsea,' which had quitted the Downs

seven days before us and experienced heavy weather off the Cape: it was some consolation to have been at sea a shorter time than our companion. But little sickness was on board; a young private of the Lancers fell overboard, it was supposed, during a squall, and was lost; he was not even missed until the next day: a sick Lancer died, and a little child also; they were buried at sea: the bill of health was uncommonly good. A burial at sea, when first witnessed, is very solemn and impressive.

We passed an English ship—the Lancer band played "God save the King," the vessel answered with three cheers. It was painful to meet a homeward-bound ship; it reminded me of home, country, and, dearer still, of friends. The sailors have a superstition, that sharks always follow a ship when a corpse is on board: the night after the man fell overboard, the Lancer and the child died; the day they were buried three sharks were astern. I thought of the sailors' superstition; no sharks had been seen along-side for three weeks. The sunsets on and near the line are truly magnificent, nothing is more glorious—the nights are beautiful, no dew, no breeze, the stars shining as they do on a frosty night at home, and we are gasping for a breath of air! A sea-snake about a yard and a half long was caught—many turtle were seen, but they sank the moment the boat approached them. A subscription lottery was made; the person whose ticket bears the date of our arrival at Saugor will win the amount.

Oct. 22nd.—Becalmed for eighteen days! not as when off the Cape; there it was cool, with a heavy swell, here there is no motion, the sun vertical, not a breath of air, the heat excessive. At length a breeze sprang up, and we began to move: one day during the calm we made seven knots in the twenty-four hours, and those all the wrong way!

> "Day after day, day after day,
> We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean."

Our voyage advanced very slowly, and the supply of fresh

water becoming scanty, we were all put on short allowance; any thing but agreeable under so hot a sun. Captain Kay determined to make the land, and water the ship, and made signals to our companion, the 'Winchelsea,' to that effect.

Oct. 30th.—To our great delight we arrived at, and anchored off, Carnicobar, one of the Nicobar Islands, lat. 9° 10′ N., long. 92° 56′ E. Boats were immediately sent on shore to a small village, where the landing was good, and two springs of delicious water were found for the supply of the ship.

CHAPTER II.

CARNICOBAR.

"A HANDSOME SISTER, WITH A MAT FOR A PETTICOAT[1]"

1822, *October*.—Appearance and Attire of the Islanders—Canoes—Visit to their Village—Ornaments of the Natives—Departure from the Island—The Andamans—Anchorage at Saugor—The Hoogly—Arrival in Calcutta.

THE island where we landed was covered to the edge of the sand of the shore with beautiful trees; scarcely an uncovered or open spot was to be seen. Off the ship the village appeared to consist of six or eight enormous bee-hives, erected on poles and surrounded by high trees; among these, the cocoa-nut, to an English eye, was the most remarkable.

The ship was soon surrounded by canoes filled with natives; two came on board. The ladies hastened on deck, but quickly scudded away, not a little startled at beholding men like Adam when he tasted the forbidden fruit: they knew not they were naked, and they were not ashamed. I returned to my cabin. The stern of the vessel was soon encircled by canoes filled with limes, citrons, oranges, cocoa-nuts, plantains, yams, eggs, chickens, little pigs, and various kinds of fruit. The sight of these temptations soon overcame my horror at the want of drapery of the islanders, and I stood at the port bargaining for what I wished to obtain until the floor was covered. Our traffic was thus conducted—I held up an empty jam-pot, and received in return a basket full of citrons; for two empty phials, a couple of fowls; another couple of fowls were given in

[1] Oriental Sayings, No. 10.



On Stone by Major Parlby.

From an original drawing by Col. J. Luard.

CAR NICOBAR.

exchange for an empty tin case that held portable soup; the price of a little pig was sixpence, or an old razor: they were eager at first for knives, but very capricious in their bargains: the privates of the Lancers had glutted the market. On my holding up a clasp-knife, the savage shook his head. I cut off the brass rings from the window-curtains,—great was the clamour and eagerness to possess them. On giving a handful to one of the men, he counted them carefully, and then fitted them on his fingers. The people selected those they approved, returned the remainder, and gave me fruit in profusion. Even curtain-rings soon lost their charm—my eye fell on a basket of shells, the owner refused by signs all my offers—he wanted some novelty: at length an irresistible temptation was found—an officer of the Lancers cut off three of the gay buttons from his jacket, and offered them to the savage, who handed up the shells.

"Figurez-vous," said the Lancer, "the Carnicobarbarian love of that fellow, matted with straw and leaves from the waist to the knee, decked with three Lancer buttons suspended round her neck by a cocoa-nut fibre, and enraptured with the novelty and beauty of the tout ensemble!!"

The dress, or rather the úndress of the men was very simple; a handkerchief tied round the waist and passed between the limbs so as to leave the end hanging like a tail: some wore a stripe of plantain-leaf bound fillet-like round their heads; the necks of the chiefs were encircled either with silver wire in many rings, or a necklace of cowries.

One of the canoes which came from a distant part of the island was the most beautiful and picturesque boat I ever saw; it contained twenty-one men, was paddled with amazing swiftness, and gaily decorated. Of the canoes, some were so narrow that they had bamboo outriggers to prevent their upsetting. The natives appeared an honest, inoffensive race, and were much pleased with the strangers. After dinner it was proposed to go on shore in the cool of the evening: the unmarried ladies remained on board. I could not resist a run on a savage island, and longed to see the women, and know how they were treated.

Really the dark colour of the people serves very well as dress, if you are not determined to be critical. On landing, I was surrounded by women chattering and staring; one pulled my bonnet, but above all things they were charmed with my black silk apron; they greatly admired, and took it in their hands. They spoke a few words of English, and shook hands with me, saying, "How do? how do?" and when they wished to purchase my apron they seized it rather roughly, saying, "You buy? you buy?" meaning, Will you sell it? they were kind after the mode Nicobar.

The natives are of low stature, their faces ugly, but good-humoured; they are beautifully formed, reminding one of ancient statues; their carriage is perfectly erect. A piece of cloth is tied round the waists of the women, which reaches to the knee. Some women were hideous: of one the head was entirely shaved, excepting where a black lock was left over either ear, of which the lobes were depressed, stretched out, and cut into long slips, so that they might be ornamented with bits of coloured wood that were inserted. She had the elephantiasis, and her limbs were swollen to the size of her waist. They are very idle; in fact, there appears no necessity for exertion—fruits of all sorts grow wild, pigs are plentiful, and poultry abundant. Tobacco was much esteemed. Silver they prized very much, and called coin of all sorts and sizes dollars—a sixpence or a half-crown were dollars. The only apparent use they have for silver is to beat it out into thick wire, which they form into spiral rings by twisting it several times round the finger. Rings are worn on the first and also on the *middle* joint of *every* finger, and on the thumb also. Bracelets formed after the same fashion wind from the wrist half-way up the arms. Rings ornament all their toes, and they wear half-a-dozen anklets. The same silver wire adorns the necks of the more opulent of the men also. They are copper-coloured, with straight black hair; their bodies shine from being rubbed with cocoa-nut oil, which smells very disagreeably. Their huts are particularly well built. Fancy a great bee-hive beautifully and most carefully thatched, twelve feet in diameter, raised on poles about five feet

from the ground; to the first story you ascend by a removeable ladder of bamboo; the floor is of bamboo, and springs under you in walking; the side opposite the entrance is smoked by a fire: a ladder leads to the attic, where another elastic floor completes the habitation. They sit or lie on the ground. Making baskets appears to be their only manufacture.

From constantly chewing the betel-nut, their teeth are stained black, with a red tinge, which has a hideous effect. I picked up some beautiful shells on the shore, and bartered with the women for their silver wire rings.

The colours of my shawl greatly enchanted Lancour, one of their chief men; he seized it rather roughly, and pushing three fowls, tied by the legs, into my face, said, "I present, you present." As I refused to agree to the exchange, one of the officers interfered, and Lancour drew back his hand evidently disappointed.

The gentlemen went on shore armed in case of accidents; but the ship being in sight all was safe. I have since heard that two vessels, which were wrecked on the island some years afterwards, were plundered, and the crews murdered.

Many of the most beautiful small birds were shot by the officers. As for foliage, you can imagine nothing more luxuriant than the trees bending with fruits and flowers. No quadrupeds were to be seen but dogs and pigs; there are no wild beasts on the island. They say jackals, alligators, and crabs are numerous: the natives were anxious the sailors should return to the ship at night, and as they remained late, the Nicobars came down armed with a sort of spear; they were cautious of the strangers, but showed no fear, and told the men to come again the next day. It must be dangerous for strangers to sleep on shore at night, on account of the dense fog, so productive of fever.

The scene was beautiful at sunset; the bright tints in the sky contrasted with the deep hue of the trees; the shore covered with men and boats; the bee-hive village, and the novelty of the whole. Many of the savages adorned with European jackets,

were strutting about the vainest of the vain, charmed with their new clothing; Lancour was also adorned with a cocked-hat! The woman who appeared of the most consideration, perhaps the queen of the island, wore a red cap shaped like a sugar-loaf, a small square handkerchief tied over one shoulder, like a monkey mantle, and a piece of blue cloth round her hips; a necklace of silver wire, with bracelets, anklets, and rings on the fingers and toes without number. The pigs proved the most delicate food; they were very small, and fattened on cocoa-nuts: the poultry was excellent.

The natives make a liquor as intoxicating as gin from the cocoa-nut tree, by cutting a gash in the bark and collecting the juice in a cocoa-nut shell, which they suspend below the opening to receive it; it ferments and is very strong—the taree or toddy of India.

Little did I think it would ever have been my fate to visit such an uncivilized island, or to shake hands with such queer looking men; however, we agreed very well, and they were quite pleased to be noticed: one man, who made us understand he was called Lancour, sat down by my side, and smoked in my face by way of a compliment. They delight in tobacco, which they roll up in a leaf, and smoke in form of a cigar. I cannot refrain from writing about these people, being completely island struck.

It was of importance to the 'Winchelsea,' in which there were a hundred and twenty on the sick list, to procure fruit and vegetables, as the scurvy had broken out amongst the crew.

We landed, Oct. 30th, and quitted the island, Nov. 2nd, with a fair wind: all the passengers on board were in good spirits, and the ship presented a perfect contrast to the time of the calm.

Nov. 3rd.—We passed the Andaman Islands, whose inhabitants are reported to have a fondness for strangers of a nature different to the Carnicobarbarians,—they are Cannibals!

A steady, pleasant monsoon urged us bravely onwards: a

passing squall caught us, which laid the vessel on her side, carried away the flying jib, and split the driver into shreds: the next moment it was quite calm.

7th.—We fell in with the Pilot Schooner, off the Sand-heads, the pilot came on board, bringing Indian newspapers and fresh news.

10th.—We anchored at Saugor.—Here we bade adieu to our fellow-passengers, and the old 'Marchioness of Ely:' perhaps a more agreeable voyage was never made, in spite of its duration, nearly five months.

Our neighbours, in the stern cabin, very excellent people, and ourselves, no less worthy, hired a decked vessel, and proceeded up the Hoogly; that night we anchored off Fulta, and enjoyed fine fresh new milk, &c.; the next tide took us to Budge-Budge by night, and the following morning we landed at Chandpaul Ghaut, Calcutta.

The Hoogly is a fine river, but the banks are very low; the most beautiful part, Garden Reach, we passed during the night. The first sight of the native fishermen in their little dinghees is very remarkable. In the cold of the early morning, they wrap themselves up in folds of linen, and have the appearance of men risen from the dead. Many boats passed us which looked as if

> "By skeleton forms the sails were furled,
> And the hand that steered was not of this world."

13th.—In the course of a few hours after our arrival, a good house was taken for us, which being sufficiently large to accommodate our companions, we set up our standards together in Park-street, Chowringhee, and thus opened our Indian campaign.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN INDIA.

"I HAVE SEEN BENGAL: THERE THE TEETH ARE RED AND THE MOUTH IS BLACK[1]."

1822, *November*—Calcutta—First Impressions—Style of Indian Houses—Furniture — Mats—Arabs—Departure of the Marquis of Hastings—Fogs—Christmas-Day—Indian Servants—The Sircar—Thieves—The Hot Winds—Pankhās — Fire-flies — North-Westers—The Foliage — Musquitoes — Elephantiasis—Insects—The Chŭrŭk Pooja—Religious Mendicants.

The four troops of the 16th Lancers, from the 'Ely,' disembarked, and encamped on the glacis of Fort William; the 'General Hewitt,' with the remainder of the regiment, did not arrive until six weeks afterwards, having watered at the Cape.

Calcutta has been styled the City of Palaces, and it well deserves the name. The Government House stands on the Maidān, near the river; the city, and St. Andrew's Church, lie behind it; to the left is that part called Chowringhee, filled with beautiful detached houses, surrounded by gardens; the verandahs, which generally rise from the basement to the highest story, give, with their pillars, an air of lightness and beauty to the buildings, and protecting the dwellings from the sun, render them agreeable for exercise in the rainy season.

The houses are all stuccoed on the outside, and seem as if built of stone. The rent of unfurnished houses in Chowringhee is very high; we gave 325 rupees a month for ours, the larger ones are from 4 to 500 per month.

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 11.



SIRCAR

The style of an Indian house differs altogether from that of one in England.

The floors are entirely covered with Indian matting, than which nothing can be cooler or more agreeable. For a few weeks, in the cold season, fine Persian carpets, or carpets from Mirzapore are used. The windows and doors are many; the windows are to the ground, like the French; and, on the outside, they are also protected by Venetian windows of the same description. The rooms are large and lofty, and to every sleeping-apartment a bathing-room is attached. All the rooms open into one another, with folding-doors, and pankhās are used during the hot weather. The most beautiful French furniture was to be bought in Calcutta of M. de Bast, at whose shop marble tables, fine mirrors, and luxurious couches were in abundance. Very excellent furniture was also to be had at the Europe shops, made by native workmen under the superintendence of European cabinet and furniture makers; and furniture of an inferior description in the native bazaars.

On arriving in Calcutta, I was charmed with the climate; the weather was delicious; and nothing could exceed the kindness we experienced from our friends. I thought India a most delightful country, and could I have gathered around me the dear ones I had left in England, my happiness would have been complete. The number of servants necessary to an establishment in India, is most surprising to a person fresh from Europe: it appeared the commencement of ruin. Their wages are not high, and they find themselves in food; nevertheless, from their number, the expense is very great.

The Sircar.

A very useful but expensive person in an establishment is a sircar; the man attends every morning early to receive orders, he then proceeds to the bazaars, or to the Europe shops, and brings back for inspection and approval, furniture, books, dresses, or whatever may have been ordered: his profit is a heavy per centage on all he purchases for the family.

One morning our sircar, in answer to my having observed that

the articles purchased were highly priced, said, "You are my father and my mother, and I am your poor little child: I have only taken two annas in the rupee, dustoorie."

This man's language was a strong specimen of Eastern hyperbole: one day he said to me, "You are my mother, and my father, and *my God!*" With great disgust, I reproved him severely for using such terms, when he explained, "you are my protector and my support, therefore you are to me as my God." The offence was never repeated. The sketch of "the sircar" is an excellent representation of one in Calcutta: they dress themselves with the utmost care and most scrupulous neatness in white muslin, which is worn exactly as represented; and the turban often consists of twenty-one yards of fine Indian muslin, by fourteen inches in breadth, most carefully folded and arranged in small plaits; his reed pen is behind his ear, and the roll of paper in his hand is in readiness for the orders of the sāhib. The shoes are of common leather; sometimes they wear them most elaborately embroidered in gold and silver thread and coloured beads. All men in India wear mustachoes; they look on the bare faces of the English with amazement and contempt. The sircar is an Hindoo, as shown by the opening of the vest on *the right* side, and the white dot, the mark of his caste, between his eyes.

Dustoorie is an absolute tax. The durwān will turn from the gate the boxwallas, people who bring articles for sale in boxes, unless he gets dustoorie for admittance. If the sāhib buy any article, his sirdar-bearer will demand dustoorie. If the mem sāhiba purchase finery, the ayha must have her dustoorie —which, of course, is added by the boxwalla to the price the gentleman is compelled to pay.

Dustoorie is from two to four pice in the rupee; one anna, or one sixteenth of the rupee is, I imagine, generally taken. But all these contending interests are abolished, if the sircar purchase the article: he takes the lion's share. The servants hold him in great respect, as he is generally the person who answers for their characters, and places them in service.

It appeared curious to be surrounded by servants who, with

the exception of the tailor, could not speak one word of English; and I was forced to learn to speak Hindostanee.

To a griffin, as a new comer is called for the first year, India is a most interesting country; every thing appears on so vast a scale, and the novelty is so great.

In *December*, the climate was so delightful, it rendered the country preferable to any place under the sun; could it always have continued the same, I should have advised all people to flee unto the East.

My husband gave me a beautiful Arab, Azor by name, but as the Sā'īs always persisted in calling him Aurora, or a Roarer, we were obliged to change his name to Rajah. I felt very happy cantering my beautiful high-caste Arab on the race-course at 6 A.M., or, in the evening, on the well-watered drive in front of the Government House. Large birds, called adjutants, stalk about the Maidān in numbers; and on the heads of the lions that crown the entrance arches to the Government House, you are sure to see this bird (the hargilla or gigantic crane) in the most picturesque attitudes, looking as if a part of the building itself.

The arrival of the 16th Lancers, and the approaching departure of the Governor-general, rendered Calcutta extremely gay. Dinner parties and fancy balls were numerous; at the latter, the costumes were excellent and superb.

Dec. 16th.—The Marquis of Hastings gave a ball at the Government-house, to the gentlemen of the Civil and Military Services, and the inhabitants of Calcutta; the variety of costume displayed by Nawābs, Rajahs, Mahrattas, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Mussulmāns, and Hindoos, and the gay attire of the military, rendered it a very interesting spectacle. Going to the ball was a service of danger, on account of the thickness of one of those remarkable fogs so common an annoyance during the cold season at the Presidency. It was impossible to see the road, although the carriage had lights, and two mashalchees, with torches in their hands, preceded the horses; but the glare of the mashals, and the shouts of the men, prevented our meeting with any accident in the dense cloud by which we were surrounded.

Palanquins were novel objects; the bearers go at a good rate; the pace is neither walking nor running, it is the amble of the biped, in the style of the amble taught the native horses, accompanied by a grunting noise that enables them to keep time. Well-trained bearers do not shake the pālkee. Bilees, hackeries, and khraunchies, came in also for their share of wonder.

So few of the gentry in England can afford to keep riding-horses for their wives and daughters, that I was surprised, on my arrival in Calcutta, to see almost every lady on horseback; and that not on hired hacks, but on their own good steeds. My astonishment was great one morning, on beholding a lady galloping away, on a fiery horse, only three weeks after her confinement. What nerves the woman must have had!

Dec. 16*th.*—The Civil Service, the military, and the inhabitants of Calcutta, gave a farewell ball to the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings, after which the Governor-general quitted India.

On Christmas-day the servants adorned the gate-ways with hārs, i. e. chaplets, and garlands of fresh flowers. The bearers and dhobees brought in trays of fruit, cakes, and sweetmeats, with garlands of flowers upon them, and requested bakhshish, probably the origin of our Christmas-boxes. We accepted the sweetmeats, and gave some rupees in return.

They say that, next to the Chinese, the people of India are the most dexterous thieves in the world; we kept a durwān, or porter at the gate, two chaukidārs (watchmen), and the compound (ground surrounding the house) was encompassd by a high wall.

1823. *Jan.* 12*th.*—There was much talking below amongst the bearers; during the night the shout of the chaukidārs was frequent, to show they were on the alert; nevertheless, the next morning a friend, who was staying with us, found that his desk with gold mohurs and valuables in it, had been carried off from his room, together with some clothes and his military cloak. We could not prove the theft, but had reason to believe it was perpetrated by a khansāmān (head table servant) whom we had discharged, connived at by the durwān and chaukidārs.

March 20th.—I have now been four months in India, and my idea of the climate has altered considerably; the hot winds are blowing; it is very oppressive; if you go out during the day, I can compare it to nothing but the hot blast you would receive in your face, were you suddenly to open the door of an oven.

The evenings are cool and refreshing; we drive out late; and the moonlight evenings at present are beautiful; when darkness comes on, the fire-flies illuminate the trees, which appear full of flitting sparks of fire; these little insects are in swarms; they are very small and ugly, with a light like the glowworm's in the tail, which, as they fly, appears and suddenly disappears: how beautifully the trees in the adjoining grounds are illuminated at night, by these little dazzling sparks of fire!

The first sight of a pankhā is a novelty to a griffin. It is a monstrous fan, a wooden frame covered with cloth, some ten, twenty, thirty, or more feet long, suspended from the ceiling of a room, and moved to and fro by a man outside by means of a rope and pullies, and a hole in the wall through which the rope passes; the invention is a native one; they are the greatest luxuries, and are also handsome, some being painted and gilt, the ropes covered with silk, and so shaped or scooped, as to admit their vibratory motion without touching the chandeliers, suspended in the same line with the pankhā, and when at rest, occupying the space scooped out. In the up country, the pankhā is always pulled during the night over the chārpāī or bed.

The weather is very uncertain; sometimes *very* hot, then suddenly comes a north-wester, blowing open every door in the house, attended with a deluge of heavy rain, falling straight down in immense drops: the other evening it was dark as night, the lightning blazed for a second or two, with the blue sulphureous light you see represented on the stage; the effect was beautiful; the forked lightning was remarkably strong; I did not envy the ships in the bay.

The foliage of the trees, so luxuriously beautiful and so novel, is to me a source of constant admiration. When we girls used to laugh at the odd trees on the screens, we wronged the Chinese in imagining they were the productions of fancy; the whole

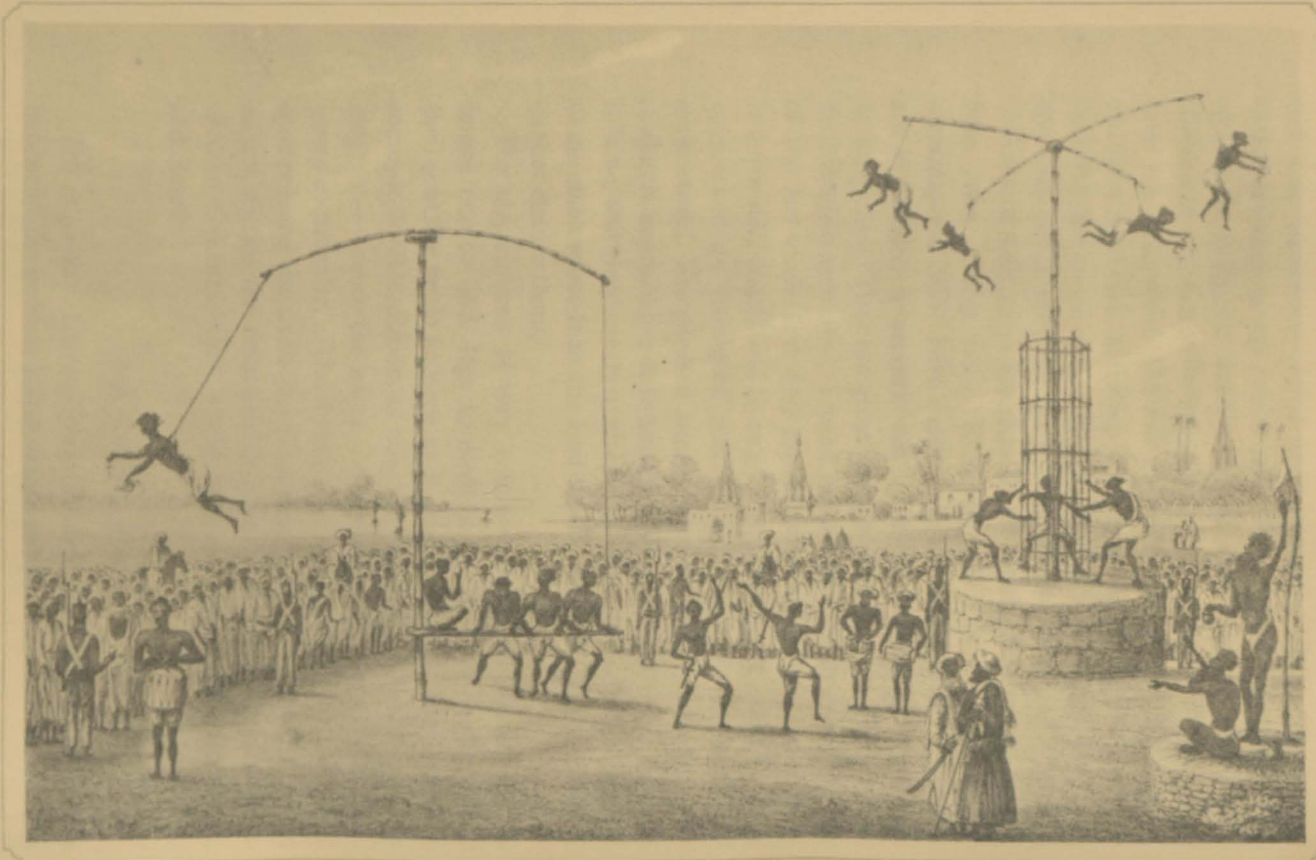
nation was never before accused of having had a fanciful idea, and those trees were copied from nature, as I have found from seeing the same in my drives and rides around Calcutta. The country is quite flat, but the foliage very fine and rich. The idleness of the natives is excessive; for instance, my ayha will dress me, after which she will go to her house, eat her dinner, and then returning, will sleep in one corner of my room on the floor for the whole day. The bearers also do nothing but eat and sleep, when they are not pulling the pankhās.

Some of the natives are remarkably handsome, but appear far from being strong men. It is *impossible* to do with a few servants, you *must* have many; their customs and prejudices are inviolable; a servant will do such and such things, and nothing more. They are great plagues; much more troublesome than English servants. I knew not before the oppressive power of the hot winds, and find myself as listless as any Indian lady is universally considered to be; I can now excuse, what I before condemned as indolence and want of energy—so much for experience. The greatest annoyance are the musquito bites; it is almost impossible not to scratch them, which causes them to inflame, and they are then often very difficult to cure: they are to me much worse than the heat itself; my irritable constitution cannot endure them.

The elephantiasis is very common amongst the natives, it causes one or both legs to swell to an enormous size, making the leg at the ankle as large as it is above the knee; there are some deplorable objects of this sort, with legs like those of the elephant—whence the name. Leprosy is very common; we see lepers continually. The insects are of monstrous growth, such spiders! and the small-lizards are numerous on the walls of the rooms, darting out from behind pictures, &c. Curtains are not used in Calcutta, they would harbour musquitoes, scorpions, and lizards.

The Chŭrŭk Pooja.

The other day, hearing it was a Burra Din, (day of festival in honour of the goddess Kālee, whose temple is about a mile and a



THE CHŪRŪK PŪJĀ

فنی پارکس

half from Calcutta,) I drove down in the evening to Kālee Ghaut, where, had not the novelty of the scene excited my curiosity, disgust would have made me sick. Thousands of people were on the road, dressed in all their gayest attire, to do honour to the festival of the Chŭrŭk Pooja, the swinging by hooks. Amongst the crowd, the most remarkable objects were several Voiragee mendicants; their bodies were covered with ashes, their hair clotted with mud and twisted round their heads; they were naked all but a shred of cloth. One man had held up both arms over his head until they had withered and were immoveable, the nails of the clenched fists had penetrated through the back of the hands, and came out on the other side like the claws of a bird. To fulfil some vow to Vishnoo this agony is endured, not as a penance for sin, but as an act of extraordinary merit. At first the pain must be great, but it ceases as the arms become benumbed. A man of this description is reckoned remarkably holy, having perfect dependence upon God for support, being unable, his arms having become immoveable, to carry food to his mouth or assist himself. Two or three other mendicants who were present had only one withered arm raised above their heads. Some Hindoos of low caste, either for their sins or for money, had cut three or four gashes in the muscular part of the arm, and through these gashes they kept running a sword, dancing violently all the time to hideous music; others ran bamboos as thick as three fingers through the holes in the arm, dancing in the same manner. One man passed a spit up and down through the holes, another a dagger, and a third had a skewer through his tongue.

A little further on were three swinging posts erected in this fashion; a post some thirty feet in height was crossed at the top by a horizontal bamboo, from one end of which a man was swinging, suspended by a rope, from the other end another rope was fastened to a horizontal pole below, which was turned by men running round like horses in a mill. The man swung in a circle of perhaps thirty feet diameter, supported by four iron hooks, two through the flesh of his back, and two in that of his chest, by which, and a small bit of cloth across the breast, he was entirely supported: he carried a bag in one hand, from

which he threw sweetmeats and flowers to the populace below. Some men swing with four hooks in the back and four on the chest without any cloth, eight hooks being considered sufficient to support the body. The man I saw swinging looked very wild, from the quantity of opium and bengh he had taken to deaden the sense of pain. Bengh is an intoxicating liquor, which is prepared with the leaves of the Gánja plant (Canabis Indica).

Hindoos of the lower castes are very fond of this amusement, accidental deaths occasioned by it are reckoned about three per cent. Sometimes four men swing together for half an hour; some in penance for their own sins; some for those of others, richer men, who reward their deputies and thus do penance by proxy.

Khraunchies full of nāch girls were there in all their gaily-coloured dresses and ornaments, as well as a number of respectable men of good caste.

I was much disgusted, but greatly interested.

Sentries from the Calcutta militia were stationed round the swings to keep off the crowd.

The men on the mound at the foot of the second swing run round with the bamboo frame which is connected with the pole, at the summit of which are the cross bamboos. As they proceed, the four men above swing merrily on their hooks, scattering flowers and sweetmeats on the people, and repeating verses and portions of the shāstrs.

CHAPTER IV.

RESIDENCE IN CALCUTTA.

"DEBT IS A MAN'S HUSBAND[1]."

"i. e. A man in debt is always at the mercy of his creditors, as a woman at her husband's."

1823.—Baboo Ramohun Roy—Nāch girls—Children in India—Sickness in the Fort—The Rains—Vessels for a Voyage on the Ganges—Indian Fever—Arrival of Lord Amherst—Introduction of Steam-boats on the Hoogly—Interest of Money in Calcutta—Robberies—Jamh o Deen, Prince of Mysore—The Doorga Pooja—Images of Clay—the Races—Chinese Screens—The Dog Crab.

1823, *May*.—The other evening we went to a party given by Ramohun Roy, a rich Bengallee baboo; the grounds, which are extensive, were well illuminated, and excellent fireworks displayed.

In various rooms of the house nāch girls were dancing and singing. They wear a petticoat measuring, on dit, one hundred yards in width, of fine white or coloured muslin, trimmed with deep borders of gold and silver; full satin trousers cover the feet; the doputta, or large veil, highly embroidered, is worn over the head, and various ornaments of native jewellery adorn the person.

They dance, or rather move in a circle, attitudinizing and making the small brass bells fastened to their ankles sound in unison with their movements. Several men attended the women, playing on divers curiously-shaped native instruments.

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 12.

The style of singing was curious; at times the tones proceeded finely from their noses; some of the airs were very pretty; one of the women was Nickee, the Catalani of the East.[2] Indian jugglers were introduced after supper, who played various tricks, swallowed swords, and breathed out fire and smoke. One man stood on his right foot, and putting his left leg behind his back, hooked his left foot on the top of his right shoulder; just try the attitude *pour passer le temps.* The house was very handsomely furnished, everything in European style, with the exception of the owner.

The children of Europeans in India have a pale sickly hue, even when they are in the best of health; very different from the chubby brats of England.

All the Indian fruits appear very large, and a new comer thinks them inferior in point of flavour to the European; as for the far-famed mangoes, I was disgusted with them, all those to be had at that time in Calcutta being stringy, with a strong taste of turpentine.

The fort is spacious and handsome, but very hot from the ramparts that surround it. The 44th Queen's have lost three officers by death, nine more have returned to England on sick certificate, and three hundred of the privates are in hospital; this in six months! The mortality amongst the privates has been dreadful, owing, I believe, to the cheapness of spirituous liquors, and exposure to the sun.

Port or sherry is seldom seen on table, during the hot weather; Madeira is not much used; Burgundy, Claret, and light French wines are very rationally preferred.[3]

Where the climate is so oppressive, what are luxuries indeed at home, are here necessary to health and existence; to walk is impossible, even the most petty Europe shop-keeper in Calcutta has his buggy, to enable him to drive out in the cool of the evening.

June 1st.—This is the first day of the month; the morning has been *very* hot, but at this moment the rain is descending, as if the windows of heaven were again opened to deluge the earth; the thunder rolls awfully, and the forked lightning

is very vivid. I never heard such peals of thunder in Europe. No one here appears to think about it; all the houses have conductors, and as the storm cools the air, it is always welcomed with pleasure by those on shore.

Our friends who are going to Lucnow have hired their boats, an absolute fleet! I must describe the vessels.

1st. A very fine sixteen-oared pinnace, containing two excellent cabins, fitted up with glazed and Venetian windows, pankhās, and two shower-baths. In this vessel our friend, his lady, and their infant, will be accommodated.

2dly. A dinghee for the cook, and provisions.

3rdly. An immense baggage boat, containing all their furniture.

4thly. A vessel for the washerman, his wife, and the dogs.

5thly. A large boat with horses. 6thly. A ditto. What a number of boats for one family! The hire of the pinnace is twenty rupees a-day, about 2*l.*; the other boats are also very expensive. They will be three or four months before they arrive at Lucnow; they quitted us the 12th of June.

I have now become acquainted with the three seasons in India; the cold weather, the hot winds, and the rains. The last have set in; it is quite warm; nevertheless, the rains descend in torrents for some hours daily: pankhās are still necessary.

The natives are curious people; my ayha was very ill yesterday, and in great pain, she would take no medicine unless from a doctor of her own caste; brandy was prescribed; she would not take it, said it was very wicked to drink it, that she would sooner die; therefore I was obliged to leave her to her fate, and sent her home to her friends; she is a good and honest servant.

In July, my husband was seized with one of those terrific Indian fevers, which confined him to his bed about fourteen days; he got up looking very transparent and ghostlike, and in a state of great debility, from which he was some time in recovering. Happily, he was saved from a premature epitaph.

I had great trouble with the servants, with the exception of five of them; a speech made by the ayha is worthy of record:—"It would be a great pity if the sāhib should die, for then—we should all lose our places!"—symptoms of fine feelings!

Lord Amherst arrived, and we attended a party given to those over whom he had come to reign.

There is much talk here of a passage to India by steam. "Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ," which means, "On veut prendre la lune par les cornes." Heaven forefend that I should find myself in a steam-boat, in a fine rolling sea and a brisk gale, off the Cape. I should not hesitate to give the preference to the twelve hundred ton ship. Some of the old rich Indians, as they are called at home, will have full opportunity to try its safety before my time is come. We have, however, established a steam-boat upon the Hoogly, which goes about four knots against tide; something prodigious in a river where the tide runs like lightning, and with tremendous force.

At this time we became anxious for an appointment up the country, at a cooler and healthier station than Calcutta, far removed from the damp, low, swampy country of Bengal Proper.

August 29th.—The Governor-general and Lady Amherst are great favourites in Calcutta; the latter renders herself particularly agreeable to her guests at the Government-house. The new Governor-general is so economical he has discharged a number of servants, quenched a number of lamps; on dit, he intends to plant potatoes in the park at Barrackpore; people are so unaccustomed to anything of the sort in India, that all this European economy produces considerable surprise.

It happens that in India, as in other places, they have an absurd custom of demanding a certain portion of the precious metals in exchange for the necessaries and luxuries of life, to procure which, if you have them not, you are forced to borrow from agents, the richest dogs in Calcutta: and why? Because, forsooth, they merely require *now* eight per cent, (formerly ten) added to which, after your debt reaches a certain

amount, they oblige you to ensure your life, and in this ticklish country the rate of insurance is very high.

In the third place, which to us is the *argumentum ad hominem*, many and many are the lives that have been sacrificed, because poor miserable invalids have been unable from their debts to leave India. Interest—horrible interest—soon doubles the original sum, and a man is thus obliged to pay the debt three or four times over, and *after that he may* put by a fortune to support him in his native land.

Do not suppose I am *painting*; this is the plain fact, of which almost every month furnishes an example.

A man on first arrival (a griffin) cannot or will not comprehend that "one and one make eleven[1]."

Sept. 7th.—Since our arrival we have been annoyed with constant robbery in the house. Seventy rupees were stolen one day, and now they have carried off about eighteen silver covers that are used to put over tumblers and wine-glasses to keep out the flies; in consequence we have discharged our Ooriah bearers, who we suspect are the thieves, and have taken a set of up country men.

Oct. 1st.—We have had a singular visitor, Shahzadah Zahangeer Zaman Jamh o Deen Mahomud, Prince of Mysore, the son of Tippoo Sāhib, and one of the two hostages.[4]

He resides in a house near us, and sent us word he would honour us with a visit. The next morning he called, and sat two hours. He had studied English for twelve months. Seeing a bird in a cage, he said, "Pretty bird that, little yellow bird, what you call?"—"A canary bird." "Yes, canary bird, pretty bird, make fine noise, they not *grow here*." In this style we conversed, and I thought my visitor would never depart. I was ignorant of the oriental saying, "Coming is voluntary, but departing depends upon permission[2];" his *politesse* made him remain awaiting my permission for his departure, whilst I was doubting if the visit would ever terminate. At last he arose, saying, "I take leave now, come *gen* soon." The next day he sent

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 13. [2] Oriental Proverbs, No. 14.

three decanters full of sweetmeats, very like the hats and caps that used to be given me in my childish days, mixed with caraway comfits, and accompanied by this note :—

" Some sweetmeats for Missess —— with respectful thanks of P. Jamh o Deen." I suppose my visitor Prince Jamh o Deen did not understand the difference between compliments and thanks. I did not comprehend why the sweetmeats had been sent, until I was informed it was the custom of the natives to send some little valueless offering after paying a visit, and that it would be considered an insult to refuse it.

13*th*.—We went to a nāch at the house of a wealthy Baboo during the festival of the Doorga Pooja or Dàsera, held in honour of the goddess Doorga. The house was a four-sided building, leaving an area in the middle ; on one side of the area was the image of the goddess raised on a throne, and some Brahmins were in attendance on the steps of the platform. This image has ten arms, in one of her right hands is a spear with which she pierced a giant, with one of the left she holds the tail of a serpent, and the hair of the giant, whose breast the serpent is biting; her other hands are all stretched behind her head, and are filled with different instruments of war. Against her right leg leans a lion, and against her left leg the above giant. In the rooms on one side the area a handsome supper was laid out, in the European style, supplied by Messrs. Gunter and Hooper, where ices and French wines were in plenty for the European guests. In the rooms on the other sides of the square, and in the area, were groups of nāch women dancing and singing, and crowds of European and native gentlemen sitting on sofas or on chairs listening to Hindostanee airs. " The bright half of the month Aswina, the first of the *Hindu* lunar year, is peculiarly devoted to Doorga. The first nine nights are allotted to her decoration ; on the sixth she is awakened ; on the seventh she is invited to a bower formed of the leaves of nine plants, of which the Bilwa[1] is the chief. The seventh, eighth, and ninth are the great days, on the last of which the victims are immolated to her honour, and

[1] Bilwa, or Bilva, the Cratæva Marmelos of Linnæus.

must be killed by one blow only of a sharp sword or axe. The next day the goddess is reverently dismissed, and her image is cast into the river, which finishes the festival of the Dasera.

"On the fifteenth day, that of the full moon, her devotees pass the night in sports and merriment, and games of various sorts: it is unlucky to sleep; for on this night the fiend Nicumbha led his army against Doorga, and Lukshmi, the goddess of prosperity, descended, promising wealth to those who were awake[1]."

A short time before this festival, the Sircars employed in Calcutta generally return home to enjoy a holiday of some weeks.

Immense sums are expended by the wealthy Baboos during the Doorga Pooja.

Dec. 2nd.—Would you believe that we sit at this time of the year without pankhās, with closed windows, and our floors carpeted! In some houses, fires are adopted. We have not yet come to this, though I occasionally have found it cold enough to desire one. The mornings are delightful, and the nights so cold, I sleep under a silk counterpane quilted with cotton, called a Rezai.

The natives form images in clay; the countenances are excellent; the eyes, eyelids, and lips move remarkably well; they are very brittle; they represent servants, fakīrs, and natives of all castes: the best, perhaps, are to be procured in or near Calcutta; they are attired according to the fashion of the country, and cost from eight annas to one rupee each.

We are in the midst of our gaieties, balls, plays, and parties, agreeably varied. Our first meeting (the races) is held during this month; for we have our Derby, and Oaks, and Riddlesworth. The Riddlesworth is with us a very interesting race, all the riders being gentlemen, and sometimes ten or twelve horses starting. From the stand, of a clear morning, there is a good view of the horses during the whole of their course.

We have just received from China two magnificent screens, of eight panels each; they are exceedingly handsome, and keep

[1] Moor's Hindoo Pantheon.

out the glare by day and the air by night: I think I may say they are magnificent.

Amongst the ornaments of the household, let Crab the terrier be also mentioned; he is much like unto a tinker's dog, but is humorous and good-tempered, plays about, chases cats, and kills rats, not only in the stable, but house, and serves us in the place of a parvulus Æneas.

CHAPTER V.

RESIDENCE IN CALCUTTA.

1824—Advantages and Disadvantages—Interest never sleeps—Barrackpore—Cairipoor—The Fakir—The Menagerie—Hyena—Change of residence to Chowringhee road—Mouse and Spotted Deer—Bengallee Goats—Lotteries—Trial by Rice—The Toolsee—Epidemic Fever—Burmese War—Major Sale—Haileybury—The Hooqŭ—Dr. Kitchener—Death of Lord Byron—Early Marriages—Pleasures of the Cold Season—Indian Hospitality—Knack of Fortune-making lost.

January, 1824.—The advantages of a residence in Calcutta are these: you are under the eye of the Government, not likely to be overlooked, and are ready for any appointment falling vacant; you get the latest news from England, and have the best medical attendance. On the other hand, you have to pay high house-rent; the necessary expenses are great; and the temptations to squander away money in gratifying your fancies more numerous than in the Mofussil.

A friend, now high in the Civil Service, contracted, on his arrival here about eighteen years ago, a debt of 15,000 rupees, about 1500*l.* or 1800*l.* Interest was then at twelve per cent. To give security, he insured his life, which, with his agent's commission of one per cent, made the sum total of interest sixteen per cent. After paying the original debt five times, he hoped his agents upon the last payment would not suffer the interest to continue accumulating. He received for answer, "that interest never slept, it was awake night and day;" and he is now employed in saving enough to settle the balance.

I wish much that those who exclaim against our extravagances here, knew how essential to a man's comfort, to his

quiet, and to his health it is, to have every thing good about him—a good house, good furniture, good carriages, good horses, good wine for his friends, good humour; good servants and a good quantity of them, good credit, and a good appointment: they would then be less virulent in their philippics against oriental extravagance.

15th.—The Governor-general has a country residence, with a fine park, at Barrackpore; during the races the Calcutta world assemble there: we went over for a week; it was delightful to be again in the country. Lady Amherst rendered the Government-house gay with quadrilles and displays of fire-works; but I most enjoyed a party we made to see the ruins of an ancient fort, near Cairipoor, belonging to the Rajah of Burdwan, about five miles from Barrackpore, and thought them beautiful.

The road was very bad, therefore I quitted the buggy and mounted an elephant for the first time, feeling half-frightened but very much pleased. I ascended by a ladder placed against the side of the kneeling elephant; when he rose up, it was like a house making unto itself legs and walking therewith.

We went straight across the country, over hedges and ditches, and through the cultivated fields, the elephant with his great feet crushing down the corn, which certainly did not "rise elastic from his airy tread." The fields are divided by ridges of earth like those in salterns at home; these ridges are narrow, and in general, to prevent injury to the crops, the mahout guides the elephant along the ridge: it is curious to observe how firmly he treads on the narrow raised path.

By the side of the road was a remarkable object:—

"The appearance of a fakir is his petition in itself[1]." In a small hole in the earth lay a fakir, or religious mendicant; the fragment of a straw mat was over him, and a bit of cloth covered his loins. He was very ill and quite helpless, the most worn emaciated being I ever beheld; he had lain in that hole day and night for five years, and refused to live in a village; his only comfort, a small fire of charcoal, was kindled near

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 15.

his head during the night. Having been forcibly deprived of the property he possessed in the upper provinces, he came to Calcutta to seek redress, but being unsuccessful, he had, in despair, betaken himself to that hole in the earth. An old woman was kindling the fire; it is a marvel the jackals do not put an end to his misery. The natives say, "It is his pleasure to be there, what can *we* do?" and they pass on with their usual indifference: the hole was just big enough for his body, in a cold swampy soil.

There is a menagerie in the park at Barrackpore, in which are some remarkably fine tigers and cheetahs. My ayha requested to be allowed to go with me, particularly wishing to see an hyena. While she was looking at the beast, I said, "Why did you wish to see an hyena?" Laughing and crying hysterically, she answered, "My husband and I were asleep, our child was between us, an hyena stole the child, and ran off with it to the jungle; we roused the villagers, who pursued the beast; when they returned, they brought me half the mangled body of my infant daughter,—that is why I wished to see an hyena."

Before we quitted Calcutta, we placed the plate in a large iron treasure chest. A friend, during his absence from home, having left his plate in a large oaken chest, clamped with iron, found on his return, that the bearers had set fire to the chest to get at the plate, being unable to open it, and had melted the greater part of the silver!

It appears as if the plan of communicating with India by steam-boats will not end in smoke: a very large bonus has been voted to the first *regular company* who bring it about, and the sum is so considerable, that I have no doubt some will be bold enough to attempt it.

In Calcutta, as in every place, it is difficult to suit yourself with a residence. Our first house was very ill defended from the hot winds; the situation of the second we thought low and swampy, and the cause of fever in our household. My husband having quitted college, was gazetted to an appointment in Calcutta, and we again changed our residence for one in Chowringhee road.

Prince Jamh o Deen, hearing me express a wish to see what was considered a good nāch, invited me to one. I could not, however, admire the dancing; some of the airs the women sang were very pretty.

Calcutta was gay in those days, parties numerous at the Government-house, and dinners and fancy balls amongst the inhabitants.

A friend sent me a mouse deer, which I keep in a cage in the verandah; it is a curious and most delicate little animal, but not so pretty as the young pet fawns running about the compound (grounds) with the spotted deer. The cows' milk generally sold in Calcutta is poor, that of goats is principally used: a good Bengallee goat, when in full milk, will give a quart every morning; they are small-sized, short-legged, and well-bred. The servants milk the goats near the window of the morning room, and bring the bowl full and foaming to the breakfast-table.

Feb. 27th.—My husband put into one of the smaller lotteries in Calcutta, and won thirteen and a half tickets, each worth 100 rupees: he sent them to his agents, with the exception of one, which he presented to me. My ticket came up a prize of 5000 rupees. The next day we bought a fine high caste grey Arab, whom we called Orelio, and a pair of grey Persian horses.

Feb 28th.—Trial by Rice.—The other day some friends dined with us: my husband left his watch on the drawing-room table when we went to dinner: the watch was stolen, the theft was immediately discovered, and we sent to the police. The moonshee assembled all who were present, took down their names, and appointed that day seven days for a trial by rice, unless, during the time, the watch should be restored, stolen property being often replaced from the dread the natives entertain of the ordeal by rice. On the appointed day the police moonshee returned, and the servants, whom he had ordered to appear fasting, were summoned before him, and by his desire were seated on the ground in a row.

The natives have great faith in the square akbarābādee rupee, which they prefer to, and use on such occasions in lieu of, the

circular rupee. In the plate entitled "Superstitions of the Natives," No. 5, is a representation of this coin.

The moonshee, having soaked 2lbs. weight of rice in cold water, carefully dried it in the sun: he then weighed rice equal to the weight of the square rupee in a pair of scales, and, calling one of the servants to him, made him take a solemn oath that he had not taken the watch, did not know who had taken it, where it was, or any thing about it or the person who stole it. When the oath had been taken, the moonshee put the weighed rice into the man's hand to hold during the time every servant in the room was served in like manner. There were thirty-five present. When each had taken the oath, and received the rice in his hand, they all sat down on the ground, and a bit of plantain leaf was placed before each person. The moonshee then said,—

"Some person or persons amongst you have taken a false oath; God is in the midst of us; let every man put his portion of rice into his mouth, and having chewed it, let him spit it out upon the plantain leaf before him; he who is the thief, or knows aught concerning the theft, from his mouth it shall come forth as dry as it was put in; from the mouths of those who are innocent, it will come forth wet and well chewed."

Every man chewed his rice, and spat it out like so much milk and water, with the exception of three persons, from whose mouths it came forth as *dry* and as fine as powder. Of these men, one had secreted two-thirds of the rice, hoping to chew the smaller quantity, but all to no purpose; it came *perfectly dry* from his mouth, from the effect of fear, although it was ground to dust. The moonshee said, "Those are the guilty men, one of them will probably inform against the others;" and he carried them off to the police. It is a fact, that a person under great alarm will find it utterly impossible to chew and put forth rice in a moistened state, whilst one who fears not will find it as impossible to chew and to spit it out perfectly dry and ground to dust. An harkāra, in the service of one of our guests, was one of the men whom the moonshee pronounced guilty; about a fortnight before, a silver saucepan had been stolen from his master's house, by one of his own servants.

Against another, one of our own men, we have gained some very suspicious intelligence, and although we never expect the watch to be restored, we shall get rid of the thieves. So much for the ordeal by rice, in which I have firm faith.

May 4th.—The weather is tremendously hot. A gentleman came in yesterday, and said, "this room is delightful, it is cold as a well;" we have discovered, however, that it is infested below with rats and musk-rats, three or four of which my little Scotch terrier kills daily; the latter make him foam at the mouth with disgust. My little dog Crab, you are the most delightful Scotch terrier that ever came to seek his fortune in the East!

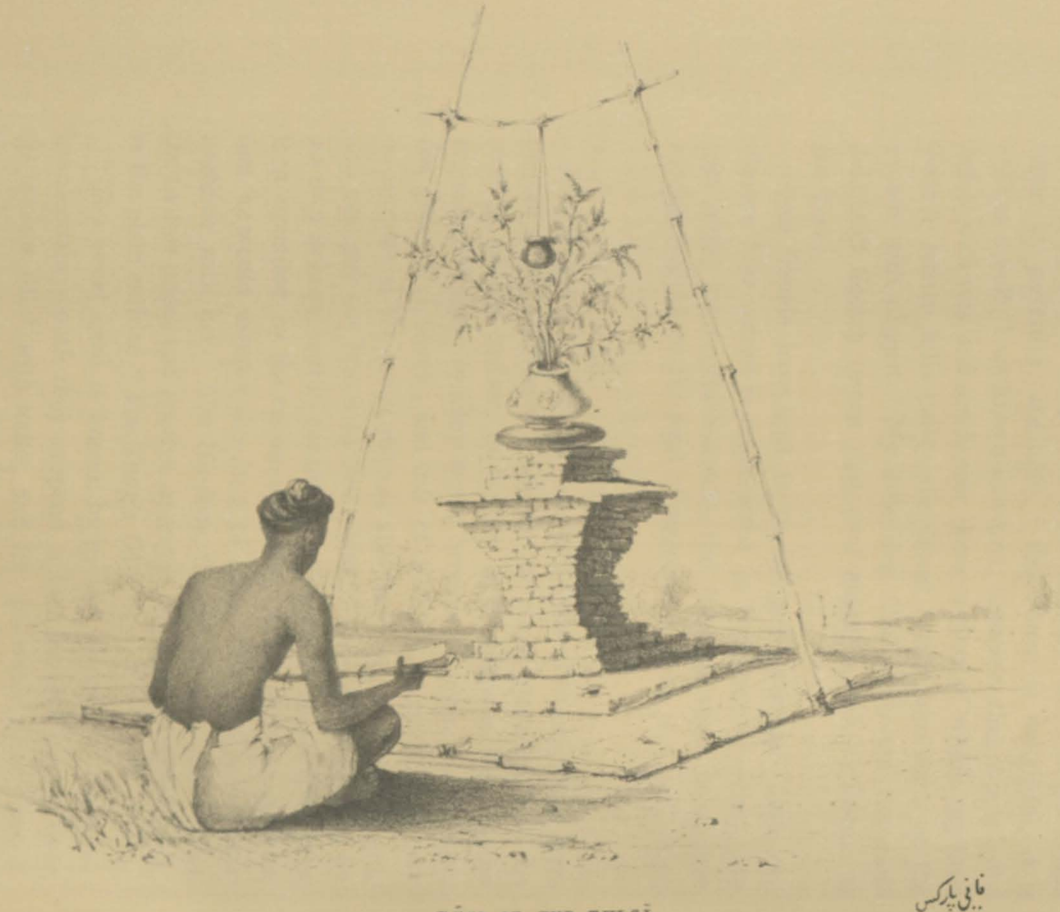
Some friends have sent to us for garden-seeds. But, oh! observe how nature is degenerated in this country—they have sent alone for vegetable-seeds—the feast of roses being here thought inferior to the feast of marrowfat peas!

THE TOOLSEE.

An European in Calcutta sees very little of the religious ceremonies of the Hindoos. Among the most remarkable is the worship of the toolsee, in honour of a religious female, who requested Vishnoo to allow her to become his wife. Lukshmee, the goddess of beauty, and wife of Vishnoo, cursed the woman on account of the pious request she had preferred to her lord, and changed her into a toolsee plant. Vishnoo, influenced by his own feelings, and in consideration of the religious austerities long practised by the enamoured devotee, made her a promise that he would assume the form of the shalgramŭ, and always continue with her. The Hindoos, therefore, keep one leaf of the toolsee under and another upon the shalgramŭ.—See Fig. 5, in the plate entitled "The Thug's Dice."

"The sweet basil is known by its two leaves[1]." Throughout a certain month they suspend a lota (earthen vessel) over the toolsee filled with water, and let the water drop upon it through a small hole. The Hindoo, in the sketch "Pooja of

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 16.



PŪJA OF THE TULSĪ.

the Toolsee," is engaged in this worship, perhaps reading the Purana, in which a fable relates the metamorphosis of the nymph Toolsee into the shrub which has since borne her name. The whole plant has a purplish hue approaching to *black*, and thence, perhaps, like the large *black bee* of this country, it is held sacred to Krishna, in whose person Vishnoo himself appeared on earth.

The Hindoos venerate three kinds of toolsee—the kala (*ocimum sanctum*), purple-stalked basil; the small-leaved toolsee; and the suffaid toolsee, white basil or Indian tea. The leaves of the latter are used by those in India who cannot afford the tea of China; they are highly aromatic. The Hindoos have faith in their power to cure diseases, and use them with incantations to dispel the poison of serpents.

This plant is held in estimation by the Mussulmāns as well as the Hindoos. It is recorded of the prophet that he said: "Hásan and Húsain are the best young princes of paradise. Verily, Hásan and Húsain are my two sweet basils in the world."

At Benares I saw, on the side of the Ganges, a number of pillars hollowed at the top, in which the Hindoos had deposited earth and had planted the toolsee; some devotees were walking round these pillars, pouring water on the sacred plant and making sālām. My bearers at Prag had a toolsee in front of their house, under a peepul tree; I have seen them continually make the altar of earth on which it was placed perfectly clean around it with water and cow-dung; and of an evening they lighted a little chirāgh (small lamp) before it. If one of these sacred plants die, it is committed in due form to Gunga-jee: and when a person is brought to die by the side of the sacred river, a branch of the toolsee, the shrub goddess, is planted near the dying man's head.

The shalgramŭ is black, hollow, and nearly round; it is found in the Gunduk river, and is considered a representation of Vishnoo; each should have twenty-one marks upon it, similar to those on his body. The shalgramŭ is the only stone which is naturally divine; all the other stones worshipped are rendered sacred by incantations.

A pan of water is suspended over this stone during the hottest month in the year, exactly in the same manner as over the toolsee in the sketch; and during the same month another pan is placed under the stone, in which the water is caught, and drunk in the evening as sanctified.

Ward mentions that some persons, when ill, employ a Brahmin to present single leaves of the toolsee sprinkled with red powder to the shalgramŭ, repeating incantations.[2] A hundred thousand leaves are sometimes presented. It is said that the sick gradually recover as each additional leaf is offered. When a Hindoo is at the point of death, a Brahmin shows him the marks of the shalgramŭ, of which the sight is supposed to insure the soul a safe passage to the heaven of Vishnoo. When an Hindoo takes an oath, he places a sprig of toolsee on a brass lota, filled with the sacred water of the Ganges, and swears by Gunga-jee[1]. If a small part of the pebble god be broken, it is committed to the river. I bought several of these stones from a Brahmin at the great Mela at Prag. I gave two old Delhi gold mohurs to a native jeweller, to make into an ornament for the forehead after a native pattern. My jemmadār took the mohurs, and, rubbing them on a shalgramŭ, gave it to me to keep, in order to compare the purity of the gold on its return when fashioned, with that of the red gold I had given the man to melt. In making fine jewellery the natives put one-fourth alloy; they cannot work gold so impure as that used by English jewellers, and contemptuously compare it to copper.

In the plate entitled "The Thug's Dice," Fig. 6 represents the shalgramŭ, shalgram, or salagrama; it is a small heavy black circular stone, rather flattened on one side, with the *cornu Ammonis* strongly marked upon it.

Fig. 5 is one covered by the leaves of the kala toolsee, purple-stalked basil.

No. 7 is still heavier, perfectly black and smooth, without any marks. This was the touchstone, and a little gold still remaining upon it.

[1] See Sketch, "The Thug's Dice," No. 4.

"Gold is known by the touchstone, and a man by living with him[1]."

"Some salagrams are perforated in one or more places by worms, or, as the Hindoos believe, by VISHNU in the shape of a reptile; some are supposed to represent his gracious incarnation, but when they border a little in colour on the violet they denote a vindictive *avatār*, such as *Narasinga*, when no man of ordinary nerve dares keep them in his house. The possessor of a salagrama preserves it in clean cloth; it is frequently perfumed and bathed; and the water thereby acquiring virtue, is drunk, and prized for its sin-expelling property."

The shalgrams, which are in my possession, are of exactly the shape and size represented in the sketch.

July 17th.—On this day, having discovered a young friend ill in the Writer's Buildings, we brought him to our house. Two days afterwards I was seized with the fever, from which I did not recover for thirteen days. My husband nursed me with great care, until he fell ill himself, and eleven of our servants were laid up with the same disorder.

The people in Calcutta have all had it; I suppose, out of the whole population, European and native, not two hundred persons have escaped; and what is singular, it has not occasioned one death amongst the adult. I was so well and strong—over night we were talking of the best means of escaping the epidemic—in the morning it came and remained thirty-six hours, then quitted me; a strong eruption came out, like the measles, and left me weak and thin. My husband's fever left him in thirty-six hours, but he was unable to quit the house for nine days: the rash was the same. Some faces were covered with spots like those on a leopard's skin. It was so prevalent, that the Courts of Justice, the Custom House, the Lottery Office, and almost every public department in Calcutta, were closed in consequence of the sickness. In the course of three days, three different physicians attended me, one after the other having fallen ill. It is wonderful, that a fever producing so much pain in the head and limbs, leaving the patient

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 17.

weak, reduced, and covered with a violent eruption, should have been so harmless; after three weeks, nobody appeared to have suffered, with the exception of two or three children, whom it attacked more violently than it did grown-up people, and carried them off.

The politicians at home have anticipated us in reckoning upon the probability of a Burmese war. We have hitherto been altogether successful. I saw yesterday a gold and a silver sword, and a very murderous looking weapon resembling a butcher's knife, but on a larger scale. A necklace (so called from its circling the neck, for it was composed of plates of gold hammered on a silken string), and some little squab images, gods, perhaps, taken from a chief, whom Major Sale of H. M. 13th, dispatched in an attack upon a stockade, leaving the chief in exchange part of the blade of his own sword, which was broken in his skull by the force of the blow that felled him.

It is an unlucky business: the Company certainly do not require at present more territory on that side India, and the expense to which Government is put by this elegant little mill, as Pierce Egan might call it, is more than the worthies in Leadenhall-street suppose.

I see Lord Hastings is made Civil Governor of Malta! "To what base uses we may return!" I observe the motion to prevent the necessity of parents sending their sons to Haileybury has been lost. The grand object of the students should be the acquisition of the oriental languages; here nothing else tells.[3]

If a young man gets out of college in three or four months after his arrival, which, if he crams at college in England, he may easily effect, he is considered forthwith as a brilliant character, and is sealed with the seal of genius. Likewise pockets medals and money, and this he may do without knowing any thing else.

To a person fresh from England, the number of servants attending at table is remarkable. We had only a small party of eight to dinner yesterday, including ourselves; three-and-twenty servants were in attendance! Each gentleman takes his own

servant or servants, in number from one to six, and each lady her attendant or attendants, as it pleases her fancy. The Hooqŭ was very commonly smoked at that time in Calcutta: before dinner was finished, every man's pipe was behind his chair. The tobacco was generally so well prepared, that the odour was not unpleasant, unless by chance you sat next to a man from the Mofussil, when the fume of the spices used by the up country Hooqŭ Bardārs in preparing the tobacco, rendered it oppressive and disagreeable.[4]

Sept. 1st.—The fever has quitted Calcutta, and travelled up the country stage by stage. It was amusing to see, upon your return to the Course, the whole of the company stamped, like yourself, with the marks of the leech upon the temples. Its origin has been attributed to many causes, and it has been called by many names. The gentlemen of the lancet are greatly divided in their opinions; some attribute it to the want of rain, others to the scarcity of thunder and lightning this season. There was an instance of the same general fever prevailing in the time of Warren Hastings. Not a single instance has been heard of its having proved mortal to adults.

Extract from a homeward-bound epistle.

"The cold season is fast approaching, when every one becomes, *per force*, most amiable. Indeed we are all creatures of a different order during this delightful time. You in England cannot fancy the sensible feeling of actual enjoyment our bodies and minds experience from this exhilarating change. We live upon the thought of it for months; it must beat the snake casting his skin. I feel quite invigorated even at *describing* its effects.

"We both continue excellently well, and persist in defying the foul cholera and all other tropical maladies. The hot season has passed, and the rains are setting in, rendering the air more temperate. We now occasionally enjoy a cool fresh breeze. A few days since I felt gay enough to fetch a walk in the evening, and got well ducked for my reward; also an appetite for dinner. *Apropos*, I rejoice to see that feeding is assuming the high place among the sciences which was always its legitimate right.

'Oh Dick! you may talk of your writing and reading,
Your logic and Greek, but there's nothing like feeding.'

Dr. Kitchener has borrowed the most erudite and savoury parts of his two books from the 'Almanach des Gourmands,' a work well worthy of being placed in the hands of the rising generation as a standard book; I am sure it would be a perfect Kurān for an English lady. But, alas! in this savage place, *dindon aux truffes, omelette soufflée, vol au vent à la financière, coquille de volaille, paté de Strasbourg*, exist but in name. The thousand temptations which fascinate the eye and distract the choice in a French *carte à dîner*, rarely, very rarely appear. The beef of to-day succeeds to the mutton of yesterday; none of those 'coruscations of genius, breaking like lightning from a cloud,' which must now so frequently illumine the horizon of the London mahogany. But all is tame and unvaried, and man remains here comparatively dead to one of the noblest ends of his creation. I endeavour to struggle against this lifeless life by anticipating the time when I shall return to Europe, at the proper gourmand age of forty-five, with a taste corrected by experience, and a mouth open as day to melting delicacies.

"*Oct.*—We have heard with sorrow of the death of Lord Byron; the other evening, as we were driving past a Greek chapel on the banks of the Hoogly, prayers were being offered for the repose of the soul of the departed. We cannot join with the yelpers who cry him down on the score of his immorality; the seed he sowed must have fallen upon a soil villainously bad to have brought forth nothing but an unprofitable harvest. Mr. Hunt is publishing a translation of a work capable of producing more evil than any of his lordship's—Voltaire's 'Dictionnaire Philosophique' to wit. What is the correct story about the Memoirs? Are we to believe the papers?

"The cold weather has now begun. We have weddings and rumours of weddings. The precipitate manner in which young people woo and wed is almost ridiculous; the whole affair, in many cases, taking less than a month. Many young gentlemen become papas before they have *lawfully* passed their years

of infancy. Marrying and giving in marriage is, in this country, sharp, short, and decisive; and where our habits are necessarily so domestic, it is wonderful how happily the people live together afterwards.

"*Dec.*—The races are beginning, the theatre in high force, fancy-dress balls and dinner-parties on the tapis, water-parties to the botanical gardens, and I know not what. My beautiful Arab carries me delightfully; dove-like, but full of fire.

"We shake off dull sloth, rise early, and defy the foul fiend. Many a nail is extracted, by this delightful weather, from our coffins. Calcutta opens her palaces, and displays hospitality, after a fashion which far outdoes that of you cold calculating islanders. And there is such a variety in our pastimes, and the season is so short,—about four months,—that we have no time to 'fall asleep in the sameness of splendour.'

"We were glad to hear our friend would not come out to India. It is a pity that men like him should be sacrificed—and for what? To procure a bare subsistence; for the knack of fortune-getting has been long since lost. Show me the man in these latter days who has made one,—always provided he be no auctioneer, agent, or other species of leech,—and we will sit down and soberly endeavour to make one for ourselves.

"A merry Christmas to you, dear friends; may you find it as great a restorer as we favourites of the sun and minions of the tropics!"

CHAPTER VI.

RESIDENCE IN CALCUTTA.

1825.—A Day in March—The Furlough and Pension Funds—Bandicote Rats—The Strand—The Cutting System—Harrow-on-the-Hill—Sickness in Arracan—The Golden Feet—Arrival of Lord Combermere—Bhurtpore—La Pucelle—Marsh Fever—Change of Residence to Middleton Row, Chowringhee—Fogs up to the Second Story—Burrā Bazār—Seed Pearl.

January, 1825.—The cold weather is delightful, and a Persian carpet pleasant over the Indian matting, but a fire is not required—indeed, few houses in Calcutta have a fire-place. Ice is sent from Hoogly, and is procurable in the bazaar during the cold weather; it is preserved in pits for the hot season.

March 23*rd*.—I will describe a day at this time of the year. At 6 A.M. it is so cold that a good gallop in a cloth habit will just keep you warm. At 9 A.M.—a fine breeze—very pleasant—windows open—no pankhā.

3 P.M.—Blue linen blinds lowered to keep off the glare of the sunshine, which is distressing to the eyes; every Venetian shut, the pankhā in full swing, the very musquitoes asleep on the walls, yourself asleep on a sofa, not a breath of air—a dead silence around you.

4 P.M.—A heavy thunder-storm, with the rain descending in torrents; you stop the pankhā, rejoice in the *fraicheur*, and are only prevented from taking a walk in the grounds by the falling rain.

5 P.M.—You mount your Arab, and enjoy the coolness for the remainder of the day;—such is to-day.

April 11*th*.—The hot winds are blowing for the first time this year.

We understand that after twenty-five years' service, and *twenty-two* of actual residence in India, we of the Civil Service are to retire upon an annuity of 1000*l.* a year, for which we are to pay 50,000 rupees, or about 5000*l.* This, on first appearance, looks well for us and generous in the Company; but I should like first to know, how many will be able to serve their full time of bondage? secondly, what the life of a man, an annuitant, is then worth, who has lingered two and twenty years in a tropical climate?

May 9th.—The heat is intense—very oppressive. I dare not go to church for fear of its bringing on fits, which might disturb the congregation; you have little idea of the heat of a collection of many assembled in such a climate—even at home, with all appliances and means to boot for reducing the temperature, the heat is sickening. You in England imagine a lady in India has nothing to do. For myself, I superintend the household, and find it difficult at times to write even letters, there is so much to which it is necessary to attend. At this moment I would willingly be quiet, but am continually interrupted. The coachman, making his salām, "Mem sāhiba, Atlas is very ill, I cannot wait for the sāhib's return; I have brought the horse to the door, will you give your orders?" The durwān (gate-keeper), "Mem sāhiba, the deer have jumped over the wall, and have run away." The sirdar-bearer, "Mem sāhiba, will you advance me some rupees to make a great feast? My wife is dead." The mate-bearer then presented his petition, "Will the mem sāhiba give me a plaister? the rats have gnawed my fingers and toes." It is a fact that the lower part of the house is overrun with enormous rats, they bite the fingers and feet of the men when they are asleep on the ground.

The other evening I was with my beautiful and charming friend, Mrs. F——, she had put her infant on a mat, where it was quietly sleeping in the room where we were sitting. The evening darkened, a sharp cry from the child startled us—a bandicote rat had bitten one of its little feet!

It is reported the Burmese war is nearly finished. I hope it may be true; it is a horrible sacrifice of human life, a war in

such a climate! I hear much of all the hardships of fighting against the climate endured by the military, from friends who return to Calcutta on sick leave.

When we arrived in Calcutta the only drive was on the Course, which was well-watered; a fine broad road has since been made along the side of the river, about two miles in length; it is a delightful drive in the evening, close to the ships.

The Course is deserted for the Strand.

June 25*th*.—The Furlough and Pension Fund for the Civil Service has been established; we subscribe four per cent. from our salary, for which we are allowed by Government six per cent. interest, towards the purchase of an annuity of 1000*l*. after twenty-five years service. A very strong inducement this to economy—yet human nature is very contrary.

> "J'avois juré d'être sage,
> Mais avant peu j'en fus las.
> Ah! raison, c'est bien dommage,
> Que l'ennui suive tes pas."

Nevertheless, we will return home as soon as we can.

Our friend Mr. C—— is going down to Bulloah, a savage spot, where he is to make salt; he takes down three couple of hounds to assist him in his labours.

Provided there is a good bulky dividend at the end of the year upon India Stock, the holders think the country flourishing in the greatest security. Every governor who is sent out is told that the principal thing to be considered is economy. Lord Moira, who had a becoming horror of such *petitesses*, and who saw the political danger of carrying the cutting system into practice, in several instances refused to adopt the measures he was intrusted to execute. Yet India was never in a more flourishing state; dividends on India Stock never *looked up* more cheerfully. Lord Amherst has applied the paring-knife, and much good it has done;—the military ran riot[1], the civilians were inclined to grow rusty, and India Bonds were very dismal and *looking down*.[1]

[1] Alluding to the mutiny at Barrackpore.

A letter appeared in the Gazette the other day, in which the Harrow boys were spoken of in an irreverend manner, which elicited the following answer from the *sāhib* [1] :—

" *To the Editor of the Government Gazette.*

" Sir, "June, 1825.

" In one of your late papers I was much amused by a report of the proceedings of a 'Morning at Bow Street,' during which the behaviour of the Harrow boys was brought to the notice of that worthy magistrate, Sir R. Birnie. To suppose that these young gentlemen are accustomed to parade the streets with sticks charged with lead, searching for snobs with heads to correspond, and carrying pistols loaded with the same metal in their pockets to confer the *coup-de-grace* upon these unfortunates, would be to believe, what

'Nec pueri credant, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur.'

Excuse Latin, the English proverb is somewhat coarse.

" I recollect the operative artisan Jones: he succeeded an excellent farrier, who emigrated with Sir Bellingham Graham, one of our worthies. Unless Jones had in the first instance made himself obnoxious to the boys, which from W. L.'s account is more than possible, they would not have interfered with him. The whole account I know to be sadly exaggerated; you are, perhaps, an advocate for the publicity of these reports, so should I be, were they not for the most part so outrageously *surchargés*. The 'Gentlemen of the Press' think truth needs the aid of foreign ornament, for in this particular instance neither pistols nor sticks, loaded or unloaded, were seen, or afterwards discovered to have been in the possession of the boys, but were gratuitously conferred upôn them by the reporters.

" Shall such fellows as these be allowed to bespatter an institution which reckons Sir William Jones, Lord Byron, Parr, and others 'dear to memory and to fame,' among her mighty dead—and Lord Teignmouth, the Marquis of Hastings, Messrs. Peel, Barry Cornwall, and myself, among her mighty living [2] ?

[1] The gentleman of the house. The master.

[2] "Cicero, Demosthenes, Judge Blackstone, and myself." Edward Christian (subaudi Paul), *passim*.

"You will, I know, excuse me. I am by nature modest, even as an American, but having been hitherto particular as to my society, if I am to be damned to everlasting fame, it must be in good company!

"We are so few and far between in this country, that we cannot form a corps to show our *esprit*, yet even in this wilderness will I upraise my solitary voice in praise of Harrow-on-the-Hill.—*Floreat in æternum!*—Hoping that I have said enough 'to Harrow up your soul,'

"I am, your's,

"One of the Old School."

"Jungle Mehals."

August 6th.—The natives, especially the Hindūs, are dying by hundreds daily in the damp and marshy part of Calcutta; 410 died in one night of cholera and fever, both of which are raging fearfully. They sleep in such swampy places, in the open air, it is only surprising they are not all carried off. Last month a fever amongst the Europeans was universal, many died of it; it has disappeared, and Calcutta is tolerably healthy; the cholera has not attacked the Europeans.

September 18th.—We now consider ourselves fairly fixed in Calcutta; the climate agrees with us; and though we hold existence upon a frailer tenure than those in England, we still hope to see many happy years.

> "'Tis in vain to complain, in a melancholy strain,
> Of the money we have spent, which will never come again."

Furlough and the pension must make amends.

The cold season is the only time in which we live, and breathe, and have our being, the rest of the year is mere "leather and prunella," and we "groan and sweat under a weary life."

But then in Calcutta, we do not die of the blue devils, *ennui*, or from want of medical attendance, as those do who are far removed; and even the *maladie du pays* is relieved by the constant letters and news we receive from our native land.

The Burmese seem to have adopted the plan of the Russians,

and left their infernal climate to fight their battles; it has done it most wofully—fever has killed more men than the sword. Our troops are now waiting for the breaking up of the rains, to recommence operations. It is supposed that they will meet with little difficulty in making their way to Amrapūrā, the capital; but if they do, it seems that the king and his court will not wait for their arrival, but start with their valuables to the mountains. There has been a sad waste of life and money. Commissioners have now been appointed. Report says that Sir Archibald Campbell's spirit is too bellicose; and the deputation (civil) to Rangoon is to check his warlike excesses. The company profess that they do not wish for an extent of territory; so that the present war has been entered into solely for the purpose of avenging the insults that have been offered to their arms. I wish most sincerely that they had been contented with holding what they had, instead of proclaiming war; and probably they may be of the same opinion. The papers say that a truce has been entered into with the Burmese, for the purposes of negotiation. Within these few days we have heard that it has been prolonged, in order that our terms might be submitted to the Golden Feet. It is to be hoped that they will not trample upon them, and that this most detestable war, which has cost so many lives and so much money, may be honourably concluded.

Lord Combermere has determined to proceed immediately to the Upper Provinces, and to have a fling at Bhurtpore.[2] There is no doubt as to the event being successful, but the natives have a great conceit about it; it is another Pucelle, as it has never yet been taken. In Lord Lake's time, our troops were three times repulsed; but that is a tale of the times of old, when these matters were conducted on too small a scale. Now there is to be a fine park of artillery, fully capable of making an impression on the heart of this obdurate maiden. It will do much service in taking the conceit out of these people. They have songs, and even caricatures, in which Europeans are drawn as craving for mercy under their victorious swords, to the number of three or four to one Mahratta horseman. It is an old grudge, and our *sipahīs* fancy the affair hugely. We took Bhurtpore

last night over the whist-table, by a *coup de main;* I trust we shall be able to play our cards as well when before it. This will be of a different nature altogether from the vile Burmese war. Those who fall will die nobly in battle, not by the host of diseases by which our poor fellows have been sacrificed at Rangoon and Arracan.

The early marriages which take place in India were brought under my eye this morning. My ayha being ill, sent another to act for her during her absence; she is a pretty little woman, aged twenty-five, and has been married fourteen years!

The sickness in Arracan is dreadful; ship-loads of officers and men are arriving daily, with shaved heads and white faces, bearing testimony of the marsh fever, considering themselves most fortunate in having quitted the country alive.

Imagine living in a straw-shed, exposed to the burning sun and the torrents of rain that fall in this country; the nights cold, raw, and wet; the fog arising from the marshes spreading fever in every direction. Where the sword kills one, the climate carries off an hundred.

Oct.—Lord Combermere intends to render the cold weather gay with balls and dinner parties. His staff are quite a relief to the eye, looking so well dressed, so fresh and European. They express themselves horrified at beholding the fishy hue of the faces on the Course; wonder how they are ever to stay at home during the heat of the day, and sigh for gaiety and variety. Speaking of the ladies in the East, one of them said, "Amongst the womankind, there are some few worth the trouble of running away with; but then the exertion would be too much for the hot season; and in the cold, we shall have something else to think about!"

Dec. 1st.—We changed our residence for one in Middleton-row, Chowringhee, having taken a dislike to the house in which we were residing, from its vicinity to tanks and native huts.

The house has a good ground floor and two stories above, with verandahs to each; the rent 325 rupees per month; the third story consists of bed-rooms. The deep fogs in Calcutta rise thick and heavy as high as the first floor; from the

verandah of the second you may look down on the white fog below your feet, whilst the stars are bright above, and the atmosphere clear around you. The spotted deer play about the compound, and the mouse deer runs about my dressing-room, doing infinite mischief.

The Barā bazār, the great mart where shawls are bought, is worth visiting. It is also interesting to watch the dexterity with which seed pearls are bored by the natives. This operation being one of difficulty, they tell me seed pearls are sent from England to be pierced in Calcutta.

CHAPTER VII.

DEPARTURE FROM THE PRESIDENCY.

Fulbertus Sagittarius—Billiards—The Recal of Lord Amherst—Zenāna of an opulent Hindū—The Death of Bishop Heber—Affliction in the Family of the Governor-General—Appointment to Allahabad—Sale of 'Scamp'—March up the Country—Dāk Bungalows—Fakīrs en route—The Soane River—Sassaram—Satīs at Nobutpoor—Benares—Pūjā in a Hindū Temple—Brāhmanī Bulls—The Minarets—Beetle Wings—Hindū House—Benares Hackeries—Dāk to Allahabad—Visit to Papamhow.

1826.—Lady Amherst is on horseback at gun-fire; few young women could endure the exercise she takes. She is an admirable equestrian, and possesses all the fondness of an Archer for horses. Her ladyship has won my heart by expressing her admiration of my beautiful Arab. His name originally was Orelio; but having become such a frisky fool, he has been re-christened 'Scamp.'

On the death of Lord Archer, in 1778, she "who knew and loved his virtues," inscribed the following sentence on his tomb: "He was the last male descendant of an ancient and honourable family that came over with William the Conqueror, and settled in the county of Warwick in the reign of King Henry the Second, from whom his ancestors obtained the grants of land in the said county."

When it was recorded on his monument at Tanworth that Lord Archer was the last of the male branch of the Archers who came over with the Conqueror, little did Lady Amherst (then the Hon. Miss Archer) imagine that, in her future Indian career, she would cross the path of the poor Pilgrim, the child of one of the noblest and best of men, who through Humphrey

Archer, deceased 1562, is a direct descendant, in the male line, from our common ancestor, Fulbertus Sagittarius[1].

March.—Lord Amherst has been recalled, a circumstance we regret. He has had great difficulties to contend with since his arrival; and now, just at the moment his troubles are nearly ended, he has been recalled. I believe his lordship signified to the Home Government his wish to resign.

In a climate so oppressive as this, billiards are a great resource in a private house; the table keeps one from going to sleep during the heat of the day, or from visiting Europe shops.

April 17th.—The perusal of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's work has rendered me very anxious to visit a *zenāna*, and to become acquainted with the ladies of the East. I have now been nearly four years in India, and have never beheld any women but those in attendance as servants in European families, the low caste wives of petty shopkeepers, and *nāch* women.

I was invited to a *nāch* at the house of an opulent Hindū in Calcutta, and was much amused with an excellent set of jugglers; their feats with swords were curious: at the conclusion, the baboo asked me if I should like to visit his wives and female relatives. He led me before a large curtain, which having passed I found myself in almost utter darkness: two females took hold of my hands and led me up a long flight of stairs to a well-lighted room, where I was received by the wives and relatives. Two of the ladies were pretty; on beholding their attire I was no longer surprised that no other men than their husbands were permitted to enter the zenāna. The dress consisted of one long strip of Benares gauze of thin texture, with a gold border, passing twice round the limbs, with the end thrown over the shoulder. The dress was rather transparent, almost useless as a veil: their necks and arms were covered with jewels. The complexion of some of the ladies was of a pale mahogany, and some of the female attendants were of a very dark colour, almost black. Passing from the lighted room, we entered a dark balcony, in front of which were fine bamboo

[1] See Appendix, No. I.

screens, impervious to the eye from without, but from the interior we could look down upon the guests in the hall below, and distinguish perfectly all that passed. The ladies of the zenāna appeared to know all the gentlemen by sight, and told me their names. They were very inquisitive; requested me to point out my husband, inquired how many children I had, and asked a thousand questions. I was glad to have seen a zenāna, but much disappointed: the women were not ladylike; but, be it remembered, it was only at the house of a rich Calcutta native gentleman. I soon quitted the apartments and the nāch.

The sketch of "a Bengālī woman" represents the style of attire worn by the ladies of the baboo's zenāna, with this difference, that the dress of the woman called a *sārī* is of muslin, edged with a bright blue border; it is passed several times round the figure, but the form of the limbs and the tint of the skin is traced through it: no other attire is worn beneath the *sārī;* it forms, although in one long piece, a complete dress, and is a remarkably graceful one. Her nose-ring, ear-rings, and necklaces are of gold; her armlet of silver; the anklets of the same metal. A set of *chūrīs* (bracelets) adorn her arms, below which is a row of coral, or of cornelian beads. Silver chains are around her waist; her hands and feet are stained with *hinnā.* She is returning to her home from the river, with her *gāgri,* a brass vessel filled with water; her attitude may appear peculiar, but it is natural; by throwing out one hip, a woman can carry a heavy water-jar with ease. A child is often carried astride the hip in the same manner; hence the proverb, speaking of a vicious child, says, "Perched on your hip, he will peck your eyes out." The dark line of *surma* is distinctly seen around her eyes, and a black dot between the eyebrows.

April.—We heard, with sorrow, the death of Bishop Heber, from my sister at Cuddalore, whose house he had just quitted for Trichinopoly; after preaching twice in one day, he went into a bath, and was there found dead. It was supposed, that bathing, after the fatigue he had undergone, sent the blood to the head and occasioned apoplexy.



A BENGALEE WOMAN

May 18*th*.—Killed a scorpion in my bathing-room, a good fat old fellow; prepared him with arsenical soap, and added him to the collection of curiosities in my museum.

My Italian master praises me for application: he says, the heat is killing him, and complains greatly of the want of rain. When I told him we had had a little during the last two days, he replied, "You are the favoured of God in Chowringhee, we have had none in Calcutta." The natives suffer dreadfully. Cholera and the heat are carrying off three and sometimes five hundred a day.

An eclipse has produced a change in the weather, and the sickness has ceased in the bazārs.

August.—A gloom has been thrown over Calcutta; and Lord Amherst's family are in the deepest affliction, caused by the death of Captain Amherst, which took place a short time ago. His lordship, his son, and his nephew were seized with fever at the same time; Captain Amherst's became typhus, and carried him off. The family have proceeded up the country. All those who have the pleasure of their acquaintance, sympathize most deeply in their affliction; they are much respected.

Oct. 18*th*.—My husband having received an acting appointment at Allahabad, we prepared to quit Calcutta. The distance by the river being eight hundred miles, and by land five hundred, we determined to march up stage by stage, sending the heavy baggage by water.

On quitting the Presidency, a great part of our furniture, horses, &c. were sold. I had refused 2000 rupees for my beautiful Arab; but determined, as economy was the order of the day, to fix his price at 2500. The pair of greys, Atlas and Mercury, carriage-horses, sold for 2200 rupees, 300 less than they cost; they, as well as Scamp, were too valuable to march up the country. This will give you some idea of the price of good horses in Calcutta. One morning a note was sent, which I opened (having received instructions to that effect), requesting to know if the grey Arab was for sale. I answered it, and mentioned the price. The gentleman enclosed the amount, 2500 rupees, about 250*l*., in a note to me, requesting me to

keep and ride the horse during the remainder of my stay in Calcutta, and on my departure to send him to his stables. For this charming proof of Indian *politesse*, I returned thanks, but declined the offer. I felt so sorry to part with my beautiful horse, I could not bear the sight of him when he was no longer my own: it was my own act; my husband blamed me for having sold a creature in which I took so much delight, and was not satisfied until he had replaced him by a milk-white Arab, with a silken mane and long tail. Mootee, the name of my new acquisition, was very gay at first, not comprehending the petticoat, but on becoming used to it, carried me most agreeably. A fine Scotch terrier was given me to bear me company on the journey, but he was stolen from us ere we quitted Calcutta.

The people in Calcutta abused the Upper Provinces so much, we felt little inclination to quit the city, although we had applied for an appointment in the Mufassil.[2] Imagining the march would be very fatiguing, I went on board several pinnaces; they did not please me; then I crossed the river to see the first dāk bungalow, and brought back a good account.

Nov. 22nd.—We quitted Calcutta, crossed the river to the bungalow, on the New Road, stayed there one day to muster our forces, and commenced our journey the next.[3]

Our marching establishment consisted of two good mares for the Stanhope, two fine saddle Arabs for ourselves, two ponies, and nine hackeries, which contained supplies and clothes, also a number of goats, and two Arabs, which we had taken charge of for a friend. We travelled by the Grand Military road, riding the first part of the stage, and finishing it in the buggy.

30th.—I now write from Bancoorah, some hundred miles from the Presidency. Thus far we have proceeded into the bowels of the Mufassil very much to our satisfaction. The change of air, and change of scene, have wrought wonders in us both. My husband has never felt so well in health or so *désennuyé* since he left England. I am as strong as a Diana Vernon, and ride my eight or ten miles before breakfast without fatigue. We have still some four hundred miles to march; but

the country is to improve daily, and when we arrive at the hills, I hear we are to be carried back, in imagination, to the highlands of Scotland. I have never been there; *n'importe*, I can fancy as well as others. We rejoiced in having passed Bengal Proper, the first one hundred miles; the country was extremely flat, and, for the greater part, under water, said water being stagnant: the road was raised of mud, high enough to keep it above the swamp; a disagreeable road on a fly-away horse like my new purchase; low, marshy fields of paddy (rice) were on either side: sometimes we came to a bridge, surrounded by water, so that instead of being able to cross it, you had to ford the nullah (stream) lower down. No marvel, Calcutta is unhealthy, and that fevers prevail there; the wind flowing over these marshes must be charged with malaria.

Bancoorah has a bad name. It is remarkable that almost all the horses that are any time at the station, go weak in the loins.

Dec. 2nd.—We reached Rogonautpoor, a very pretty spot, where there are some peculiar hills. Here we found Sir A. B—— and his daughters; we accompanied them in a ramble over the hills in the evening. Sir A. took his Sipahee guard with him, having heard the hills were infested with bears, but we found none.

At Chass, quail and partridge, snipe and pigeons, were abundant. I generally accompanied mv husband on his sporting expeditions in the evening, either on foot or on a pony, and enjoyed it very much.

At Hazāree Bāgh I became possessed of the first pellet bow I had seen, and found it difficult to use. We travelled from bungalow to bungalow. They are built by government, and are all on the same plan; at each a khidmutgar and a bearer are in attendance. At Khutkumsandy we were on the hills. Partridges were in plenty by the nālā.

At one of the stages the bearer of the dāk bungalow stole a large silver spoon off the breakfast-table. Happening, from his defending himself with great vehemence, to suspect him of the theft, we sent for the police, to whom he confessed he had hidden the spoon in the thatch of his own house. They carried him on a prisoner.

The country from this place, through Ranachitty to Dunghye, is most beautiful; fine hills, from the tops of which you have a noble and extensive view. Sometimes I was reminded of my own dear forest, which in parts it much resembles. The weak Calcutta bullocks finding it hard work, we were obliged to hire six more hackeries. We rode the whole of this stage. The road was too bad, and the hills too steep, for the buggy; but as it was nearly shaded the whole distance by high trees, the heat of the sun did not affect us. Tigers are found in this pass; and when Mootee my Arab snorted, and drew back apparently alarmed, I expected a *sortie* from the jungle. At this stage a horse ran away in a buggy, alarmed by a bear sleeping in the road.

At the Dunghye bungalow some travellers had been extremely poetical:

> "Dunghye! Dunghye! with hills so high,
> A sorry place art thou;
> Thou boasts not e'en a blade of grass,
> Enough to feed an hungry ass,
> Or e'en a half-starved cow."

Nevertheless, we saw fine jungle and grass in plenty on every side, and were told partridge and jungle fowl were abundant.

En route were several parties of fakirs, who said they were going to Jugunnath.[4] These rascals had some capital tattoos with them. Several of these men had one withered arm raised straight, with the long nails growing through the back of the hand. These people are said to be great thieves; and when any of them were encamped near us on the march, we directed the chaukidārs (watchmen) to keep a good look out, on our horses as well as our chattels. The adage says of the fakir, "Externally he is a saint, but internally a devil[1]."

At Sherghattee we delivered the stealer of the spoon over to the magistrate. In the evening I went out with the gentlemen on an elephant; they had some sport with their guns.

At Baroon we bought some uncut Soane pebbles, which turned out remarkably good when cut and polished. · We rode

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 18.

across the Soane river, which was three miles in breadth, and had two large sand-banks in the middle of the stream. Wading through the water was most troublesome work on horseback. Twice we were obliged to put the horses into boats, they struggled, and kicked, and gave so much trouble. The Arab 'Rajah' jumped fairly out of the boat into the stream. The mares worked hard getting the buggy across the deep sand; they went into and came out of the boats very steadily.

On our arrival at Sahseram, a native gentleman, Shah Kubbeer-oo-deen Ahmud, called upon us. At tiffin-time he sent us some *ready-dressed* native dishes; I was much surprised at it, but the natives told me it was his usual custom. In the evening, some fireworks, sent by the same gentleman, were displayed, particularly for my amusement. The town is very ancient, and there are numerous remains of former magnificence rapidly falling into decay. The tombs are well worth a visit.

Dec. 23rd.—We arrived at Nobutpoor, a very pretty place. The bungalow is on a high bank, just above the Curamnassa river. To the right you have a view of a suspension-bridge, built of bamboo and rope; on the left is a suttee-ground, to me a most interesting sight. I had heard a great deal regarding suttees in Calcutta, but had never seen one; here was a spot to which it was customary to bring the widows to be burned alive, on the banks of the Curamnassa, a river considered holy by the Hindoos.

In the sketch I took of the place are seven suttee mounds, raised of earth, one of which is kept in good repair, and there are several more in the mango tope to the left. The people said, no suttee had taken place there for twenty years, but that the family who owned the large mound kept it in repair, and were very proud of the glory reflected on their house by one of the females having become suttee. A fine stone bridge had been begun some years before by a Mahratta lady, but was never finished; the remains are in the river. The touch of its waters is a dire misfortune to an Hindoo; they carefully cross the suspension-bridge.

The next stage took us to the Mogul Serai; and, some rain

having fallen, we felt the difference between the cold of the up-country and the fogs of Calcutta.

Dec. 25th.—Arrived at Benares; and here, again, crossing the Ganges was a great difficulty. The Arab 'Rajah' was so extremely violent in the boat, that we were obliged to swim him over. At length we reached the house of a friend in the civil service, and were well pleased to rest from our labours. Rising and being on horseback by four A. M. daily, is hard work when continued for a month.

My husband, finding it necessary to reach Allahabad by the 30th, left me at Benares, to discharge the Calcutta hackeries, to get others, and to continue my journey. During my stay, our friend took me into the holy city, and showed me a great deal of what was most remarkable. Long as I had lived in Calcutta, I had seen very little of native life or the forms of pooja. The most holy city of Benares is the high place of superstition. I went into a Hindoo temple in which pooja was being performed, and thought the organ of gullibility must be very strongly developed in the Hindoos.

It was the early morning, and before the people went to their daily avocations, they came to perform worship before the idols. Each man brought a little vessel of brass, containing oil, another containing boiled rice, another Ganges' water and freshly-gathered flowers. Each worshipper, on coming into the temple, poured his offering on the head of the idol, and laid the flowers before it; prayed with his face to the earth, then struck a small bell three times, and departed. The Hindoo women follow the same custom.

There were numerous uncouth idols in the temple. A black bull and a white bull, both carved in stone, attracted many worshippers; whilst two *living* bulls stood by the side, who were regarded as most holy, and fed with flowers.

If an Hindoo wishes to perform an act of devotion, he purchases a young bull without blemish, and presents him to the Brāhmans, who stamp a particular mark upon him; he is then turned loose, as a Brāhmani bull, and allowed to roam at pleasure. To kill this animal would be sacrilege. When they get

savage they become very dangerous. The Brāhmani bulls roam at pleasure through the bazaars, taking a feed whenever they encounter a grain shop.

We ascended the minarets, and looked down upon the city and the Ganges. Young men prefer ascending them at early dawn, having then a chance of seeing the females of some zenana, who often sleep on the flat roof of the house, which is surrounded by a high wall. From the height of the minarets you overlook the walls. I thought of Hadji Baba and the unfortunate Zeenab, whom he first saw spreading tobacco on the roof to dry. The shops of the kimkhwāb and turban manufacturers, as also of those who prepare the silver and gold wire used in the fabric of the brocade worked in gold and silver flowers, are well worth visiting.

Beetle wings are procurable at Benares, and are used there for ornamenting kimkhwāb and native dresses. In Calcutta and Madras, they embroider gowns for European ladies with these wings, edged with gold; the effect is beautiful. The wings are cheap at Benares, expensive at other places.

I was carried in a tanjan through Benares. In many parts, in the narrow streets, I could touch the houses on both sides of the street with my hands. The houses are from six to seven stories high.

In one of these narrow passages it is not agreeable to meet a Brāhmani bull. Four armed men, barkandāzes, ran on before the tanjan to clear the road. I procured a number of the brazen vessels that are used in pooja. On my return we will have it in grand style; the baby shall represent the idol, and we will pour oil and flowers over his curly head.

The cattle live on the ground-floor; and to enter a gay Hindoo house, you must first pass through a place filled with cows and calves; then you encounter a heavy door, the entrance to a narrow, dark passage; and after ascending a flight of steps, you arrive at the inhabited part of the house, which is painted with all sorts of curious devices. I visited one of these houses; it was furnished, but uninhabited.

The contents of the thirteen small hackeries were stowed away

upon four of the large hackeries of Benares, which started on their march with the buggy and horses. For myself, a dāk was hired [5] Our friend drove me the first stage, and then put me into my palanquin. I overtook the hackeries, and could not resist getting out and looking into the horses' tents. There they were, warm and comfortable, well littered down, with their sā'īses asleep at their sides ; much more comfortable than myself during the coldness of the night, in the pālkee. The bearers broke open one of my bahangīs, and stole some articles.

I reached Raj Ghāt early, and crossed the river. The fort, with its long line of ramparts, washed by the river, and the beauty of a Dhrumsālā, or Hindoo alms-house, on the opposite bank, under one of the arches of which was an enormous image of Ganĕsh, greatly attracted my attention. I watched the worshippers for some time, and promised myself to return and sketch it[1].

The carriage of a friend was in waiting at this spot, and took me to Papamhow, where I rejoined my husband. Notwithstanding the difficulties, which according to report we expected, we made good progress, and arrived at Allahabad on the 1st of January, after a very pleasant trip.[6] Indeed, this short time we agreed was the most approaching to delightful that we had passed in India; the constant change of scenery, and the country very beautiful in some parts, with the daily exercise, kept us all, horses included, in high health and spirits. We travelled at the rate of about fifteen miles a day, making use of the staging bungalows that have been erected for the accommodation of travellers, as far as Benares; thence we travelled by dāk to Prāg, the distance being only ninety miles. So much for our journey, which, considering our inexperience, I think we performed with much credit to ourselves.

A friend received us at Papamhow with the utmost kindness, housed and fed us, and assisted us in arranging our new residence, which, by the bye, has one great beauty, that of being rent free: no small consideration where the expense of an

[1] See the Sketch entitled "a Dhrum sālā—Bene Mahadēo Ghāt."

unfurnished house is equal to that of a small income in England.[7] Said house is very prettily situated on the banks of the Jumna, a little beyond the Fort. We like our new situation, and do not regret the gaiety of the City of Palaces; indeed, it now appears to me most wonderful how we could have remained there so long: in climate there is no comparison, and as to expense, if we can but commence the good work of economy, we may return on furlough ere long.

The peaceful termination of the war with Ava was one of the happy events of this year.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE IN THE MUFASSIL.

"PLANT A TREE, DIG A WELL, WRITE A BOOK, AND GO TO HEAVEN [1]."

First Visits in the East—Papamhow—Runjeet Singh's illness—Death of Lord Hastings—Lord Amherst created Earl of Arracan—Marriage of a neem to a peepul—The Bacäin—A Koord Arab—Visit to Lucnow—His Majesty Nusseer-ood-Deen Hyder—Lord Combermere—Kywan Jah—Presents not allowed to be accepted—Fights of Wild Beasts—Quail—Departure of Lord Combermere—Skinner's Horse—Return to Prāg.

January 1827.—It is usual in India for those newly arrived to call upon the resident families of the station; the gentleman makes his call, which is returned by the resident and his family; after which, the lady returns the visit with her husband. An invitation is then received to a dinner-party given in honour of the strangers, the lady being always handed to dinner by the host, and made the queen of the day, whether or not entitled to it by rank.

Our *debût* in the Mufassil was at the house of the judge, where we met almost all the station, and were much pleased that destiny had brought us to Prāg. Prāg was named Allahabad when the old Hindoo city was conquered by the Mahomedans. We were very fortunate in bringing up our horses and baggage uninjured, and in not having been robbed *en route*. Lord Amherst has lost two horses, and his aide-de-camp three: guards are stationed around the Governor-general's horse-tents and baggage night and day, nevertheless native robbers have carried off those five animals. His lordship is at present at Lucnow.

[1] Guzrattee Proverb.

We have spent the last three weeks most delightfully at Papamhow. Every sort of scientific amusement was going forward. Painting in oil and water colours, sketching from nature, turning, making curious articles in silver and brass, constructing Æolian harps, amusing ourselves with archery, trying the rockets on the sands of an evening, chemical experiments, botany, gardening; in fact, the day was never half long enough for our employment in the workshop and the grounds

Papamhow is five miles from our own house, standing on higher ground and in a better situation, on the Ganges; when we can make holiday, we go up and stay at *our country house*, as our neighbours call it.

The old moonshee is cutting out my name in the Persian character, on the bottom of a Burmese idol, to answer as a seal. What an excellent picture the old man, with his long grey beard, would make! I have caught two beautiful little squirrels, with bushy tails and three white stripes on their backs; they run about the table, come to my shoulder, and feed from my hand.

May.—Our friend at Papamhow is gunpowder agent to the Government, and manager of the rocket manufactory; his services are likely to be fully exerted, as it is reported that Runjeet Singh is not expected to live four months, being in the last stage of a liver complaint, and that his son, it is thought, will hoist the standard of rebellion. What gives foundation for this, is, that Lord Combermere is about to make the tour of the Upper Provinces, and that a concentration of forces is to take place on the frontier, under the pretext of a grand military inspection and review. There is no doubt as to who will go to the wall.

We have just received news of the death of Lord Hastings, and learn from the same papers, that Lord Amherst has been created an earl, and Lord Combermere a viscount.

We have been occupied in planting a small avenue of neem-trees in front of the house; unlike the air around the tamarind, that near a neem-tree is reckoned wholesome:—according to the Guzrattee Proverb, we had made no advance on our heavenward

road until the avenue was planted, which carried us on one-third of the journey. No sooner were the trees in the ground, than the servants requested to be allowed to marry a neem to a young peepul-tree (ficus religiosa), which marriage was accordingly celebrated by planting a peepul and neem together, and entwining their branches. Some pooja was performed at the same time, which, with the ceremony of the marriage, was sure to bring good fortune to the newly-planted avenue.

The neem is a large and beautiful tree, common in most parts of India (melia azadirachta), or margosa-tree; its flowers are fragrant—a strong decoction of the leaves is used as a cure for strains.

Oil is prepared from the berry of the neem, (neem cowrie, as they call it,) which is esteemed excellent, and used as a liniment in violent headaches brought on by exposure to the sun, and in rheumatic and spasmodic affections. The flowers are fragrant: any thing remarkably bitter is compared to the neem-tree; "yeh duwa kŭrwee hy jyse neem:" this medicine is bitter as neem.

The bacäin, or māhā nimba, (melia sempervivens,) a variety of the neem-tree, is remarkably beautiful. "The neem-tree will not become sweet though watered with syrup and clarified butter[1]."

My pearl of the desert, my milk-white Arab, Mootee, is useless; laid up with an inflammation and swelling in his fore-legs; he looks like a creature afflicted with elephantiasis—they tell us to keep him cool—we cannot reduce the heat of the stable below 120°!

I feel the want of daily exercise: here it is very difficult to procure a good Arab; the native horses are vicious, and utterly unfit for a lady; and I am too much the spoiled child of my mother to mount an indifferent horse.

August 28*th*.—Last week we made our sālām to the Earl of Arracan and his lady, who stopped at Allahabad, *en route*, and were graciously received.

The society is good and the station pretty and well-ordered;

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 19.

the roads the best in India, no small source of gratification to those whose enjoyment consists in a morning and evening drive: a course is also in progress, round which we are to gallop next cold weather, when we have, indeed, the finest of climates, of which you, living in your dusty, damp, dull, foggy, fuliginous *England*, have no idea.

About the middle of April the hot winds set in, when we are confined to the house, rendered cool by artificial means; after this come four months of the rains, generally a very pleasant time; then a pause of a month, and then the cold weather.

Sept. 20th.—I have just received a most charming present, a white Arab, from Koordistān: he is a beautiful creature, and from having been educated in the tents of the Koords, is as tame as a pet lamb. His colour grey, his mane long and dark; his long white tail touches his heels; such a beautiful little head! he looks like a younger brother of Scamp, the Arab I sold on quitting Calcutta. I hear that when a lady was riding Scamp the other day, he threw her, and nearly fractured her skull. She was for some time in danger, but has recovered.

Oct. 27th.—The weather is now very pleasant, cold mornings and evenings; the end of next month we hope to begin collecting the ice, which is quite a business in this country. The next four months will be delightful; March will bring in the hot weather, and in April we shall be roasted alive.

Dec. 31st.—For the last three weeks I have been gadding about the country, the gayest of the gay. A friend at Lucnow invited me to pay her a visit, at the time Lord Combermere was to stay at the residency. Having a great desire to see a native court, and elephant and tiger fights, I accepted the invitation with pleasure.

Accompanied by an aide-de-camp who was going to see the tamāshā, I reached Lucnow after a run of three nights. Mr. Mordaunt Ricketts received me with great kindness; I spent a few days at the residency, and the rest with my friend.

On the arrival at Lucnow of his excellency the commander-in-chief, the king of Oude, Nusseer-ood-Deen Hyder, as a compliment to that nobleman, sent his son, prince Kywan Jah, with

the deputation appointed to receive his lordship, by whom the prince was treated as the walī-uhd, or heir-apparent.

The first day, Lord Combermere and the resident breakfasted with the king of Oude; the party was very numerous. We retired afterwards to another room, where trays of presents were arranged upon the floor, ticketed with the names of the persons for whom they were intended, and differing in their number and value according to the rank of the guests. Two trays were presented to me, the first containing several pairs of Cashmere shawls, and a pile of India muslin and kimkhwāb, or cloth of gold. The other tray contained strings of pearl, precious stones, bracelets, and other beautiful native jewellery. I was desired to make my sālām in honor of the bounty of his majesty. As soon as the ceremony had finished, the trays were carried off and placed in the Company's treasury, an order having arrived, directing that all presents made to the servants of the Company should be accepted,—but for the benefit of the state.

That night his majesty dined at the residency, and took his departure at ten P. M., when quadrilles immediately commenced. The ladies were not allowed to dance while his majesty was present, as, on one occasion, he said, "That will do, let them leave off," thinking the ladies were quadrilling for his amusement, like nāch women. The second day, the king breakfasted with Lord Combermere, and we dined at the palace.

During dinner a favourite nāch woman attitudinized a little behind and to the right of his majesty's chair; at times he cast an approving glance at her performance. Sometimes she sang and moved about, and sometimes she bent her body *backwards*, until her head touched the ground; a marvellously supple, but not a graceful action.

The mornings were devoted to sports, and quadrilles passed away the evenings. I saw some very good elephant fights, some indifferent tiger fights, a rhinoceros against three wild buffaloes, in short, battles of every sort; some were very cruel, and the poor animals had not fair play.

The best fight was seen after breakfast at the palace. Two battaire (quails) were placed on the table; a hen bird was put

near them; they set to instantly, and fought valiantly. One of the quails was driven back by his adversary, until the little bird, who fought every inch of his forced retreat, fell off the table into my lap. I picked him up and placed him upon the table again; he flew at his adversary instantly. They fight, unless separated, until they die. His majesty was delighted with the amusement. The saying is, "Cocks fight for fighting's sake, quails for food, and the Lalls for love." It appeared to me the quails were animated by the same passion as the Lalls:

> "Deux coqs vivaient en paix: une poule survint,
> Et voilà la guerre allumée.
> Amour, tu perdis Troie!"

On quitting the presence of his majesty, a harrh, a necklace of silver and gold tissue, very beautifully made, was placed around the neck of each of the guests, and atr of roses put on their hands.

The resident having sent me a fine English horse, I used to take my morning canter, return to cantonments, dress, and drive to the presidency to breakfast by eight A.M. The horse, a magnificent fellow, had but one fault,—a trick of walking almost upright on his hind legs. It was a contest between us; he liked to have his own way, and I was determined to have mine.

The dinners, balls, and breakfasts were frequent. Lord Combermere was in high good humour. His visit lasted about eight days, during which time he was entertained by the resident in Oriental style.

My journey having been delayed for want of bearers for my palanquin from Cawnpore, I arrived at Lucnow too late to see the ladies of the royal zenāna. The lady of the resident had been invited to visit their apartments the day before my arrival. She told me they were very fine, at least the dopatta (veil) was gay in gold and silver, but the rest of the attire very dirty. They appeared to have been taken by surprise, as they were not so highly ornamented as they usually are on a day of parade. I felt disappointed in being unable to see the begams; they would

have interested me more than the elephant fights, which, of all the sights I beheld at Lucnow, pleased me the most.

I returned home at the end of December. The resident had the kindness to give me an escort of Skinner's horse, to protect my palanquin, and see me safely out of the kingdom of Oude, as far as Cawnpore, which, being in the Company's territories, was considered out of danger; and during the rest of the journey I was accompanied by two gentlemen.

Colonel Luard thus speaks of Skinner's horse: "This is a most effective irregular corps, taking its name from its gallant colonel. An extraordinary feat is performed with the lance: a tent-peg is driven into the ground, nearly up to the head; and the lancer, starting at speed some distance from the peg, passes it on the near side, at his utmost pace, and, while passing, with considerable force drives his lance into the tent-peg, allowing the lance instantly to pass through his hand, or the shock would unhorse him; then, by a dexterous turn of the wrist, forces the peg out of the ground at the point of his lance, and bears the prize in triumph over his shoulder."

In my vanity I had flattered myself dulness would have reigned triumphant at Prāg; nevertheless, I found my husband had killed the fatted calf, and "lighted the lamp of ghee[1];" *i. e.* made merry.

I sent a little seal, on which this motto was engraved, "*Toom ghee ka dhye jalāo*," to a lady in England, telling her ghee is clarified butter. When a native gives a feast, he lights a number of small lamps with ghee. If he say to a friend, "Will you come to my feast?" the answer may be, "Light thou the lamp of ghee;" which means, "Be you merry, I will be there." Therefore, if you accept an invitation, you may use this seal with propriety.

[1] Oriental Sayings, No. 20.



On Stone by Major Parlby.

THE ICE PITS.

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CHAPTER IX.

RESIDENCE AT ALLAHABAD.

1828.—Sinking a Well—Hurriannah Cows—Delhi Goats—The Jumnapār—Doomba Sheep—Buffalo Humps—Water-cresses—Marrowfat Peas—Carrots—The Chatr—The Oleander—The Ice-pits—Cream Ice, how to freeze—Burdwan Coal—Indian Fevers—Mr. Bayley, Viceroy—Fear of the Invasion of the Russians and Persians—Intense Heat—Deaths in the Farmyard—Chota Jehannum—The Verandah at Noon—Mad Pariah—Trelawny—Châteaux en Espagne—Height of the two Rivers—Death of the Bishop of Calcutta—An Hummām—The first Steamer at Prāg.

Jan., 1828, *Leap Year.*—I BEFORE mentioned we had accomplished one-third of our way to heaven, by planting an avenue; we now performed another portion of the journey, by sinking a well. As soon as the work was completed, the servants lighted it up with numerous little lamps, and strewed flowers upon its margin, to bring a blessing upon the newly-raised water. From Hissar we received six cows and a bull, very handsome animals, with remarkably fine humps, such as are sold in England under the denomination of buffalo humps, which are, in reality, the humps of Indian cows and oxen.

Tame buffaloes are numerous at Prāg. The milk is strong, and not generally used for making butter, but is made into ghee (clarified butter), useful for culinary purposes. Some most beautiful Barbary goats arrived with the cows; they were spotted brown and white or black and white, and almost as beautiful as deer. The Bengālee goats yield a much larger portion of milk. I had also a Jumnapār goat, an enormous fellow, with very broad, long, thin, and silky ears, as soft as velvet. The Jumnapār are the best adapted for marching. Unless they can go into the jungle and browse, they become thin and lose their milk.

These goats, bred on the banks of the Jumna, thence called "Jumnapār," are remarkably fine, and of a large size.

We had a Doomba ram at Prāg. The Doomba sheep are difficult to keep alive in this climate. Their enormous tails are reckoned delicacies; the lambs are particularly fine flavoured.

Jan.—Our garden was now in good order; we had vegetables in abundance, marrowfat peas as fine as in England, and the water-cresses, planted close to the new well, were pearls beyond price. Allahabad is famous for the growth of the finest carrots in India. At this time of the year we gave our horses twelve seer each daily; it kept them in high health, and *French-polished* their coats. The geraniums grew luxuriantly during this delightful time; and I could be out in the garden all day, when protected by an enormous chatr, carried by a bearer. The up-country chatr is a very large umbrella, in shape like a large flat mushroom, covered with doubled cloth, with a deep circle of fringe. Great people have them made of silk, and highly ornamented. The pole is very long, and it is full employment for one man to carry the chatr properly.

The oleander (kanér), the beautiful sweet-scented oleander, was in profusion,—deep red, pure white, pink, and variegated, with single and double blossoms. I rooted up many clusters of this beautiful shrub in the grounds, fearing the horses and cows might eat the leaves, which are poisonous. Hindoo women, when tormented by jealousy, have recourse to this poison for self-destruction.

THE ICE-PITS.

Jan. 22nd.—My husband has the management of the ice concern this year. It is now in full work, the weather bitterly cold, and we are making ice by evaporation almost every night. I may here remark, the work continued until the 19th of February, when the pit was closed with 3000 mann,—a mann is about 80 lbs. weight. There are two ice-pits; over each a house is erected; the walls, built of mud, are low, thick, and circular; the roof is thickly thatched; there is only one entrance, by a small door, which, when closed, is defended from the sun and air by a jhamp, or frame-work of bamboo covered with straw.

The diameter of the pit, in the centre of the house, is large, but the depth not great, on account of the dampness of the ground. At the bottom is a small well, the top of which is covered over with bamboo; a channel unites it with a dry well on the outside, still deeper than itself, so constructed, that all the water collected in the pit may immediately run off through this duct, and be drawn up from the external well. This keeps the pit perfectly dry—a material point. The interior is lined, from top to bottom, with chatā'īs (mats), three or four deep, which are neatly fastened by pegs round the inside; mats are also kept ready for covering in the top of the pit. Some ābdārs recommend a further lining of sulum (cotton-cloth), but it is unnecessary.

The ground belonging to the ice concern is divided into keeārees, or shallow beds, very like saltern-pans in England, about six feet square and a cubit in depth; between them are raised paths.

When the weather in December is cold enough to induce us to suppose water will freeze at night with artificial aid, the business of ice-making commences. At the bottom of the keeārees, the shallow square beds, a black-looking straw is spread about a foot in depth, called "pooāl," which is reckoned better for the purpose than wheat-straw. Some ābdārs think sugar-cane leaves the best thing to put under the pans in the ice-beds; next in estimation is the straw or grass of kodo (the *paspalum frumentaceum*); and then rice-straw, which is called "puwāl," or "pooāl," though the term "pooāl" is not applied exclusively to the straw of rice. The highest temperature at which ice was made in 1846, at Cawnpore, was 43° of Fahrenheit, or 11° above freezing point. At each of the four corners, on the pathway, is placed a thiliyā (an earthen jar), which is filled by a bihishtī with water[1]. The pooāl straw in the shallow beds must be kept perfectly dry, to produce evaporation and the freezing of the water in the little pans placed upon it; should rain fall, the straw must be taken up and thoroughly dried before it can again be used.

[1] See the sketch of the Ice Pits, with this man and his mashk (water-bag).

It is amusing to see the old ābdār who has charge of the ice concern, walking up and down of an evening, watching the weather, and calculating if there be a chance of making ice. This is a grand point to decide, as the expense of filling the pans is great, and not to be incurred without a fair prospect of a crop of barf (ice) the next morning. He looks in the wind's eye, and if the breeze be fresh, and likely to increase, the old man draws his warm garment around him, and returning to his own habitation,—a hut close to the pits,—resigns himself to fate and his hubble-bubble. But should there be a crisp frosty feeling in the air, he prepares for action about 6 or 7 P. M., by beating a tom-tom (a native hand-drum), a signal well known to the coolies in the bazaar, who hasten to the pits. By the aid of the little cup fastened to the long sticks, as shown in the sketch, they fill all the rukābees with the water from the jars in the pathway. Many hundred coolies, men, women, and children, are thus employed until every little pan is filled.

If the night be frosty, without wind, the ice will form perhaps an inch and a half in thickness in the pans. If a breeze should blow, it will often prevent the freezing of the water, except in those parts of the grounds that are sheltered from the wind.

About 3 A. M. the ābdār, carefully muffled in some yards of English red or yellow broad cloth, would be seen emerging from his hut; and if the formation of ice was sufficiently thick, his tom-tom was heard, and the shivering coolies would collect, wrapped up in black bazār blankets, and shaking with cold. Sometimes it was extremely difficult to rouse them to their work, and the increased noise of the tom-toms—discordant native instruments—disturbed us and our neighbours with the pleasing notice of more ice for the pits. Each cooly, armed with a spud, knocked the ice out of the little pans into a basket, which having filled, he placed it on his head, ran with it to the ice-house, and threw it down the great pit.

When all the pans had been emptied, the people assembled around the old ābdār, who kept an account of the number at work on a roll of paper or a book. From a great bag full of pice (copper coins) and cowrie-shells, he paid each man his hire.

About ten men were retained, on extra pay, to finish the work. Each man having been supplied with a blanket, shoes, and a heavy wooden mallet, four at a time descended into the pit by a ladder, and beat down the ice collected there into a hard flat mass; these men were constantly relieved by a fresh set, the cold being too great for them to remain long at the bottom of the pit.

When the ice was all firmly beaten down, it was covered in with mats, over which a quantity of straw was piled, and the door of the ice-house locked. The pits are usually opened on the 1st of May, but it is better to open them on the 1st of April. We had ice this year until the 20th of August. Each subscriber's allowance is twelve ser (24 lbs.) every other day. A bearer, or a cooly is sent with an ice-basket, a large bazār blanket, a cotton cloth, and a wooden mallet, at 4 A.M., to bring the ice from the pit. The ābdār, having weighed the ice, puts it into the cloth, and ties it up tightly with a string; the cooly then beats it all round into the smallest compass possible, ties it afresh, and, having placed it in the blanket within the ice-basket, he returns home. The gentleman's ābdār, on his arrival at his master's house, re-weighs the ice, as the coolies often stop in the bazaars, and sell a quantity of it to natives, who are particularly fond of it, the man pretending it has melted away *en route*.

The natives make ice for themselves, and sell it at two annas a seer; they do not preserve it for the hot winds, but give a good price for the ice stolen from the sāhib loge[1].

For the art of freezing cream ices to perfection, and the method of making them in India, I refer you to the Appendix[2].

As the ābdārs generally dislike rising early to weigh the ice, the cooly may generally steal it with impunity. The ice-baskets are made of strips of bamboo covered inside and out with numdā, a thick coarse woollen wadding. The interior is lined with dosootee (white cotton cloth), and the exterior covered with ghuwā kopra, a coarse red cloth that rots less than any other from moisture.

[1] European gentleman.

[2] Nos. 1 to 10.

The basket should be placed on a wooden stool, with a pan below to catch the dripping water.

Calcutta was supplied, in 1833, with fine clear ice from America, sent in enormous blocks, which sold at two annas a seer, about twopence per pound: this ice is greatly superior to that made in India, which is beaten up when collected into a mass, and dissolves more rapidly than the block ice. It is not as an article of luxury only that ice is delightful in this climate, medicinally it is of great use: there is much virtue in an iced night-cap to a feverish head. The American ice has not yet penetrated to the Up Country; we shall have ice from Calcutta when the railroads are established. No climate under the sun can be more delightful than this during the cold weather, at which time we enjoy fires very much, and burn excellent coal, which is brought by water from Calcutta. The coal mines are at Burdwan, 100 miles from the presidency. In Calcutta it costs eight annas a mann; here, if procurable, it is one rupee: this year we had fires until the 29th of February.

After a good gallop round the Mahratta Bund, on Master George, a remarkably fine Arab, with what zest we and our friends partook of Hunter's beef and brawn!—as good as that of Oxford; the table drawn close to the fire, and the bright blaze not exceeding in cheerfulness the gaiety of the party!

March 31*st*.—How fearful are fevers in India! On this day my husband was attacked; a medical man was instantly called in, medicine was of no avail, the illness increased hourly. On the 9th of April, the aid of the superintending surgeon was requested; a long consultation took place, and a debate as to which was to be employed, the lancet, or a bottle of claret; it terminated in favour of the latter, and claret to the extent of a bottle a day was given him: his head was enveloped in three bladders of ice, and iced towels were around his neck. On the 17th day, for the first time since the commencement of the attack, he tasted food; that is, he ate half a small bun; before that, he had been supported solely on claret and fresh strawberries, being unable to take broth or arrow-root.

Not daring to leave him a moment night or day, I got two

European artillerymen from the fort, to assist me in nursing him. On the 23rd, the anxiety I had suffered, and over-exertion, brought on fever, which confined me to my chārpāī for seven days; all this time my husband was too ill to quit his bed; so we lay on two chārpāīs, under the same pankhā, two artillerymen for our nurses, applying iced towels to our heads, while my two women, with true native apathy, lay on the ground by the side of my bed, seldom attending to me, and only thinking how soon they could get away to eat and smoke. The attention and kindness of the medical men, and of our friends at the station, were beyond praise. Thanks to good doctoring, good nursing, and good claret, at the end of the month we began to recover health and strength.

May 18th.—The ice-pits were opened, and every subscriber received twenty-four pounds weight of ice every other day—perfectly invaluable with a thermometer at 93°! Our friends had kindly allowed them to be opened before, during our fevers. It is impossible to describe the comfort of ice to the head, or of iced-soda water to a parched and tasteless palate, and an exhausted frame.

April.—Lord Amherst was requested by the directors to remain here until the arrival of Lord William Bentinck; and such was his intention, I believe, had he not been prevented by the dangerous illness of lady Sarah; and by this time, it is possible the family are on their way home. Mr. Bayley is Vice-roy, and will reign longer than he expected, as Lord William Bentinck does not sail before January.

Our politicians are all on the *qui vive* at the *mêlée* between the Russians and Persians, and the old story of an invasion of India is again agitated:—we are not alarmed.

June 7th.—The weather is more oppressive than we have *ever* found it; the heat intolerable; the thermometer, in my room, 93°, in spite of tattees and pankhās. Allahabad may boast of being the oven of India; and the flat stone roof of our house renders it much hotter than if it were thatched.

We were most fortunate in quitting Calcutta; this past year the cholera has raged there most severely; the Europeans have

suffered much; many from perfect health have been carried to their graves in a few hours.

A novel and a sofa is all one is equal to during such intense heat, which renders life scarcely endurable.

Ice is our greatest luxury; and our ice, made from the cream of our own cows, and Gunter's jam, is as good as any in England. My thoughts flow heavily and stupidly under such intolerable heat: when the thermometer is *only* 82°, *we rejoice in* the coolness of the season; to-day it is 92°, and will be hotter as the day advances; the wind *will* not blow. If a breeze would but spring up, we could be comfortable, as the air is cooled passing through the wet khus-khus: what would I not give for a fresh sea-breeze! Let me not think of it.

Horses at this season of the year are almost useless; it is too hot to ride, and even a man feels that he has scarcely nerve enough to mount his horse with pleasure: in the buggy it is very oppressive, the fiery wind is so overpowering; and a carriage is too hot to be borne. I speak not of the middle of the day, but of the hours between 7 P.M. and 6 A.M.,—the *cool* hours as we call them!

From Madras they write the thermometer is at 96°! How can they breathe! Here at 93° it is fearfully hot—if they have a sea-breeze to render the nights cool, it is a blessing; here the heat at night is scarcely endurable, and to sleep almost impossible.

I had a very large farm-yard. The heat has killed all the guinea-fowls, turkeys, and pigeons, half the fowls, and half the rabbits.

12*th.*—We have had a most miserable time of it for the last two months; this has been one of the hottest seasons in recollection, and Allahabad has well sustained its *sobriquét* of Chōtā Jahannum! which, being interpreted, is Hell the Little. Within these two days the state of affairs has been changed; we are now enjoying the freshness of the rains, whose very fall is music to our ears: another such season would tempt us to quit this station, in spite of its other recommendations.

Lord William Bentinck arrived July 3rd. The new Bishop

of Calcutta is gone home, obliged to fly the country for his life; indeed, he was so ill, that a report of his death having come up here, some of his friends are in mourning for him; but I trust, poor man, he is going on well at sea at this minute.

Sept. 8th.—My verandah presents an interesting scene: at present, at one end, two carpenters are making a wardrobe; near them is a man polishing steel. Two silversmiths are busy making me some ornaments after the Hindostani patterns; the tailors are finishing a gown, and the ayha is polishing silk stockings with a large cowrie shell. The horses are standing near, in a row, eating lucerne grass, and the jumadār is making a report on their health, which is the custom at twelve at noon, when they come round for their tiffin.

Yesterday a mad pariah dog ran into the drawing-room; I closed the doors instantly, and the servants shot the animal: dogs are numerous and dangerous at some seasons.

Exchanged a little mare—who could sing, "I'm sweet fifteen, and one year more"—for a stud-bred Arab, named Trelawny; the latter being too impetuous to please his master.

Our friend Major D—— is anxious to tempt us to Nagpore, if we could get a good appointment there. "He rides a steed of air[1];" and we have indulged in building *chateaux d'Espagne*, or castles in Ayrshire.

Aug. 21st.—It is thought the gentleman, for whom my husband now officiates, will not rejoin this appointment; should he be disappointed of his hope of reigning in his stead, he will apply for something else rather than return to Calcutta, which we do not wish to see till the year of furlough, 1833-4. Meantime we must make it out as well as we can, and live upon hope, with the assurance that *if* we live, we shall *not* die fasting.

I wish the intermediate years would pass by as quickly as the river Jumna before our house, which is in such a furious hurry, that it is quite awful to see the velocity with which the boats fly along. Both the Ganges and the Jumna have this year been unusually high, and much mischief to the villages on the banks

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 21.

has been the consequence. There was a report the day before yesterday, that the Ganges, about a mile from this, had burst its banks. Luckily it was false; but it was a very near thing. Since then the river has sunk nearly twenty feet, so that we have no fear at present. The Jumna was within six feet of our garden bank.

Of the climate we cannot form a fair opinion, but it is certainly very superior to any they have in Bengal. This year has been most unnatural; no regular hot winds, unexpected storms, and the rains delayed beyond their proper season. Allahabad is called the oven of India, therefore I expect to become a *jolie brune*, and the sāhib well-baked.

We have just received telegraphic intelligence of the bishop's death at the Saṇdheads, where he was sent on account of severe illness, which terminated fatally on the 13th instant. It is said, that *three* bishops are to be imported, the late consumption having been so great. They ought to make bishops of the clergy who have passed their lives in India, and not send out old men who cannot stand the climate.

We have the use of a native steam-bath, which is most refreshing when the skin feels dry and uncomfortable. There are three rooms—the temperature of the first is moderate; that of the second, warmer; and the third, which contains the steam, is heated to about 100°. There you sit, until the perspiration starts in great drops from every pore; the women are then admitted, who rub you with besun[1] and native hand-rubbers[2], and pour hot water over you until the surface peels off; and you come out a new creature, like the snake that has cast its skin. One feels fresh and elastic, and the joints supple: the steam-bath is a fine invention.

Oct. 1st.—The first steamer arrived at Allahabad in twenty-six days from Calcutta; the natives came down in crowds to view it from the banks of the Jumna; it was to them a cause of great astonishment.

[1] The flour or meal of pulse, particularly of chanā (cicer arietinum).

[2] Khīsās.

CHAPTER X.

LIFE IN THE ZENĀNA.

"SHE WHO IS BELOVED, IS THE WIFE [1]."

Zenāna of the King of Oude—Regiment of Females—The Favourite Wife—The English Begam—The Princess of Delhi, *the* Begam *par excellence*—Colonel Gardner—Mirza Sulimān Sheko and his fifty-two Children—The forty Princesses—Mootee, the Pearl of the Desert—Hunting Season at Papamhow—Jackals and Foxes—A Suttee at Prāg—Report of a Suttee—An ill-starred Horse.

Oct. 1828.—A letter just received from a lady, a friend of mine, at Lucnow, is so amusing and so novel, I must make an extract:—

"The other day, (Oct. 18th,) was the anniversary of the King of Oude's coronation; and I went to see the ceremony, one I had never witnessed before, and with which I was much gratified. But the greatest treat was a visit to the begam's afterwards, when the whole of the wives, aunts, cousins, &c., were assembled in state to receive us.

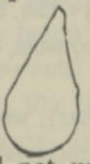
"The old begam (the king's mother), was the *great lady*, of course, and in her palace were we received; the others being considered her guests, as well as ourselves.[l] It was a most amusing sight, as I had never witnessed the interior of a zenāna before, and so many women assembled at once I had never beheld. I suppose from first to last we saw some thousands. *Women-bearers* carried our tanjans; a regiment of female gold

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 22.

and silver-sticks, dressed in male costume, were drawn up before the entrance; and those men, chiefly *Africans*, who were employed inside the zenāna (and there were abundance of these frightful creatures), were all of the same class as the celebrated Velluti. The old begam was without jewels or ornaments, likewise a very pretty and favourite wife of the late king, their state of widowhood precluding their wearing them. But the present king's wives were most superbly dressed, and looked like creatures of the Arabian tales. Indeed, one was so beautiful, that I could think of nothing but Lalla Rookh in her bridal attire.

"I never saw any one so lovely, either black or white. Her features were perfect; and such eyes and eyelashes I never beheld before. She is the favourite queen at present, and has only been married a month or two: her age about fourteen; and such a little creature, with the smallest hands and feet, and the most *timid, modest* look imaginable. You would have been charmed with her, she was so graceful and fawn-like. Her dress was of gold and scarlet brocade, and her hair was literally strewed with pearls, which hung down upon her neck in long single strings, terminating in large pearls, which mixed with and hung *as low* as her hair, which was curled on each side her head in long ringlets, like Charles the Second's beauties.

"On her forehead she wore a small gold circlet, from which depended (and hung half-way down her forehead) large pear-shaped pearls, interspersed with emeralds. The pearls were of this size and form,



and had a very becoming effect, close upon the forehead, between the eyes. Above this was a paradise plume, from which strings of pearls were carried over the head, as we turn *our hair*.

"I fear you will not understand me. Her ear-rings were immense gold-rings, with pearls and emeralds suspended all round in long strings, the pearls increasing in size. She had a nose-ring also, with large round pearls and emeralds; and her necklaces, &c., were too numerous to be described. She wore long sleeves, open at the elbow; and her dress was a full petticoat, some dozen yards wide, with a tight body attached, and only open at the throat. She had several persons to bear her

train when she walked; and her women stood behind her couch to arrange her head-dress, when in moving her pearls got entangled in the immense dopatta of scarlet and gold she had thrown around her. How I wished for you when we were seated! you would have been delighted with the whole scene. This beautiful creature is the envy of all the other wives, and the favourite, at present, of the king and his mother, both of whom have given her titles—the king's is after the favourite wife of one of the celebrated kings of Delhi, 'Tajmahŭl,' and Nourmahŭl herself could not have been more lovely.

"The other newly-made queen is nearly *European*, but not a whit fairer than Tajmahŭl.[2] She is, in my opinion, plain, but is considered by the native ladies very handsome; and she was the king's favourite until he saw Tajmahŭl.

"She was more splendidly dressed than even Tajmahŭl; her head-dress was a coronet of diamonds, with a fine crescent and plume of the same. She is the daughter of an European merchant, and is accomplished for an inhabitant of a zenāna, as she writes and speaks Persian fluently, as well as Hindostani, and it is said she is teaching the king *English;* though, when we spoke to her in English, she said she had forgotten it, and could not reply. She was, I fancy, afraid of the old begam, as she evidently understood us; and when asked if she liked being in the zenāna, she shook her head and looked quite melancholy. Jealousy of the new favourite, however, appeared the cause of her discontent, as, though they sat on the same couch, they never addressed each other. And now you must be as tired of the begams, as I am of writing about them.

"The mother of the king's children, Mulka Zumanee, did not visit us at the old queen's, but we went to see her at her own palace: she is, *after all*, the person of the most political consequence, being the mother of the heir-apparent; and she has great power over her royal husband, whose ears she boxes occasionally.

"The Delhi princess, to whom the king was betrothed and married by his father, we did not see; she is in disgrace, and confined to her own palace. The old begam talked away to us,

but appeared surprised I should admire Tajmahŭl more than the English begam, as she is called,—*my country-woman* as they styled her!

"Poor thing, I felt ashamed of the circumstance, when I saw her chewing pān with all the gusto of a regular Hindostanee."

The above letter contains so charming an account of Lucnow, that I cannot refrain from adding an extract from another of the same lady.

"At the residency, on such a day as this, the thermometer is seldom short of 100°!

"Did you ever hear of Colonel Gardner? he is married to a native princess. The other day he paid Lucnow a visit. His son's wife is sister to the *legal* queen of our present worthy sovereign of Oude. Colonel Gardner came on a visit to the begam's father, Mirza Sulimān Sheko, a prince of the house of Delhi, blessed with fifty-two children, twelve sons and forty daughters! Did you ever hear of such enormity? the poor papa is without a rupee, his pension from government of 5000 rupees a month is mortgaged to his numerous creditors. He has quarrelled with his illustrious son-in-law, the king of Oude; and Colonel Gardner has come over with the laudable purpose of removing his family from Oude to Delhi, where they will have a better chance of being provided for.

"Indeed, the other day, seventeen of the daughters were betrothed to seventeen princes of Delhi: this is disposing of one's daughters by wholesale! is it not? Colonel Gardner, who is a very gentlemanlike person, I hear, of the old school, was educated in France some fifty years ago. He gave a description of his sojourn amongst this *small family* in the city, in these words,—'I slept every night with the thermometer at 100°, and surrounded by 500 females!'

"What a situation! I do not know which would be the most overpowering, the extreme heat, or the incessant clack of the forty princesses and their attendants. It reminds me of the old fairy tale of the 'Ogre's forty daughters with golden crowns on their heads.'"

On dit, the English begam was the daughter of a half caste

and an English officer; her mother afterwards married a native buniyā (shop-keeper). She had a sister; both the girls lived with the mother, and employed themselves in embroidering saddle-cloths for the horses of the rich natives. They were both very plain; nevertheless, one of them sent her picture to his majesty, who, charmed with the portrait, married the lady. She had money in profusion at her command: she made her father-in-law her treasurer, and pensioned her mother and sister.

The Suttee.

A rich buniyā, a corn chandler, whose house was near the gate of our grounds, departed this life; he was an Hindoo. On the 7th of November, the natives in the bazār were making a great noise with their tom-toms, drums, and other discordant musical instruments, rejoicing that his widow had determined to perform suttee, *i. e.* to burn on his funeral-pile.

The magistrate sent for the woman, used every argument to dissuade her, and offered her money. Her only answer was, dashing her head on the floor, and saying, "If you will not let me burn with my husband, I will hang myself in your court of justice." The shāstrs say, "The prayers and imprecations of a suttee are never uttered in vain; the great gods themselves cannot listen to them unmoved."

If a widow touch either food or water from the time her husband expires until she ascend the pile, she cannot, by Hindoo law, be burned with the body; therefore the magistrate kept the corpse *forty-eight* hours, in the hope that hunger would compel the woman to eat. Guards were set over her, but she never touched any thing. My husband accompanied the magistrate to see the suttee: about 5000 people were collected together on the banks of the Ganges: the pile was then built, and the putrid body placed upon it; the magistrate stationed guards to prevent the people from approaching it. After having bathed in the river, the widow lighted a brand, walked round the pile, set it on fire, and then mounted cheerfully: the flame caught and blazed up instantly; she sat down, placing the head of the corpse on her lap, and repeated several times the usual form,

"Ram, Ram, suttee; Ram, Ram, suttee;" *i. e.* "God, God, I am chaste."

As the wind drove the fierce fire upon her, she shook her arms and limbs as if in agony; at length she started up and approached the side to escape. An Hindoo, one of the police who had been placed near the pile to see she had fair play, and should not be burned by force, raised his sword to strike her, and the poor wretch shrank back into the flames. The magistrate seized and committed him to prison. The woman again approached the side of the blazing pile, sprang fairly out, and ran into the Ganges, which was within a few yards. When the crowd and the brothers of the dead man saw this, they called out, "Cut her down, knock her on the head with a bamboo; tie her hands and feet, and throw her in again;" and rushed down to execute their murderous intentions, when the gentlemen and the police drove them back.

The woman drank some water, and having extinguished the fire on her red garment, said she would mount the pile again and be burned.

The magistrate placed his hand on her shoulder (which rendered her impure), and said, "By your own law, having once quitted the pile you cannot ascend again; I forbid it. You are now an outcast from the Hindoos, but I will take charge of you, the Company will protect you, and you shall never want food or clothing."[4]

He then sent her, in a palanquin, under a guard, to the hospital. The crowd made way, shrinking from her with signs of horror, but returned peaceably to their homes; the Hindoos annoyed at her escape, and the Mussulmans saying, "It was better that she should escape, but it was a pity we should have lost the *tamāshā* (amusement) of seeing her burnt to death."

Had not the magistrate and the English gentlemen been present, the Hindoos would have cut her down when she attempted to quit the fire; or had she leapt out, would have thrown her in again, and have said, "She performed suttee of *her own accord*, how could *we* make her? it was the will of God." As a specimen of their religion the woman said, "I

have transmigrated six times, and have been burned six times with six different husbands; if I do not burn the seventh time, it will prove unlucky for me!" "What good will burning do you?" asked a bystander. She replied, "The women of my husband's family have all been suttees, why should I bring disgrace upon them? I shall go to heaven, and afterwards re-appear on earth, and be married to a very rich man." She was about twenty or twenty-five years of age, and possessed of some property, for the sake of which her relatives wished to put her out of the world.

If every suttee were conducted in this way, very few would take place in India. The woman was not much burned, with the exception of some parts on her arms and legs. Had she performed suttee, they would have raised a little cenotaph, or a mound of earth by the side of the river, and every Hindoo who passed the place returning from bathing would have made sālām to it; a high honour to the family. While we were in Calcutta, many suttees took place; but as they were generally on the other side of the river, we only heard of them after they had occurred. Here the people passed in procession, flags flying, and drums beating, close by our door. I saw them from the verandah; the widow, dressed in a red garment, was walking in the midst. My servants all ran to me, begging to be allowed to go and see the tamāshā (fun, sport), and having obtained permission, they all started off, except one man, who was pulling the pankhā, and he looked greatly vexed at being obliged to remain. The sāhib said, the woman appeared so perfectly determined, he did not think she would have quitted the fire. Having performed suttee according to her own account six times before, one would have thought from her miraculous incombustibility, she had become asbestos, only purified and not consumed by fire. I was glad the poor creature was not murdered; but she will be an outcast; no Hindoo will eat with her, enter her house, or give her assistance; and when she appears they will point at her and give her abuse. Her own and her husband's family would lose caste if they were to speak to her: but, as an example, it will prevent a number of women from becoming suttees, and do

infinite good: fortunately, she has no children. And these are the people called in Europe the "mild inoffensive Hindoos!"

The woman was mistress of a good house and about 800 rupees; the brothers of her deceased husband would, after her destruction, have inherited the property.

The burning of the widow is not commanded by the shāstrs: to perform suttee is a proof of devotion to the husband. The mountain Himalaya, being personified, is represented as a powerful monarch: his wife, Mena; their daughter is called Parvuti, or mountain-born, and Doorga, or difficult of access. She is said to have been married to Shivŭ in a *pre-existing* state when she was called Sŭtēē. After the marriage, Shivŭ on a certain occasion offended his father-in-law, King Dŭkshŭ, by refusing to make sālām to him as he entered the circle in which the king was sitting.

To be revenged, the monarch refused to invite Shivŭ to a sacrifice which he was about to perform. Sŭtēē, the king's daughter, however, was resolved to go, though uninvited and forbidden by her husband. On her arrival, Dŭkshŭ poured a torrent of abuse on Shivŭ, which affected Sŭtēē so much that she died.

In memory of this proof of great affection, a Hindoo widow burning with her husband on the funeral-pile, is called a Sŭtēē.

The following passages are from the Hindoo Shāstrs:—

"There are 35,000,000 hairs on the human body. The woman who ascends the pile with her husband, will remain so many years in heaven."

"As the snake draws the serpent from its hole, so she, rescuing her husband (from hell), rejoices with him."

"The woman who expires on the funeral-pile of her husband, purifies the family of her mother, her father, and her husband."

"So long as a woman, in her successive transmigrations, shall decline burning herself, like a faithful wife, on the same fire with her deceased lord, so long shall she not be exempted from springing again to life in the body of some female animal."

"There is no virtue greater than a chaste woman burning



On Stone by Major Parlby

Sketched on the Spot by

TEMPLE OF BHAWĀNĪ AND SUTTEES ALOPEE BĀGH.

فینی پارکس

herself with her husband:" the term Sŭtēē, here rendered "chaste" is thus explained; "commiserating with her husband in trouble, rejoicing in his joys, neglecting herself when he is gone from home, and dying at his death."

"By the favour of a chaste woman the universe is preserved, on which account she is to be regarded by kings and people as a goddess."

"If the husband be out of the country when he dies, let the virtuous wife take his slippers (or any thing else which belongs to his dress) and binding them, or it, on her breast, after purification, enter a separate fire."

Mothers collect the cowries strewn by a sŭtēē as she walks round the pile, ere she fires it, and hang them round the necks of their sick children as a cure for disease.

In the plate entitled "Superstitions of the Natives," fig. 3 represents the cowrie shells. (Cypræa moneta.)

The suttee took place on the banks of the Ganges, under the Bund between the Fort and Raj Ghat, a spot reckoned very holy and fortunate for the performance of the rite.

Several of our friends requested me, in case another suttee occurred, to send them timely notice. Five days afterwards, I was informed that a rānee[1] was to be burned. Accordingly I sent word to all my friends. Eight thousand people were assembled on the suttee-ground, who waited from mid-day to sun-set: then a cry arose—"The mem sāhiba sent us here! the mem sāhiba said it was to take place to-day! see, the sun has set, there can now be no suttee!" The people dispersed. My informant told me what he himself believed, and I mystified some 8000 people most unintentionally.

TEMPLE OF BHAWĀNĪ AND SUTTEES, ALOPEE BAGH.

In Alopee Bagh, in the centre of a large plantation of mango-trees, is a small temple dedicated to Bhawānī; there is no image in it, merely a raised altar, on which victims were, I suppose, formerly sacrificed. Each of the small buildings on the

[1] A Hindoo queen or princess.

right contains the ashes of a suttee; there are seven suttee-graves of masonry on this, and six of earth on the other side, near the temple, in the mango tope. The largest suttee-tomb contains the ashes of a woman who was burnt in 1825, *i.e.* six years ago. The ashes are always buried near a temple sacred to Bhāwanī, and *never* by any other. Families too poor to raise a tomb of masonry in memory of the burnt-sacrifice, are contented to raise a mound of earth, and place a kulsa of red earthenware to mark the spot. In the sketch of "The Kulsas[1]," Fig. 8 is one of this description, which I carried away from these suttee-mounds.

The temple of Bhawānī is shaded by a most beautiful peepul-tree, from the centre of which a fākir's flag was flying; it stands in a plantation of mango-trees. I desired an Hindoo, who was present when I sketched the temple, to count the suttee-graves around it. As he counted them, he repeatedly made sālām to each mound.

The kulsa, Fig. 8, is made of common unglazed red pottery: there are five points—one at the top, the others placed at equal spaces around it; between the points are two figures of human beings, and two emblems like a moon and a crescent, see Fig. 9. The kulsa is hollow, and has five holes, through which the points, which are of solid earthenware, are introduced before baking, see Fig. 10: height, ten inches and a half; circumference just below the points, twenty-six inches; diameter at bottom, six inches. The kulsa, Fig. 7, is another from a large suttee at the same spot, of a different form; they call it a topee walla kulsa. The suttees in the sketch of the temple of Bhawānī are all of masonry; the mounds are invisible, lying at the back of the temple.

Nov.—My beautiful Arab, Mootee, after taking a most marvellous quantity of blue vitriol and opium, has recovered, but will be unfit for my riding; the sinews of his fore-leg are injured; besides which, he is rather too playful; he knocked down his sā'īs yesterday, tore his clothes to pieces, bit two bits of flesh

[1] In Volume the Second.

out of his back, and would perhaps have killed him, had not the people in the bazār interfered and rescued the man. It was an odd freak, he is such a sweet-tempered animal, and I never knew him behave incorrectly before.

We spent the month of December, our hunting season, at Papamhow; and purchased several couple of the Berkeley hounds, from the Calcutta kennel, for the pack at Allahabad. I received a present of an excellent little black horse with a long tail; and, mounted on him, used to go out every day after the jackals and foxes. I am rich in riding-horses, and the dark brown stud Arab Trelawny bids fair to rival Mootee in my affections. Returning from chasing a jackal one evening, it was very dark, and as Captain A—— S—— was cantering his Arab across the parade-ground, the animal put his foot into a deep hole, and fell; our friend thought nothing of it, and refused to be bled; a few days afterwards the regiment quitted Allahabad, and he died the second day, on the march to Benares. He was an ill-fated animal, that little horse of his: they called him an Arab pony, but no good caste animal would have been so vicious; he had one fault, a trick of biting at the foot of his rider—he bit off the toe of his former master, mortification ensued, and the man died. I often wished to mount him, but they would never allow me: the creature was very handsome, and remarkably well formed; doubtless a native would have found unlucky marks upon him—at that time I was ignorant respecting samāt, or unlucky marks on horses.

CHAPTER XI.

RESIDENCE AT PRĀG.

"I KEEP WRITING ON UPON THE PRINCIPLE OF A GOOD ECONOMIST, THAT IT IS A PITY SO MUCH PAPER SHOULD BE LOST, WHICH, LIKE THE QUEER LITTLE OLD MAN IN THE SONG, 'HAS A LONG WAY TO GO.'"

"WHAT RELIANCE IS THERE ON LIFE[1]?"

"HE WHO HAS ILL-LUCK FOR HIS COMPANION WILL BE BITTEN BY A DOG ALTHOUGH MOUNTED ON A CAMEL[2]."

1829—March to Benares—Misfortunes *en suite*—The Hummām of the Rajah—Flowers of Wax and Ubruk—Return to Prāg—Storm *en route*—Gram—A Central Government—Thieves, Domestic—Snake in the Stable—Death in a Pālkee—Power of the Sun to change the Sex—Lord William Bentinck—Half-Batta—The Jaws of the Crocodile—The Clipper—Discontent of the Army—Recovery of the Stolen Rupees—The Gosāin—Ram Din—The Ancient Temple.

Jan. 1829.—In the beginning of this month, having promised to meet Captain A. S—— at the races at Ghazeepore, we started by land, having sent tents and provisions by water to await our arrival. A violent headache preventing me from mounting my horse, I proceeded in a pālkee, much against medical advice, and slept half-way to Benares, in our tents.

Rising late the next day, we had a hot ride before reaching the Stanhope, where we learnt that our pitaras had been stolen. My husband rode forward in pursuit of the thieves, leaving me seated by the side of the road; the sun becoming very hot, I got into the buggy, overcome from my recent illness, the sā'īs

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 23. [2] Ibid. No. 24.

holding the horse. I was startled from a doze by the sound of the bells of a native cart passing with flags flying; the horse alarmed sprang from the sā'īs's hands, pulling away the reins, which fell to the ground; away galloped the horse, a strong animal fifteen hands high; he looked down the steep ditch on one side the raised road, turned round, looked over the ditch on the other side, made one more sudden turn in alarm, and upset the buggy. I was thrown head foremost through the opening in the back, my limbs remaining under the buggy-hood, which was broken to pieces; the horse fairly kicked himself out of the shafts, and galloped off; I was glad when I found he was free, and knew he could not break my legs, which were still under the hood: at length I dragged them out, with my long habit-skirt, and made an attempt to go after the horse, but was obliged to sit down—blue and yellow suns, stars, and bright objects floated before my eyes—I was unable to stand: my dressing-case having been thrown out of the buggy, I drank some *sal volatile*, which took off the giddiness. My husband returned at this moment, and an officer from some tents near at hand came to our assistance. The Stanhope was carried forward by coolies; we had a Calcutta buggy also with us, in which we proceeded. The road was covered with the finest sand, rendering it impossible to see the deep holes in every direction. The horse, a powerful English imported creature, was going very fast, when he put both his fore feet into a deep hole, and came down; the high Calcutta buggy swung forwards with such force I was pitched out over the wheel on my head, and remained insensible for a few seconds. My husband was not thrown out. He was unable to leave the frightened horse; it was a relief when he heard a voice from the dust, saying, "I am not hurt;" a voice he feared he should never hear again. The bruises I had before received, united with this blow on my head, which cut through my riding-hat, made me very nervous; and when at the last stage we had to drive a run-away mare, laid for us by a friend, I really sat in fear and trembling. At last we arrived at Benares. I was carried up-stairs to bed, my limbs being stiff and painful. For ten days I could scarcely move, so much was my body

bruised by the iron rail and hood of the buggy, and my right arm was greatly swollen.

My recovery was brought about by having four women to shampoo me for five hours daily, and by going into a vapour-bath belonging to the Rajah of Benares. In the bath the women shampooed, and twisted, and pinched my limbs, until I could walk without assistance—that vapour-bath was a great relief.

One morning the rajah sent me a bouquet of flowers, they were beautifully made of ubruk (talc, mica) and coloured wax, the first I had seen well executed.

My husband at the billiard-table, said: "I am uncertain respecting that stroke, I wish A—— S—— was here." "Do you not know he is dead?" said his opponent, "he died in consequence of his fall with that Arab pony at Papamhow." We were greatly shocked.

Jan. 29th.—We quitted our kind friends at Benares to return home: ill-luck pursued us—the first stage the horse fell lame, and we reached our tent with difficulty. During the night a heavy storm came on; the tent being old was soon saturated, and the water poured in on our chārpāīs. The horses picketed outside were drenched, they neighed and shook their chains; the sā'īses crept under the corners of the rāwtī, and we had the floorcloth put over us, to protect us from the rain and cold.

The next day we galloped to our second tent, which we found soaked through from the rain of the night. There was the tent, and nothing else. One of the camels having fallen lame, the servants had made it a pretext for not continuing their march, and we were *planté* in the jungle without food, bedding, or warm clothing! A camel-driver caught a chicken, and drawing out a long queer crooked blade, killed it, and dressed an excellent curry in a few minutes; having had no food all day, and much exercise, we devoured it to the last grain of rice. I thought of the saying, "If you ask a hungry man how much two and two make—he answers, 'Four loaves[1].'" The night

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 25.

was miserable, the wind blowing through the wet canvass; we could not even borrow a blanket from the horses, everything was drenched. A pukka ague and fever was the consequence, which lasted seven or eight days, and returned regularly once every four weeks for three months.

Nor did our misfortunes end here. Much to the surprise of my husband, his Arab Rajah, whom he had had for seven years, threw him over his right shoulder. Rajah was particularly pleased; for having looked at him, he cocked his tail and went off at his best pace towards home. Monsieur was not hurt, and received only a few bruises for his carelessness, which, considering he now weighs fourteen stone, shows that, like Cæsar, he has much respect for his person and can fall in proper form.

Another *malheur!* a box from England on its way up the river was stolen at Patna; it contained letters and presents for me, amongst the rest a veritable *tête montée à la Giraffe*, a serious loss, *qui pourrait bien faire monter la tête*—but I bear the misfortune bravely.

The arrival of a friend from England has pleased us greatly. What pleasure reminiscences Etonian and Harrovian give him and the sāhib! "Economy, *esperanza*, and 1833," is our motto. "In five years," says an old Harrovian, "we may hear the bell and going up—sounds worth listening to."

Cicer arietinum (chickweed), is called *arietinum* because the young seed bears a very curious resemblance to a ram's horn. The crops being favourable this year, this chickweed (chāna or gram) was sold in the city one mŭn twenty-two ser per rupee; and in the district, one mŭn thirty-five ser for the same.

March 8th.—At this time my husband was attacked with ague and fever, the consequence of our expedition to Benares.

There is a rumour of a central government being established, the location to be hereabouts, so that Allahabad may again become a city of repute.

We have had much annoyance of late from the servants stealing all sorts of little things, as also wine. Two of the khidmatgārs were the culprits: one has been rataned, and put in irons to work on the road; we could not punish the

other, but it was a pleasure to get him out of the house. In India, amongst so many servants, it is very difficult to discover the thief.

May 31*st*.—How I rejoice this month is over!—this vile month! It appears almost wicked to abuse the merry merry month of May, so delightful at home, but so hot in India. Mr. M—— started from Calcutta to come up dāk on the 7th instant, and died in his pālkee of brain-fever only three days afterwards, in consequence of the intense heat! We spare no expense to keep the house cool, and have fourteen men whose sole business night and day is to throw water on tattīs to cool the rooms; unless the wind blows, the tattīs are useless. The heat makes you as sick as if you were to shut your head up in an oven.

A young bullock was standing in the stable to-day by the side of three horses, a snake bit the animal, and it died in a few minutes; the horses escaped,—and so did the snake, much to my sorrow.

July 19*th*.—The other evening Major P—— was with us, when Ram Din, a favourite Hindoo servant, brought into the room a piece of cotton cloth containing 150 rupees tightly tied up in it; the man placed it on the table by my side, and retired. Major P——, who thought the cloth looked dirty, took it up, and saying, "Oh the vile rupees!" let it drop upon the ground between his chair and mine. We took tea; and I retired to rest, entirely forgetting the bag of rupees. When I looked for it the following morning, of course it had disappeared. By the advice of the jāmadār of the office we sent for a gosāin, a holy personage, who lived in a most remarkable temple on the ruins of an old well by the side of the Jumna, close to our house. The gosāin came. He collected the Hindoos together, and made pooja. Having anointed a sacred piece of wood [1] with oil and turmeric, and placed it in a hut, he closed the door; and coming forth, said: "To show you that I am able to point out the thief, I have now left a gold ring in front of the idol in that house; go in and worship, every man of you. Each man must

[1] Acacia Arabica, or Babool.

put his hand upon the idol. Let one amongst you take the ring, I will point out the man."

The Hindoos looked at him with reverence; they all separately entered the dwelling, and did as they were ordered. The jāmadār performed the same ceremony, although he was a Mussulmān. On their appearing before the gosāin, he desired them all to show their hands, and having examined them with much attention, he exclaimed, looking at the hands of the jāmadār, "You are the thief!" The man held up his hands to heaven, exclaiming, "God is great, and you are a wonderful man! *I*, a Mussulmān, did not believe in your power; your words are words of truth; I took the ring, here it is: if it be your pleasure, you can, doubtless, point out the man who stole the rupees."

The gosāin then told the people, that unless the money were forthcoming the next day, he would come and point out the thief. That evening the jāmadār roamed around the house, calling out in the most dismal voice imaginable, "You had better put back the rupees, you had better put back the rupees." The police came, and wished to carry off Ram Din to prison, because he was the servant who had put the money by my side. The man looked at me. "Is it your will? I am a Rajpoot, and shall lose caste; I have served you faithfully, I am present."

"Who will be security that you will not run away?" said the barkandāz. I replied, "*I* will be his security: Ram Din will remain with us, and when the magistrate sends for him, I will answer for it he will be present." The man's eyes filled with tears: it was the greatest compliment I could pay him: he made a deep sālām, saying, "Mem sāhiba! Mem sāhiba!" in an agitated and grateful tone. The next morning the jāmadār informed me that a bag was on the top of the wardrobe in my dressing-room, and none of the servants would touch it. I went to the spot, and desired Ram Din to take it down.

"This is the cloth that contained the rupees," said the man, "and it has never been opened; I know it by a peculiar knot that I always tie." He opened the bag, and found the whole of the money.

We had reason to believe one of the under bearers committed the theft. The Hindoos have such faith in their gosāins, and their influence over them is so great, they dare not do otherwise than as they are ordered by the holy men. I got back the 15*l.*, and gave 4*l.* to those who had exerted themselves to find it.

The Gosāin's Temple.

Just above the Fort of Allahabad, on the banks of the Jumna, close to the Jāmma Musjid, or large mosque, amongst the ruins of the *ancient* city of Prāg, within a Boorj (or Bastion), is an old well, from which the bank has been washed away by the river, and which now stands within the edge of the stream.

The well in the centre of the Boorj descends into the Jumna; over it is built a most peculiar, circular, and singular temple; this and a small square outer building is the residence of the gosāin, who by his incantations, made the servants restore the 150 rupees that had been stolen.

The pillars are peculiar — Ionic — no further ornamental work is visible: perforated stone fills up the openings above: some have been blocked up: the Nagree writing in red letters at the foot of the pillar is recent: several boorj (bastions) beyond this one, which contains the water-gate, have sunk into the river: there were eight originally, seven of which are still visible. Accompanied by a gentleman, I went to sketch it, and asked the gosāin to allow us to see the interior. The holy man made some difficulty in allowing us to enter; sweet words induced him to open the door.

"By sweet words and gentleness you may draw an elephant by a hair [1]."

Within was a small room, in which was the gosāin's bed, and a large green painted chest, iron clamped, on wheels, which, I suppose, contained his valuables: it must have been put together in the room, being too large to have come in through the door-way. In a nitch of the wall was a small brazen image of Krishna, with a smaller one of Rhada, the latter dressed in a

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 26.

full red and yellow petticoat, stretched out like a fan, and many times wider than the height of the idol.

This is the second time I have seen a place consecrated to these images. The worship is very impure, I am told; and, in spite of the holy character of the priest, histories are whispered about which account for the marvellous properties of the seeds of the peepul-tree. Women principally worship at this shrine.

The circular temple above the well, to which there is a grating, contains either the gosāin's money or zenāna, or both: he would not allow us to take a view of the interior. On the outside, at the foot of the temple, is a neglected and broken image, in stone, of Varaha, the avatār of Vishnoo with the head of a boar.

Whilst sketching the temple, we remarked its strong resemblance to the temple of the Sibyl, and were greatly surprised at its Ionic style of architecture.

On my return to England, a gentleman, seeing the sketch, said, "You must have painted from imagination, no such architecture is in the East." This remark annoyed me. I defended the truth and faithfulness of my pencil, and determined, should fate ever carry me back to the ancient city of Prāg, to pay most particular attention to the architecture, and to re-sketch the temple. The mystery of its similarity to that of the Sibyl will be explained hereafter.

I must give a specimen of the natives. I asked the man who has the charge of the rabbits, why a remarkably handsome buck was missing, and a white doe was in its place?

The man vowed that "the day being extremely hot, the sun had turned the black buck white, and had altered the sex also!" I called a chaprāsī, desired him to pay the man's wages, deducting the value of the buck, and turn him out of my service: his penitence and recantation were in vain. "I wish you would give me a beating, and let me remain in your service," said the man. "You may have a beating if you wish it," said I, "but unless it changes your sex, you shall not remain in my service."

"THE DIVER WHO THINKS ON THE JAWS OF THE CROCODILE, WILL NEVER GATHER PRECIOUS PEARLS[1]."

This saying is very applicable to Europeans in India: the climate is worse than the jaws of the crocodile; and as for the pearls—when large appointments, in the hope of attaining which men have been slaving upon small allowances, fall vacant, the shears are applied, and a reduction of one-third or more follows. It is rumoured, but upon doubtful evidence, that the Governor-general and members of Council determined to sácrifice part of *their* allowances to contribute to the general exigencies of the state, but found *they* were restricted from receiving less by the Act of Parliament, by which their salaries are fixed. The Governor-general, in common parlance, is called "the clipper."

It is to be hoped the Half Batta measure will be abandoned; if it is insisted upon, the experiment will be somewhat perilous. Let the Board of Control look at the numbers carried off by the climate, and they must acknowledge their pay is blood-money. The sipahīs are deserting from different stations, eight and nine a day, and some regiments are almost in a state of mutiny. The men desert to Runjeet Singh; and I understand the officers of many regiments will not dine at the Government-house, and only make their appearance when obliged by order. Heaven help those poor fellows who have wives and children to starve on half batta!

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 27.



Sketched on the spot — and on Stone by Major Parlby

A DHURMSALĀ BENE MAHADĒO CHAUT

CHAPTER XII.

SKETCHES AT ALLAHABAD.

"THE LAMP BURNS NOT BEFORE THE BLACK SNAKE [1],"

Which, like the Burmese idols, is supposed to carry a bright jewel in its head.

1829.—The Snake-charmer—Ram Leela—Board of Works—The Hukāk—Kurand Patthar—Pebbles from the Soane and Cane Rivers—Raj Ghāt—The Dhrumsāla—The Ginee—Temple of Hŭnoomān, Ram, and Seeta—Ravuna the Giant—Bene-Māhadēo—The Adansonia—Little Jack Bunce—Encampment of the Governor-general—Ashes of a Rajah consigned to the Ganges—Christmas-boxes.

1829, *Oct.*—Snakes are very numerous in our garden; the cobra de capello, and the black snake, whose bite is just as mortal. This morning I turned over some tiles with my foot, when a cobra I had disturbed glided into the centre of the heap, where we killed him.

Mohummud said, "Kill snakes, and kill the snake which has two black lines upon its back, and kill the snake called *abter*, on account of its small tail; for verily these two kinds of snake blind the eyes as soon as they are looked at. You must not kill the snakes that live in the houses, because they are not snakes but a kind of genii. Domestic snakes, which are genii, must be warned to depart; if they do not, they are to be killed. The genii are of three kinds, one kind have wings, and fly; another are snakes and dogs; and the third move about from place to place like men."

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 28.

"But do not hurry in killing them, but say, 'do not incommode me, if you do, I shall kill you.' Then, if it goes away, so much the better; but if not, kill it, because it is an infidel *genius*."

"Kill all snakes, except the small white one, which is not poisonous[1]."

Several were in the stable and hen-house. A snake-charmer came, who offered to fascinate and catch the snakes for me at one rupee a head. He caught one, for which I gave him a rupee; but as I had it killed, he never returned—the charm was broken—it was a tame fangless snake, which he had tried to pass off as the wild one.

We killed three scorpions in the dining-room, of rather large dimensions. Our friend and neighbour had much compassion on frogs. Many an enormous bull-frog he rescued alive from the jaws of the snakes he killed in his garden. The poor frogs lost their defender on his return to England, and we an excellent friend.

During the Burmese war I had presents made me of seven or eight idols: one was of gold, several of silver; some of black, some of white marble, others of bronze. The soldiers in Burmah opened the heads of many of the large idols, and found jewels within them. I have never disturbed the "reflecting gems" within the brains of my Burmese gods; they may contain, for aught I know, "heaps of gold, inestimable jewels," —there let them rest.

Oct. 29th.—We drove to the Parade-ground, to view the celebration of the Ram Leela festival. Ram the warrior god is particularly revered by the sipahīs. An annual tamāshā is held in his honour, and that of Seeta his consort. A figure of Rawan the giant, as large as a windmill, was erected on the Parade-ground: the interior of the monster was filled with fire-works. This giant was destroyed by Ram. All sorts of games are played by the sipahīs, on the Parade. Mock fights and wrestling matches take place, and fire-works are let off. Two

[1] Mishcat ul Masabih.

young natives, about ten or twelve years old, are often attired to represent Ram and Seeta; and men with long tails figure as the army of monkeys, headed by their leader Hŭnoomān.

On dit, that the children who personate Ram and Seeta, the handsomest they can select, never live more than a year after the festival—for this I vouch not—it is said they are poisoned.

One ceremony was very remarkable: each native regiment took out its colours and made pooja to the standards, offering them sweetmeats, flowers, rice, and pān, as they do to a god! At Cawnpore I saw the men of the third cavalry riding round the image of the giant, with their colours flying, after having made pooja to them.

At the conclusion of the tamāshā, the figure of Rawan is blown up by the conqueror Ram. At the great Mela at Allahabad, I procured a large marble image of Ram, which came from Jeypore; it is highly gilt and ornamented: in his left hand is the bow of power, and the quiver full of arrows in his right: the trident mark adorns his forehead, and on his head is a crown. See the figure on the left of Ganesh in the frontispiece.

"Ram, the deified hero, was a famous warrior, and a youth of perfect beauty. He was the happy possessor of the divine bow Danush, which the giant Ravuna could not bend, and with which he contested for, and won, the hand of the goddess Seeta. It was ordained, that he only who could bend this bow, and with it shoot a fish, while revolving on a pole, through the left eye, not seeing the fish, but its reflection in a pan of oil, should espouse Seeta. The name of Ram is used beyond the pale of his own sectarists, in supplication and praise."

Rám, rám, is a usual salutation, like our good-morrow, between friends at meeting or parting. It is reverently reiterated at times in aid of abstraction, and in moments of enthusiasm or distress.

On the birthday of this god the Hindoo merchants in general begin their year's accounts; and on this day the gods caused a shower of flowers to fall from heaven.

"Ravuna, a giant who reigned at Ceylon, having seized Hŭnoomān, ordered his tail to be set on fire. The enraged

monkey, with his burning tail, leaped from house to house, and set all Lŭnka (Ceylon) on fire; after finishing which, he came to Seeta, and complained that he could not extinguish the fire that had kindled on his tail. She directed him to spit upon it; and he, raising it to his face for this purpose, set his face on fire. He then complained, that when he arrived at home with such a black face, all the monkeys would laugh at him. Seeta, to comfort him, assured him, that all the other monkeys should have black faces also; and when Hŭnoomān came amongst his friends, he found that, according to the promise of Seeta, they had all black faces as well as himself.

"Mŭndodŭrēē, the chief wife of Ravuna the giant, whom Ram had killed, came to Ram weeping; and he, not knowing who she was, gave her this blessing, that she should never become a widow. Finding his mistake, having just killed her husband, he ordered Hŭnoomān continually to throw wood upon the fire, according to a proverb amongst the Hindoos, that as long as the body of the husband is burning, a woman is not called a widow.

"To this day, therefore, Hŭnoomān keeps laying logs on the fire; and every time a Hindoo puts his fingers in his ears and hears a sound, he says he hears the bones of the giant Ravuna burning[1]."

The marks on the foreheads of Ram's followers very much resemble a trident.

At the time of death many Hindoos write the name of Ram on the breast and forehead of the dying person, with earth taken from the banks of the Ganges; and thence those persons after death, instead of being dragged to Yamu, the Holy King, the Judge of the Dead, to receive sentence, immediately ascend to heaven.

The mock fights at the Ram Leela are in remembrance of the time when Hŭnoomān and his monkeys constructed a bridge from the continent of India to Ceylon (Lŭnka), over which Ram's army passed, and rescued the imprisoned Seeta from the

[1] Ward on the History, Literature, and Religion of the Hindoos.

hands of the giant Rawan or Ravuna, who had carried her off. Seeta then passed through the ordeal of fire, and by her miraculous incombustibility assured the world of her purity; Ram placed the mālā, the chaplet of marriage, around her neck, and the monkeys capered and gambolled with delight.

The white marble figure in the frontispiece to the left of Ganesh represents Ram, the deified hero, with his bow and quiver. The brass figure in front of the latter is Hŭnoomān, bearing Ram Seeta on his shoulders.

THE BOARD OF WORKS.

Nov.—The cold season is a busy time. Having procured a quantity of teak timber and toon wood, we established a Board of Works in the verandah, consisting of five carpenters, two sawyers, two turners, six iron-smiths, one stone-cutter, and one harness-maker. Most excellent and very handsome were the dining-tables, sideboard, horseshoe-table, wardrobes, &c., and a Stanhope made by these men, from our own designs.

The carpenters carve wood extremely well. On my return to England, I saw and admired a round table in a friend's drawing-room; "Do you not remember," said she with surprise, "you made up that table yourself?" On looking at it, I recognized the pedestal and claw carved with broad leaves, copied from a model I made for my carpenter of Ganges mud.

The furniture was of various kinds of wood, as follows:—

Teak sāgūn (tectona grandis) or Indian oak—a fine heavy timber, in colour resembling oak; strong and good wood. The teak I made use of came from Ava, and was brought up from the salt-water lake near Calcutta; good sāgūn was also to be purchased at Cawnpore.

The finest is brought from Java and Ava. I saw *one plank* of Java teak which, even when made up, measured five feet six inches in diameter. It was the top of an oval table. It bears a good polish, and is suited for tables, wardrobes, and the beds of billiard-tables. In the up-country the usual price is one rupee per foot when the plank is one inch in thickness; in Calcutta, the same price when the plank is four inches in thickness. The

general size of the timber brought from Ava is eighteen inches in breadth.

Sāl, sānkho or sākoo (shorea robusta)—a heavy strong wood, from the up-country; fit for beams of houses, wardrobes, frames, window-frames, kitchen-tables, &c. Price, when thirty feet in length by seventeen inches in breadth, twenty-six rupees; when twenty-one feet in length by twenty-two in breadth, thirty-two rupees. It is sold cheap at Cawnpore in September and October.

Shīsham, sissoo or sesoo (dalbergia sissoo)—from the up-country; fit for tables, chairs, carriage-wheels and bodies; very heavy, takes a good polish, fine grained. Price, eighteen feet in length by fourteen in breadth, thirteen rupees; good for bullock-collars; cheap in September.

Toon—a light soft-grained wood, very much resembling mahogany; fit for tables, chairs, billiard-table frames, book-cases, &c.; reasonable at Cawnpore.

Soondry—comes from Calcutta; the best wood for shafts and carriage-wheels.

Arnoose, or bastard ebony, also called teenoo—a common timber, found on the banks of the Jumna; used for fire-wood; three or four mŭns per rupee. In the centre of the wood the ebony is found, which is lighter, both in colour and weight, than the ebony from the hills (abnoos), which is very heavy, hard, and difficult to cut; also of a good blackness; useful for handles of seals, chess-men, &c.

Cocoa-nut tree, naryul—from Calcutta; also one of the best for shafts; the bark is curious; when petrified and polished it is made into ornaments, brooches, &c.

Sutsaul—something like rosewood; comes from the Nepaul Terāee.

Tindoa—hard, tough, and very good for turning.

Rouswood (rous)—from the hills; extremely delicate and fine grained; turns beautifully; colour light. I procured rous-wood fit for turning in the jungles near Allahabad.

Neem or neemb (melia azadirachta)—extremely heavy and tough; colour light—almost white; turns well.

Korieah—Benares toys are made of this wood: it is beautifully white, fine grained, and delicate; it turns delightfully, and is very light. The toys are lacquered on the lathe by applying sealing-wax to them; the friction warms the sealing-wax, and it adheres. See Appendix, No. 11.

Mango-wood, amrā, (spondias mangifera)—fit for common work, out-house doors and beams, kitchen-tables, &c.

Babul—a very heavy and extremely hard wood (acacia Arabica).

Patang—a red wood, used in colouring cloths.

Lall chundun—a cedar.

Chucrassy—also walnut-wood from the hills.

From the Soane and Cane rivers we procured about half a bushel of pebbles, consisting of chalcedony, moss-agate, tree and fortification agate, cornelian, cinnamon-stone, goree (a sort of spar); and from Lucnow and Agra, bloodstone, lapis-lazuli, jet, petrified cocoa-nut bark, plum-pudding-stone, fossil-stone, gold-stone, and amethyst.

The tree-agate, or tree-stone, is so called by the natives from the marks on the surface resembling trees and flowers. In other agates the marks lie deep in the stone, in these they are all on the surface, and in grinding and polishing are easily destroyed, unless care be taken not to go too deep; they reminded me of a stone I saw in England, called Mocha-stone, which was set in small brilliants.

The pebbles from the Soane river are generally esteemed more than those of the Cane.

The process of cutting, and grinding, and polishing pebbles is as follows:—

The pebble is kept firm by being fastened on a board by a bit of lac—not sealing-wax. It is cut in halves by a small bamboo bow, strung with fine iron wire; powdered kurand patthar and water are put upon it during the time. The bow is used by the hand. The natives cut the pebbles by this simple method wonderfully even.

The Indian lathe for grinding and polishing stones is turned by the hŭkāk, or stonecutter, with a long bow in his right hand, whilst with the left hand he applies the pebble to the wheel.

It has four wheels—three of them are made of kurand patthar: the first wheel is of coarsely-pounded particles; in the second the particles are finer; and, in the third, are reduced to a fine powder. The wheels are merely kurand patthar mixed with glue, and formed into a large broad flat cake; in the centre a hole is cut to allow their being put upon the lathe. The pebble having been cut by the stonecutter, is now ready for grinding, which is performed by pressing it against the first wheel with the right hand, and using water and pounded kurand patthar at the same time, until the most uneven parts on the surface are removed; the second wheel is then put on, and the surface a little more reduced; after which the third wheel is used, and the stone becomes perfectly even: the kurand patthar, in powder, and water, is used with all the three wheels.

It is now to be polished, which is done upon a wooden wheel. The kurand patthar is but very little known to stonecutters and cutlers in England; for a further account of it, see Appendix, No. 12.

The pebbles, bloodstone, lapis-lazuli, and agates which I had cut and polished for bracelets, brooches, and snuff-boxes, were beautiful, and did honour to the hŭkāk.

During the time of the burra mela (great fair) at Prāg, natives used to come round to the houses of the gentry with boxes full of polished pebbles for sale—in sets for necklaces and bracelets, and large stones for snuff-boxes.

Raj Ghāt is on the banks of the Ganges, about a mile and a half above the Fort of Allahabad, and the village of Daragunge extends along the side of the Mahratta Bund above for some distance. To the right of the spot where travellers land on coming from Benares is a fine building, called a dhrumsālā, or place to distribute alms; it is dedicated to a form of Māhadēo, which stands in the shiwālā, or little temple, above: the form of this octagonal temple, as well as that of a similar one, which stands at the other side of the building, is very beautiful. On the left are the remains of a very large and curious old well. "Why is a woman like a Hindoo temple[1]?"

[1] See Appendix, No. 17.

After sketching this dhrumsālā, we ascended the bank to Daragunge, to see the inner court, and found it filled with elephants, tattoos, cows, and natives. It is used as a sarāe, or abode for travellers. I saw there a most beautiful and exceedingly small gynee (a dwarf cow), with two bars of silver round each of her little legs; she looked so pretty, and was quite tame. Through the doorways of this court you look into the little octagonal temples, and, through their arches, on a fine expanse of the Ganges which flows below.

You cannot roam in India as in Europe, or go into places crowded with natives, without a gentleman; they think it so incorrect and so marvellous, that they collect in crowds to see a beebee sāhiba who is indecent enough to appear unveiled. A riding-habit and hat, also, creates much surprise in unfrequented bazārs, where such a thing is a novelty.

We proceeded through the bustee (village) on foot, and up a dirty alley, through which I could scarcely pass, to the Temple of Hŭnoomān, the black-faced and deified monkey, and found there an enormous image of the god painted red and white, and made either of mud or stone. A great number of worshippers were present. The bearers hold Hŭnoomān in the greatest reverence.

In another apartment were forty or fifty large and small figures, representing Ram and Seeta his consort, with his brother Lutchman, Hŭnoomān, and all his army of monkeys. Seeta was carried off by the giant Ravuna, Hŭnoomān fought for and restored her to Ram, therefore they are worshipped together.

These figures were decorated with coloured cloth and tinsel, much in the same manner in which the saints are clothed in the churches in France. I had never but once before seen idols, in India, tricked out after this fashion. Many lamps were burning before the shrine. We were allowed to behold them from the door, but not to enter the apartment.

The evening was very fine; my companion, as well as myself, enjoyed rambling about and exploring such queer, curious, and out-of-the-way places.

A DHRUMSĀLĀ BĒNE MĀHADĒO GHĀT.

We descended to the side of the Ganges, and walked on until we came to the Ghāt of Bēne-Māhadēo which is represented in the sketch, where there is another dhrumsālā. This building is also dedicated to Shivŭ; the mystical symbol is in the small temple above. Under the arches in the lower part, by the side of the Ganges, is an enormous figure of Ganeshŭ; many worshippers were present, who were pouring oil and Ganges water over the image, with rice and flowers, and hanging chaplets of flowers around his neck. The idol was dripping with oil.

Above the god, over the arch, three long thin bamboos were stuck up, each bearing the red flag of a fākir, adding greatly to the picturesque beauty of the scene. These flags denoted that three holy men had there taken up their abode for a time. This temple is very picturesque, and the fine trees around it add to its beauty.

We ascended the banks, and entered the dhrumsālā. It fronts the Ganges, and a high wall around the other three sides separates it from the bazār. We entered by a gateway of three arches. The court in the interior contained three long buildings supported on arches, and two octagonal temples, one at each end. The front facing the Ganges had no wall, being built on the edge of a high cliff. In the arched building to the right, in which were many apartments, we found a number of devotees singing and making a great religious noise with small brazen cymbals.

ADANSONIA DIGITATA.

Dec. 5th.—The gunpowder agency at Papamhow has been done away with by the government, and our friend has quitted us for England. I must not take leave of Papamhow without mentioning the remarkable trees in the grounds. The natives call them veläitee imlee. They are enormous trees, natives of Africa. Adansonia digitata, from Michel Adanson, a French botanist. M. G. Mollien thus speaks of this tree—the boabab, Ethiopian sour-gourd, or monkeys'-meat tree—in his travels in



ADANSONIA DIGITATA

Africa: "This was the first time that I saw the boabab, that enormous tree which has been described by Adanson, and which bears his name 'Adansonia.' I measured one, and found it to be forty feet in circumference. This majestic mass is the only monument of antiquity to be met with in Africa. To the negroes the boabab is perhaps the most valuable of vegetables. Its leaves are used for leaven, its bark furnishes indestructible cordage, and the bees form their hives in the cavities of its trunk. The negroes, too, often shelter themselves from storms in its time-worn caverns. The boabab is indisputably the monarch of African trees." It is also called monkeys'-bread. Several measured by Adanson were from sixty-five to seventy-eight feet in circumference, but not extraordinarily high. The bark furnishes a coarse thread, used in Africa for cloth and ropes; the small leaves are used as bread in times of scarcity, and the large for covering their houses, or, by burning, for the manufacture of soap.

This tree may be styled the Jugunnāth of the forest, from the style in which it grows; its large branches terminating in an abrupt end, from which the small branches are given off.

Ropes made of the boabab-tree are indestructible; there is a saying, "As secure as an elephant bound with a boabab rope." Two of these fine trees are still standing in the grounds, there were originally three; the sketch was taken in January, 1827. One of the trees fell down in the rains of that year, on the day Lord Amherst arrived at Allahabad on his return from the hills; it measured thirty-five feet in circumference, and we were surprised to find it had scarcely any roots. It did not fall from age, or from the wind, but because the branches on one side were much heavier than those on the other. It was so full of juicy sap that, when the tree was cut, the sap ran out like water, and the agent preserved some of it in bottles. The wood was woolly, spongy, of little or no use as timber, and useless even as firewood—it would not burn.

Another of these trees, which measured thirty-seven feet in circumference, is still in the grounds, which are on the banks of the Ganges.

The tree that fell was supposed by the natives to be 1100 years old. It is only wonderful, from the short distance the roots penetrated into the ground, it had not long ago been laid prostrate by a tūfān. These trees are natives of Senegal, and are known in central India; but those at Papamhow are the only ones on our side the country.

Adanson supposed this tree to exceed almost any other in longevity. He inferred that the one he measured, and found to be thirty feet in diameter, had attained the age of 5150 years. Having made an incision to a certain depth of the stem, he first counted 300 rings of annual growth, and observed what thickness the tree had gained in that period. The average rate of growth of younger trees of the same species was then ascertained, and the calculation was made according to the supposed mean rate of increase.

Had we known the proverb at this time, we would have made ropes of its bark. On the very topmost bough of one of the trees a vulture had built its nest, and appeared to have made the boabab its city of refuge; the aerie was filled annually.

The flower is large, beautiful, and smells like a ripe apple; the fruit small and granular; the leaves large and fine. It is said there are several species of this tree in Africa, one of which yields a large fruit.

During the annual fair held in the grounds at Papamhow in the month of August, the gaily dressed natives congregated under the widely spreading branches of the Adansonia, increased the picturesque beauty of the trees.

Let me record the death of little Jack Bunce, my pet squirrel. On our arrival at Prāg I went into the stable to see a sick horse, and, hearing a chirping noise, looked up, and saw a young squirrel, which, having escaped from its nest, was in great perplexity on its first expedition from home. I caught it. Its eyes were open; but it could not run very fast. For the first week it lived either in my husband's pocket or on my shoulder; if alarmed, it took refuge with him. It became very tame, and never ran away. A gay house with two rooms was built for it. At first it drank milk and ate sweetmeats (pera); as it grew

older it had bread, grain, milk, and whatever it pleased during meals, at which time it would quit my shoulder for the table. We caught several young ones, and put them into Jack's cage; he was pleased, and tended them like a little old nurse; but they grew very wild, and we let them go, with the exception of one little female whom Jack reared as his helpmate, and appeared very fond of her; she was very wild, and would not allow me to touch her. They went with me to Lucnow. One night I heard Jack and his wife quarrelling violently—she bit off his beautiful long tail, and Jack killed her for it: the wretches also ate their young one. Jack returned with me, and, to complete his education, I took him to the holy city of Benares, that he might gain absolution for his little improprieties. Never was there so travelled a squirrel! He lived with us three years, always fat, sleek, and merry; and very fond of us, chirping and running to us when we called him; at last he fell ill, and died quickly. Sometimes he would run off into the garden, but when I called him would return, run up my gown to my shoulder, and give a shrill peculiar whistle; he was the largest of the kind I ever saw, and the three streaks down his back were beautiful. Poor little Jack! you were a nice and sensible little animal! The males are more courageous, and more easily tamed, than the females.

At this time the plain in front of the fort, by the avenue on the side of the Jumna, was exceedingly picturesque. It was covered by an encampment awaiting the arrival of the Governor-general. There were assembled 200 elephants, 1000 camels, horses and hackeries, servants and natives without number. A double set of new tents for the Governor-general were pitched on the plain; the tents which were new the year before, and which cost a lac, having been discarded. These new tents, the elephants, camels, horses, and thousands of servants, will cost the Company more than half-batta saves in the course of a year.

News have just arrived that the Directors have rendered all this encampment useless, by sending orders to Lord William Bentinck not to proceed up the country at *their* expense; in consequence Lord William has discharged the people. I am

glad they are going away. Last night a friend of ours, who is in tents in our grounds, had his gun and dressing-case stolen, no doubt by thieves from the encampment.

20th.—The ashes of a rajah were brought to Prāg this morning to be thrown into the Ganges at the holy junction; they were accompanied by the servants of the rajah, bearing presents to be given, as is the custom, to the Brahmans, amongst which were two remarkably fine Persian horses. One of these horses, a flea-bitten grey from Bokhara, was bought by us from the Brahman to whom it had been presented. On Christmas-day my husband gave me this horse, making my own particular riding-stud amount to a fair number—Mootee, Black Poney, Trelawney, Bokhara. Are ladies in England as fond of their horses as I am? They cannot make pets of them in that country as we can in India.

25th.—How many presents I received this day—and such odd ones—the Bokhara grey, a sketch of Lord William Bentinck, Martin's Deluge, a proof-print, a bag of walnuts, a diamond ring, a hill-shawl, two jars of jam, and two bottles of hill-honey! All farewell-gifts from friends bound to England. We spent the evening around the horseshoe-table, the coal fire blazing brightly as we cracked the hill-walnuts and enjoyed the society of our friends. Of all the offerings of that day, the most welcome was a packet of letters from the beloved and absent ones in England. "A letter is half an interview[1]."

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 29.



C. D'Oyly, delᵗ On Stone by Major Parlby

A KUTCHERRY.

CHAPTER XIII.

REMOVAL TO CAWNPORE.—CONFESSIONS OF A THUG.

"WHAT VARIETY OF HERBS SOEVER ARE SHUFFLED TOGETHER IN THE DISH, YET THE WHOLE MASS IS SWALLOWED UP IN ONE NAME OF *sallet*. IN LIKE MANNER I WILL MAKE A HODGE-PODGE OF DIFFERING ARTICLES."

1830—Removal to Cawnpore—Failure of Messrs. Palmer and Co.—An Appointment at Cawnpore—Removal from Allahabad—The Mowa Tree—Futtehpore—Dead Body in a Well—The Kutcherry—Confessions of a Thug.

Jan. 1830.—The failure of Messrs. Palmer and Co., early in this month, caused the greatest consternation in India, and fell most severely on the widows and orphans of military men, who, having left their little portions in Palmer's house, had returned to England.

9th.—My husband gave over charge of his office to Mr. N——, who had returned from the Cape, and we began to speculate as to our destiny.

March 1st.—My husband, having applied to remain up the country, was informed he might proceed to Cawnpore as acting-collector for eight months, on condition that he consented to give up the deputation-allowance, to which he was entitled by the rules of the Civil Service. The conditions were hard, although offered as a personal favour, and were accepted in preference to returning to Calcutta.

Cawnpore, 150 miles from Allahabad, and 50 from Lucnow, a large station, is on a bleak, dreary, sandy, dusty, treeless plain, cut into ravines by torrents of rain; if possible, the place is considered hotter than Prāg.

Like the patriarchs of old we travelled with our flocks and herds, or, rather, we sent them on in advance, and followed dāk.

March 27th.—We quitted Allahabad, and drove the first stage to Allumchund, where we were kindly received by friends. At this place I first remarked the mowa-tree (bassia longifolia). The fruit was falling, and the natives were collecting it to make bazār srāb (ardent spirits). The fruit, which is white, only falls during the day-time; when dried, it is given to cows as cheap food—from it the butter takes a fine yellow colour.

In the evening we proceeded dāk, and arrived the next morning at the house of the judge of Futtehpore. Just before entering his compound, (grounds around a house,) I stopped my palanquin, and desired a bearer to draw me a lota full of water from a well at the road side. The man took the brass vessel, which was fastened to a very long string, and threw it into the well; then drawing it up, he poured the contents on the ground, saying, "A thuggee has been committed, you cannot drink that water. Did you not hear the lota—bump—bump upon a dead body in the well[1]?" I reported the circumstance on my arrival, and not having before heard of the Thugs, was very much interested in the following account of "The Confessions of a Thug."

These fellows, it appears, roam about the country in gangs, strangling people for their money; it is their only employment. During the three weeks of my stay at Futtehpore, the bodies of three men were found in the neighbouring wells—*thugged*, that is, strangled. Some years ago the Thugs were in great force, but they were well looked after by the police, and a *thuggee* was seldom committed: within a few months they have become very daring, especially around Cawnpore, Humeerpore, and Futtehpore.

A KUTCHERRY OR KACHAHRI.

The sketch represents the examination of a criminal before the judge of the station, who is taking notes. The fat moonshee

[1] See the plate entitled "The Thug's Dice," in which Fig. 4 represents a small brass lota covered by a sprig of the kala toolsee.

on his right hand is reading the deposition, and the native officers of the court are in attendance. The scene of the kachahrī, or court of justice, is a room in the house of the magistrate. The duffadār stooping by the side of the table is putting the seal of office to the paper that will consign the criminal for trial to the suddur dewani. The hooqŭ bārdar with his snow-white beard, standing behind his master's chair, has just brought a fresh chilam for the hooqŭ, which the gentleman has laid aside during the examination of the Thug. The criminal, who appears to have suffered from a blow on the head from one of those iron shod lātees, of which a description is given in the next chapter, is attempting to prove his innocence; and the man to the right, who was speaking in his defence to the judge, has stopped in the midst of his sentence, and is cocking his ear to catch the words of the defendant. A sketch of the lātee is in the plate entitled "The Thug's Dice," Fig. 2.

Copy of "The Confessions of a Thug," from a circular dated August, 1829, sent by the Governor-general to the judges of the different stations on this subject. The reason for the Governor-general sending this circular to all the judges and magistrates, was to induce them to be on the alert after Thugs, in consequence of a party of them having been seized up the country by Captain Borthwick, four of whom turned evidence against the others. They were examined separately, and their confessions compared.

The following is the confession and statement of the principal witness:—

"My father was a cultivator of land in Buraicha and other neighbouring villages, and I followed the same occupation until I entered my thirtieth year, when I joined the Thugs, with whom I have been more or less connected ever since, a period of upwards of thirty years.

"During this time, however, I have not accompanied them on every excursion; but, on the contrary, for intervals of two, three, and even six years, have remained at home and earned a subsistence by cultivating land, so that I have been engaged in only six predatory excursions: four under a leader, since dead,

called Oo-dey Singh, and two under my present chief and fellow-prisoner, Mokhun Jemadar.

"Whilst residing at home during the last interval alluded to, I was apprehended on suspicion of being a Thug, but the proofs I adduced of having been for so many years employed in husbandry were the means which restored me to liberty.

"By this event, however, my circumstances became so greatly embarrassed, that I was forced to go to Salany to borrow money from Mokhun Jemadar, who I knew had generally some at command; but he would not agree to relieve my wants except on condition of my engaging to bring my family to Salany and becoming one of his gang. These conditions I was forced by my destitute state to comply with, and I accordingly accompanied him in his last two excursions.

"Oo-dey Singh my former leader was, at the period of my joining his gang, beyond the prime of life, although, at the same time, active and enterprising; but gradually becoming unfit for the exertion required of him by his situation, and his son Roman being seized, with other Thugs, and cast into prison at Jubbalpore, he abandoned his former course of life, and shortly after died.

"At the time I was serving under Oo-dey Singh, tranquillity had not been established throughout the country, and our excursions were neither carried to so great a distance, nor were they so lucrative or certain as they have since been; for in those days travellers, particularly those possessed of much property, seldom ventured from one place to another unless in large parties, or under a strong escort; and we ourselves held the Pindaries and other armed plunderers in as much dread as other travellers.

"About three months after I had joined Mokhun's gang, which consisted of forty men, we set out from Bundelkund for the Dekkun, this was in the month of Phagoon Summet, 1883 (about March, 1826). We proceeded by regular stages, and crossed the Nerbudda at the Chepanair Ghāt, where we fell in with Chotee Jamadar (a Brahman), who joined us with his gang, the strength of which was about the same as our own.

"We then continued our course towards Mallygaow, and at Thokur, near that cantoonment, celebrated the Hooly; after which we resumed our route and reached Mallygaow, where we struck off by the Nassuk road, intending to turn from Nassuk to Poona and Aurungabad.

"After proceeding a coss or two on this road we met a relation of Mokhun's, belonging to Oomrao and Ruttyram's gangs, who informed us that these two leaders with their gangs were near at hand on the Poona road, engaged in the pursuit of some angriahs with treasure. It was proposed that Mokhun should join them with some of his men, in order to be entitled to a share of the spoil. Mokhun at first thought of going himself, but recollecting that Oomrao and himself were not on good terms, he sent twenty-five men with Chotee Jamadar. On the day following we heard the business was effected, and that they intended to proceed with Oomrao and Ruttyram to Bhoorampore, at which place they requested us to meet them. We accordingly proceeded to that quarter, and found Chotee Jemadar and his party at Bhoorampore, Oomrao and Ruttyram having returned to their homes.

"Here we learnt that the angriahs had been attacked and murdered near Koker (the place where we had celebrated the Hooly), and that no less a sum than 22,000 rupees was found on their persons in gold, bullion, mohurs, and pootlies. Of this 6000 rupees had been received as the share of our two gangs, and was disposed of in the following manner.

"Mokhun received one-third for himself and gang, a third was given to Chotee Jamadar for himself and his gang, and the remainder was reserved for the mutual expenses of the two gangs. Mokhun and Chotee despatched the two-thirds above mentioned to their homes: that sent by the latter reached its destination safely; but one of Mokhun's men in charge of our share having got drunk at Jansy, blabbed that he was a Thug, and returning with others with a large amount of treasure; he was consequently seized by the sirdar of the place, and the money taken from him. We now quitted Bhoorampore, and proceeded to Aurungabad, but, meeting with little or no success, we

returned by Dhoolia and Bhopaul to Bundelcund, and reached our several homes before the rains set in. Our next excursion was towards Guzerat, but in this nothing occurred worthy of note.

"I have never, during my connexion with the Thugs, known a single instance of their committing a robbery without the previous destruction of life, which is almost invariably accomplished by strangulation. This is effected either by means of a roomal (handkerchief) or shred of cloth well twisted and wetted, or merely by the hands, though the latter is rarely practised, and only had recourse to from accidental failure in the former and usual mode.

"A preconcerted signal being given, the victim or victims are instantly overpowered, and death, either by the roomal or hands, is the act of a moment. In perpetrating murder it is an invariable rule with the Thugs never, if possible, to spill the blood of their victims, in order that no traces of murder may appear, to awaken suspicion of the deed in the minds of those who may happen to pass the spot, and detection be the consequence. In the hurry in which it is sometimes necessary to dispose of the bodies, holes cannot be dug sufficiently large to contain them in an entire state, particularly when the number of them is great; the bodies are then cut in pieces and packed therein.

"When these holes are near the road side, and especially in an exposed spot, it is usual, after covering them with earth, to burn fires over them, to do away with the appearance of the earth having been newly turned. Murders, in the manner just described, are perpetrated as frequently, and with equal facility and certainty, whilst the victims are walking along the road, as when they have been enticed to our places of encampment, and, unconscious of what is to befal them, are sitting amongst us with every thing carefully and leisurely arranged for their destruction.

"These murders frequently take place near villages where we encamp, and usually during twilight; and always, whilst the business is going on, the hand-drum is beaten and singing commenced, to drown any noise that might be made by the victims.

"The several persons actually engaged commence their operations simultaneously at a preconcerted signal given.

"The signal is an arbitrary one; generally a common, coarse expression is used, not likely to strike the attention of the victims, such as, 'Tumbākoo lao,' (bring tobacco).

"I have never seen the phansy (or noose) made of cord employed for strangling, though I am fully aware of the general supposition, that it is with it that we strangle people; but if such has ever been employed, which I greatly doubt, it has long since been laid aside, for the obvious reason, that if a Thug were seized having it about his person, it would inevitably lead to his detection.

"A direct understanding with the local authorities in Bundelcund is constantly kept up by Oomrao, Mokhun, and all the other leaders and jāmadārs, who on their return from their excursions reside in that part of the country, and these authorities are conciliated and their favour gained by suitable presents.

"Assistance and support from the English authorities, being likewise indispensable, are obtained through artifice. This is effected by means of their emissaries, who, by misrepresentation and falsehood, frequently contrive to extricate them from the difficulties in which persons of our habits are constantly involved. A relation of Oomrao's, Motee by name, and Lala Hajain, an inhabitant of Secundra, render important services in this way. Motee, who was himself a Thug formerly, has for some years past discontinued going on predatory excursions. He first brought himself into notice with European gentlemen by informing against a gang, which was seized in consequence, and confined at Jubbulpore, where the greater part still remain.

"Since then Motee has advanced in favour with these gentlemen, who are led to suppose he acts as a check upon the Thugs and other plunderers; at least, he persuades us that such is the case, the consequence of which is, that he exercises great influence over us; making us pay well for his connivance, and the good offices he no doubt frequently performs in our behalf.

"He principally exerts himself in protecting and assisting Oomrao, Ruttyram, Hera Mandeen, and their gangs.

"Lala Hajain, by means of representations to different persons of his acquaintance in the adālut at Cawnpore, renders great assistance to Mokhun in getting him through matters of difficulty. The latter, after his return to Bundelcund from his last excursion but one, when he heard the mishap which had befallen the share of the plunder sent by him to Boorampore, had recourse, as was usual with him, to his patron Lala Hajain. Lala lost no time in waiting on his friend Madee Moonshee, at Cawnpore, to whom he represented matters in such a light, that the moonshee wrote himself, or had instructions sent by his superiors to the Taüsy Rajah, intimating that, it having been made known that he, the Rajah, had seized four travellers of respectable and inoffensive character passing through his territories, and plundered them of their property—he was directed to restore them to liberty, with whatever property he had taken from them.

"A day or two before the receipt of the letter containing this order, the Rajah had released Mokhun's men, having first obtained from them an acquittance of the money he had taken; but now, thinking that unless he could prove the men to be Thugs, and that their true characters had been misrepresented, he should get a bad name with Europeans, he immediately sent after them, and had them again apprehended. What became of these men afterwards I have never been able to learn.

"Besides Lala Hajain, who manages matters favourably for him through his acquaintance at the courts and kutcherries at Cawnpore, Etaweh, Humeerpore, Auria, and Mynpoor, Mokhun has a great friend and supporter in the Tauzie Vakeel, Gunesh Lall, who resides at Humeerporah.

"Oomrao may have other patrons besides his relation Motee, who watches over his interests principally at Jubbulpore. Makay Sahib, at Kytah, is a great friend of Motee's, and it was from him that the English pass, which Oomrao showed the horsemen when we were apprehended at Dekhola, was obtained.

"Passing through a country in so numerous a body as our

gangs sometimes form, is certainly calculated to awaken suspicion, but when this happens, it is always lulled to rest by our being all prepared with the same story or explanation.

"Few of us carry arms, indeed, amongst fifteen or twenty persons not more than two or three swords may be found.

"When Thugs, though strangers to each other, meet, there is something in their manner which discovers itself; and, to make 'assurance doubly sure,' one exclaims 'Alee khan!' which being repeated by the other party, recognition takes place, but is never followed by a disclosure of past acts.

"In the division of plunder the jāmadārs receive seven and a half per cent., besides sharing equally with the rest of the gang; but, before any division is made, a certain portion is devoted to Bhawānī, our tutelar deity. This applies only to money in gold or silver; for when the plunder consists of diamonds and pearls, the leader draws blood from his hand, and having sprinkled a little over them, the sanction of the goddess to a division is thereby obtained without any other alienation. But the omission of this ceremony, or neglecting, when success attends us, to propitiate a continuance of Bhawānī's favour by laying aside a part of our acquisitions for her service, would, we firmly believe, bring heavy misfortune upon us.

"The office of strangler is never allowed to be self-assumed, but is conferred with due ceremony, after the fitness of the candidate in point of firmness, activity, and bodily strength, has been ascertained, and a sufficient degree of expertness in the use of the roomal has been acquired by long sham practice amongst ourselves.

"When thus qualified, the person on whom the office is to be conferred proceeds to the fields, conducted by his gooroo (spiritual guide), previously selected, who carries with him the roomal (or handkerchief), and anxiously looking out for some favourable omen, such as the chirping of certain birds, or their flight past the right hand, knots the roomal at each end the moment that either occurs, and delivers it to the candidate, imploring success upon him.

"After this they return, when the ceremony is closed by a

feast, or distribution of sweetmeats. The seniors only confer this office, generally old Thugs held in some estimation, but who from infirmity or age have ceased to accompany the gangs in their expeditions, and whose chief support is received from the voluntary contributions of those on whom they have conferred the privilege of using the roomal.

"Certain terms, known to ourselves alone, are made use of to distinguish certain circumstances, events, &c., connected with our proceedings: viz.

The persons whose office it is to strangle the victims are called *Luddya*, also *Bullod*.

Those who dig the graves or holes, *Lucka*.

Those who carry away the bodies, *Gutnee Walow*.

A scout or spy, *Tulha*.

A traveller on whom designs are formed, *Betoo*.

If a Musulmān, *Sultan Betoo*.

If a Hindoo, *Bundoo Betoo*.

A murder committed at the halting-place or encampment-ground, *Topa*.

A murder committed whilst the victims are walking along the road—if during the day, *Phoolkee*; if during the night, *Kootul*.

The spot where the bodies are buried, *Kurwa*.

The spot where the murder is committed, *Balee*.

A female victim, *Ecmud*.

A child victim, *Chumota*.

Horse, *Poornkna* or *Pootra*.

Bullock, *Subba*.

Gold, *Sirya*.

Sword, *Lumberee*.

Silver or rupee, *Peeky*.

Matchlock, *Puttakee*.

Gold mohurs, *Tandya*.

Turban, *Kassee*.

A ring, *Pulbya*.

Dhotee, *Kurdhunny*.

Pearls, *Punnyara*.

Diamonds, *Kukreya*.

A knife, *Booky*.

The roomal with which people are strangled, *Phyloo* and *roomal*.

If one person is strangled, it is called *Eloo*.

If two persons are strangled, it is called *Beetsee*.

If three . . . . *Singod*.

If four . . . . *Bhurra*.

If five . . . . *Puckrao*.

If six . . . . *Chutroo, &c.*

"These terms are used by the Thugs in all parts of the country. The numerals exclusively apply to travellers, and are used to denote the number that fall into the hands of detached parties."

This is the end of the "Thug's Confession."

The other men, on their examination, acknowledged having murdered a bearer, on whom they found four rupees. They also met with twelve seapoys; eight of the soldiers took one road, and the other four another. The Thugs, therefore, divided into two parties, overtook the seapoys, and killed them all.

One Thug said, that on a certain day eleven men were killed and buried. The other Thug said, that on the same day only seven were strangled: on re-examination he replied, "Yes, it is true I only mentioned seven—there might have been eleven, or more, I cannot remember; we strangled people so constantly, that I took little account of the numbers buried, I only know on that day about seven or eleven were buried."

The Thugs never attack Europeans.

CHAPTER XIV.

RESIDENCE AT CAWNPORE.

1830.—The iron-shod lāthī—Coins of Sekunder al Sāni—Hindostanī Song—The first Thermantidote—Dāk to Cawnpore—The Barkandāz—The Station Sand-storm—Indian method of washing the hair—Pukka houses and bungalows—The Ayha's revenge—Horses poisoned—The Isle of France—The visionary old man—Influence of women in India—Gambling—Eating the air—The Ayha's trowsers—Darzees—Refuge of the distressed—Signet-rings—The Durwān—Ganges water—Small-pox—Grass-cutters—Beauty of a night in India—Forgery—Qui hy?—Winged ants and bugs—The moon—A set-to—Revenge of a sā'īs—Soldiers in hospital—Arrak—The Chārpāī—A new servant—Unpopularity of the Governor-general.

1830, *March*.—The natives use a very dangerous weapon, which they have been forbidden by the Government to carry. I took one as a curiosity, which had been seized on a man in a fight in a village. It is a very heavy lāthī, a solid male bamboo, five feet five inches long, headed with iron in a most formidable manner. The man was brought before the judge for murder, and this lāthī was the weapon with which two men were supposed to have lost their lives. There are six jagged semicircular irons at the top, each two inches in length, one in height; and it is shod with iron bands sixteen inches deep from the top; diameter of the iron ornament on the top, six inches. Sticks headed with brass put on in the same fashion, are often carried by the native servants for protection when returning to their homes at night[1].

[1] See the plate entitled "The Thug's Dice," in which fig. 2 represents the lāthī.

میری جان کہین دیکھا کہیں نشان
بانکی لٹکین مار لیو ہندوستان

میری جان کہین دیکھا کہیں نشان

[illegible]

میری جان کہین دیکھا کہیں نشان

[illegible]

میری جان کہین دیکھا کہیں نشان

[illegible]

میری جان کہین دیکھا کہیں نشان

HINDOSTĀNI SONG.

(2)

سکندر الثانی
منبر الخلافة ناصر
امیر المومنین

SEKUNDER AL SANI

(1)

السلطان الاعظم
علاء الدنیا والدین
ابو المظفر محمد شاه
السلطان

(3)

هذه الفضة بحضرة دهلی سنة ثلث عشر و سبعمائة

During my stay at the house of the judge at Futtehpore, he allowed me to purchase some coins from the office, which are very curious. I took four of them; they are of fine silver, rather larger and heavier than the common rupee. About 125 of these coins were found by some children in a field five miles from Kurrah, in *August*, 1829, buried in an earthen pot. The letters are in the Arabic character, and the date corresponds with A.D. 1313, being 516 years ago. The greater part of the coins are perfectly bright, and look quite new; between the letters, the spaces are filled with the fine white sand in which they were buried.

On one side of the coin is written in Arabic,—fig 2,

"Sekunder al Sāni[1], illuminating the state, Commander of the Faithful."

On the other side,—fig. 1,

"The mighty Sultan, glory of the world and of religion,
The victorious Mahmood Shāh, the Imperial."

Round the edge of the coin is written,—fig. 3,

"This silver deposited in a ditch in the year 3 and 10 and 100."

I brought the coins to England. The above translation of the Arabic is by the munshī of the office. At the bottom of the plate entitled "Hindostanī Song," is a copy of the Arabic inscription, written from the coins by the same munshī[2].

The Hindostanī song, written in the Persian character, may amuse the dear friends around the hearth of my childhood's home; and the translation into Hindostanī is annexed, lest errors may have occurred either in the written character or in putting it on stone: the oriental scholar is requested to draw the veil of kindness over any incorrectness in the Persian calligraphy of a poor hàjī in search of the picturesque.

[1] Alexander the Second, King of Delhi.

[2] In the plate entitled "Superstitions of the Natives," No. 6 is a representation of these coins.

HINDOSTANI SONG.

" Mere jan khyn dekha Company neshān
Bankee Leek ne marlēō Hindostān
Mere jan khyn dekha Company neshān.
Lall, lall kourtee koēē jawān
Hart min Putter kullee, pet per tosdān
Mere jan khyn dekha Company neshān.
Agi, agi, Pultān, peche peche sowār
Top ke dunkar se baghe Hindoo Musulmān
Mere jan khyn dekha Company neshān.
Dūs dus Company jin min goree goree Captān
Godamee fire bolte, nikul jaōē aōūsān
Mere jan khyn dekha Company neshān."

March 29*th*.—My husband proceeded dāk to Cawnpore, to take charge of his appointment and to engage a house, leaving me with my friends. On one stage of the road he had such a set of coolies, instead of bearers, to his pālkee, that they could not continue to carry it—at last, setting it down, they all ran away, and he had to wait six hours on the road until other bearers came: as this happened during the night, it was of no further consequence than making the latter part of his dāk very hot, as he did not reach his destination until 11 A.M. The bearers on this road are proverbially bad.

Here I saw the first thermantidote, and took a sketch of it, in order to make one for myself. Here, also, I saw the first alligator, a snub-nosed fellow, which was caught in the Jumna, and sent up on a chārpāī. Mr. W—— had the kindness to give me skulls of alligators, crocodiles, hyenas, and tigers beautifully prepared, to add to my cabinet of curiosities.

Collecting Persian and Hindostanī proverbs and sayings, and having them cut on seals, was another of my amusements.

April 19*th*.—This day brought a letter, saying a good bungalow had at length been procured, and I started dāk the next day. The judge, that I might meet with no adventures on the road, gave me a guard, which was relieved at the different chaukees, police stations.

A barkandāz, or policeman, and two chaukidārs (watchmen) ran by the side of my palanquin all the way; in consequence I



A BARKANDĀZ

was not detained one moment more than necessary on the road. One of the barkandāz was armed with *two* swords and a great bamboo!

THE BARKANDĀZ.

A man of this description is too picturesque a personage to be omitted. The annexed portrait was taken by S. Mahumud Ameer; it represents a policeman in Calcutta with his sword, shield, and small-arms: the style of the turban and the dress altogether is remarkable; on the leathern band across his shoulder is the chaprās, or badge of the station to which he belongs.

The shield is generally of black leather adorned with brass knobs. Native gentlemen have shields well painted, sometimes bearing the portrait of some native lady, and richly ornamented with silver. We purchased a shield of the hide of the rhinoceros at the fair at Allahabad; there are numerous indentations upon it, the marks of bullets, which appear to have been turned off by the thickness and strength of the hide. My husband used to cut it up to leather the tips of billiard cues—therefore I carried it off, and added it to my museum.

The journey was very unpleasant, very hot, and not a breath of air.

The dust from the trampling of the bearers' feet rolled up in clouds, filling my eyes and mouth, and powdering my hair; and my little terrier, Fairy Poppus, as the natives call her, in imitation of my "Fury, pup, pup," was very troublesome in the pālkee.

I arrived at Cawnpore at 7 A.M., and was glad to take shelter in my new house, which I found very cool and pleasant, after a hot drive during the last stage in a buggy.

The house, or rather bungalow[1], for it is tiled over a thatch, is situated in the centre of the station, near the theatre; it stands on a platform of stone rising out of the Ganges, which flows below and washes the walls. The station is a very large

[1] Properly Banglā.

one: besides the gentlemen of the Civil Service, there are the artillery, the eleventh dragoons, the fourth cavalry, and three or four regiments of infantry.

The work of this day began by what is really an operation in India, and constantly repeated, that is, washing the hair. My ayha understood it remarkably well; for the benefit of those ladies having beautiful tresses in the East, I give the receipt[1].

June 9th.—The deaths are numerous in our farm-yard; in such weather it is a matter of surprise that any thing can exist. At 4 P.M. the thermometer outside the verandah, in the sun, stood at 130°; in the shade, at 110°! From this time to the end of August we lost 280 Guinea fowls from vertigo, and three calves also died.

A storm is raging: it arose in clouds of dust, which, sweeping over the river from the Lucnow side, blow directly on the windows of the drawing-room; they are all fastened, and a man at every one of them, or the violence of the wind would burst them open; my mouth and eyes are full of fine sand; I can scarcely write;—not a drop of rain, only the high wind, and the clouds of dust so thick we cannot see across the verandah. I feel rather afraid lest some part of the house, which is not in good repair, should give way if it continue to blow in such gusts. This bay-windowed room feels the whole force of the tufān, which is the heaviest I have seen. In Calcutta we had severe storms, with thunder and lightning; here, nothing but clouds of sand—reaching from earth to heaven—with a hot yellow tinge, shutting out the view entirely. The storm has blown for an hour, and is beginning to clear off; I can just see the little white-crested waves on the river beneath the verandah.

In the open air the thermometer stands at 130°; in the drawing-room, with three tattīs up, at 88°. The heat is too oppressive to admit of an evening drive.

A high caste and religious native gentleman, Shah Kubbeer-oo-deen Ahmud, requested to be allowed to play at chess with me; the natives are passionately fond of the game, which is

[1] See Appendix, No. 13.

remarkable, as chess was one of the games forbidden by the prophet. On the arrival of my opponent, I recognized the native gentleman who had entertained me with fire-works at Sahseram. I have spoken of him as of *high caste*—that term is only correct when applied to an Hindoo, Musulmāns have no distinction of caste.

14*th*.—A tufān, a sand storm, or rather a storm of sand and dust, is now blowing; indeed, a little while ago the darkness was so great from that cause, I was obliged to leave off writing, being unable to distinguish the letters.

The Ganges opposite Cawnpore is about three miles in breadth; and, at this season, the water being low, the natives cultivate melons, cucumbers, wheat, &c., on the islands in the centre of the stream; some of the melons are delicious, remarkably fragrant, and very cheap. During the rains the islands are entirely under water, and the river, when there is a breeze, swells into waves like a little sea.

If a house has a flat roof covered with flag-stones and mortar, it is called a pukka house; if the roof be raised and it be thatched, it is called a bungalow; the latter are generally supposed to be cooler than the pukka houses. The rooms of our house are lofty and good; the dining-room forty feet by twenty-eight, the swimming-bath thirty feet by twenty-one, and all the other rooms on a suitable scale. There is a fine garden belonging to and surrounding the house, having two good wells, coach-house, stables, cow-house, &c. In India the kitchen and all the servants' offices are detached from the dwelling on account of the heat. We pay 150 rupees a month, about 150 guineas per annum, a heavy rent for an up-country house: the houses are always let unfurnished.

Very fine white grapes are now selling at fourpence-halfpenny per pound. Cawnpore is famous for its fruit-gardens.

The natives are curious people! My ayha, a Musulmāne, asked me to allow her to go to a dinner-party given by some khidmatgārs, friends of hers; and on her return, she said to me, "Mem sāhiba, we have had a very fine khānā (dinner), and plenty to eat—I am quite full;" patting her body with great glee, "but

we have had a great quarrel." She then explained that at a native feast every guest sits down in a circle, or in a line, and before each person a freshly gathered leaf is placed as a plate; then the giver of the feast comes round, and puts an equal portion of curry and rice before each guest. When all have been helped, they start fair—and, in general, the host refills all the plates. It sometimes happens that some of the guests eat so fast they get a greater share than the others, this puts the rest into a rage, and they quietly vent their spite by slyly cutting holes in the clothes worn by the great eaters. It happened at this feast that my ayha sat next a man who was helped three times, and I suspect she cut holes in his attire, which caused the disturbance.

During this month of June we have lost two very fine grey carriage-horses, the first we have lost during a residence of nearly eight years in India; they have been poisoned by the grass-cutters for the sake of their skins, each skin being worth about six rupees. The first stage out of Cawnpore is famous as a place where horses die on their march, and hides are there procurable for tanning. The poison is made into small balls, scarcely larger than pills, which are thrown into the manger, or into the grass. In the evening I observed about twenty natives surrounding the entrance-gates, who had come in the hope of carrying the carcase away, to sell the hide, and to feast themselves upon the flesh, for the people of the Jullah or Doom caste eat carrion. They were disappointed in their hope of a repast; we had the horse put into a boat, and sunk in the Ganges.

Extract from the Letter of a Friend Homeward-bound.

June.—"After leaving the Sandheads we were obliged to put into Trincomalee, Ceylon, in consequence of an accident to the chain-cable, and having sprung a leak. We put to sea again, but the leak was as bad as before whenever the sea made the vessel pitch; fortunately, we reached the Isle of France, March 19th, and were in quarantine three days and a half. On landing I thought I had never seen a dirtier place nor filthier people than Port Louis and its inhabitants. And now I will tell you an odd story.

"There is an old French soldier living on this island, who has the power of seeing in the clouds the reflections of approaching ships, and this when the ships are at the distance of 300 or 400 miles. Three days before we came in, he made his public report at the proper office that five ships and three brigs were approaching the island, pointing out the different directions in which they lay. The exact number and description of vessels, of which our ship, the Lady Flora, was one, came in; we were the first at anchor, and the others came in during the day of our arrival and the next. At the time he reported seeing us, we must have been at least 350 miles from the island. The old man died suddenly the day after our arrival. He was an European, born in France, and had been thirty-six years on this island. Buonaparte made him liberal offers to go home to France, but he would not—as he said that it was only in a particular atmosphere, such as that round this island, that he could exert his singular faculty. The old man used to lie or sit nearly all day, with a telescope in his hand, looking at the clouds all round the island. He foretold the number and description of ships when the British expedition to this island was approaching, and, as I understand, quite correctly.

"Once he reported that there were either two brigs lashed together, or a four-masted ship coming to the island; and this turned out to be a large 1200 ton ship, which had lost all her masts in a storm, and had put up four temporary spars to supply the place of masts. The reflection, therefore, in the clouds must have been very correct. And surely the power of seeing these reflections is not confined to one individual, but many have the power of vision equal to this man's, if they had the patience and time to make the trial."

My friend spoke with great pleasure of the kindness he received from the governor of the island, during his stay at Reduit; and in raptures of a most beautiful waterfall. The thermometer at Reduit was only 75°, the elevation above the sea being 1200 feet. He says; "The island is an unhealthy place for animals; out of 212 Java ponies that arrived here two months before, fifty or sixty are dead."

How much I like the description of the visionary life the old man led, lying idly on the shore and gazing on the clouds! It brought to memory the happy days I formerly passed on the western shore of Hampshire, seeing or fancying the most beautiful visions in the clouds, whilst I listened to the sweet monotony of the waves—

"I may not muse—I must not dream—
Too beautiful those visions seem
For earth or mortal man; but when
Shall by-past times come back again?"

Women have more influence over men in India than in any other country. All out-door amusements are nearly denied to the latter by the climate, unless before sun-rise or after sun-set; therefore the whole time of military men, generally speaking, is spent in the house, devoted either to music or drawing, which of course they prefer in the society of ladies, or in the study of the languages, or in gaming. The young officers at this station play exceedingly high, ruinously so—two guinea points at short whist, and 100 guineas on the rubber, is not unusual amongst the young men.

Happily the gentlemen in the Civil Service have too much employment to admit of their devoting their time to gambling.

If you ask a native—"Where is your master gone?" if the gentleman be from home, you are sure to receive the answer—"Howā khānā-ke-wāste" (to eat the air); this chamelion-like propensity of eating the air is always the object during the early morning ride and the evening drive.

Our servants at present only amount to fifty-four, and I find it quite difficult enough to keep them in order; they quarrel amongst themselves, and when they become quite outrageous, they demand their discharge.

My ayha and the ābdār had a laughable quarrel. She was making herself a pair of Europe chintz pajamas (trousers) such as they usually wear, made very full round the body, and quite tight from the knee to the ancle.

Musulmāne women never wear a petticoat when amongst

themselves; it is the badge of servitude, and put on to please European ladies; the moment an ayha gets into her own house, she takes off her full petticoat and the large white mantle (chādar) that covers her head and the upper part of her body, and walks about in the curiously shaped trousers I have described, with a sort of loose jacket of muslin over the upper part, beneath which is the angiya.

The ayha was sitting on her chārpāī (native bed) working away with great eagerness, when her friend the ābdār advised her to make the trousers full to the ankle; and she came to me to give warning to quit my service, vowing revenge upon the ābdār, because nāch women wear trousers of that description. The old ābdār, Sheik-jee, was sitting down very quietly making chapāties (flour-cakes), and smoking his narjil (cocoa-nut shell hooqŭ) at intervals, enjoying the ayha's anger, until she stood up, and, screaming with passion, gave him gālee (abuse); he then flew into a rage, and I had some trouble to restore peace and quietness. Natives seldom, indeed hardly ever, come to blows, but they will go on for hours abusing each other in the grossest language, screaming out their words from passion.

A darzee (tailor) is an Indian luxury: they work beautifully—as strongly and finely as the French milliners; they have great patience—because they are paid by the month, and not by the piece. In Calcutta I found my tailors great thieves—knives, scissors, seals—they would steal anything. One man carried off a present I had just received, a necklace and bracelets of a very curious pattern, and a box full of polished pebbles, in sets, from the Soane river.

Bishop Heber, who did not understand native character, and possessed much simplicity, was surprised when the up-country natives thus addressed him: "Defender of the poor, peace be unto you! Refuge of the distressed, sālāmut[1]!" and imagined it was from respect to his holy office. I was playing with the son of the judge, a little fellow of two years old; the child offered to shake hands, and presented his left hand—his

[1] Oriental Proverbs and Sayings, No. 30.

native attendant, shocked at what he considered an insult, desired him to give the right hand; the child did so, when the chaprāsī cried out with great pleasure, "Well done! well done! Refuge of the distressed! defender of the poor!"

Ram Din, the man mentioned in Chapter XI., was a Rājput sipahī in the Company's service, from which, after twelve years' service, he obtained his discharge; he was in many engagements. In Calcutta the man came to us, and, making salām, presented his chitthīs (written vouchers of conduct), saying; "Refuge of the distressed, having heard of your great name, I am present to offer my services; I have served the Company faithfully twelve years, I will serve you faithfully." He was a fine native, about six feet high or upwards; he lived with us many years, and had always charge of the boats or the tents when we moved about the country.

A native is very fond of wearing a plain silver ring on the little finger, with a stone on the top, on which is engraved his own name, and sometimes that of the god he particularly worships, if the man be an Hindoo. They usually stamp any petition they may have to send to any gentleman with it, by putting Hindostanī ink on the seal, wetting the paper, and pressing the seal down upon it[1].

On the signet-ring of the Rājput above mentioned was "Ram Din Mahādēo." The engraver invariably puts the date of the year on the corner of the stone, unless it be expressly forbidden. Engraved on the ruby of a signet-ring, brought to me from Persia, was "Allah, Muhammad, Ali, Fatima, Hussen, Hossein[2]."

THE DURWĀN.

What happy wretches the natives are! A man who gets two annas a day (fourpence), can find himself in food, clothing, house, silver finery for his person, and support his wife and children also. My ayha in Calcutta, who received eleven rupees a month, refused any longer to dine with her dear friend the durwān, because, as she expressed it, he was so extravagant

[1] See Appendix, No. 15. [2] Oriental Proverbs and Sayings, No. 31.



THE DURWAN.

and such a glutton he would eat as much as one rupee and a half or two rupees a month; and, as she herself never ate more than one rupee per month, she would no longer go shares in his expenses. The durwān lives at the entrance-gates of his master's house, and is always in attendance to open them; his wages are usually five rupees a month; and he is always on the watch that nothing may be carried away clandestinely. The man, whose portrait is annexed, bears the marks of his caste in three yellow horizontal lines above the red circle on his forehead; around his neck are two strings of the beads called mandrasee, as represented by Fig. 9, in the sketch entitled "Jugunnath." Large heavy rings of silver are on his arms, and the bracelet is also of silver.

The durwāns are very fond of brilliant colours, and are generally well dressed; their food consists principally of curry made of kid, fish, chicken, prawns, or vegetables, with a great quantity of Patna rice boiled to perfection, every grain separate, and beautifully white. My ayha brought me one day a vegetable curry of her own making, to show me the food on which she lived with her friend the durwān; it would have been excellent, had it not been made with moota tel, *i.e.* mustard oil.

16th.—The native boys whom I see swimming and sporting in the river of an evening, are much better off than the poor people in England. I wish we had some of them here, on whom to bestow a fine cold saddle of mutton. A round of beef would be of importance to them. You may imagine how much must be thrown away, when you cannot with the greatest care, at this season, keep meat good for more than twenty-four hours; and roasted meat will only keep until the next day.

In Calcutta, the tank water being unwholesome to drink, it is necessary to catch rain water, and preserve it in great jars; sixty jars full will last a year in our family. It is purified with alum, and a heated iron is put into it. Here we drink the Ganges water, reckoned the most wholesome in India; it is purified in jars in the same manner. The water of the Jumna is considered unwholesome, and in some parts, my old ābdār declares, it is absolutely poisonous.

We were glad to quit Allahabad, the small-pox having commenced its ravages at that station. On our arrival at Cawnpore, we found it raging still worse; the magistrate took it, and died in three days. Hundreds of children are ill of this disease in the bazār; and the government, in their humanity, have done away with the vaccine department here. Surely it is a cruel act, where there are so many regiments and so many European children, who cannot now be vaccinated. It is very severe, and numbers of adults have been attacked.

In India wax candles are always burned. A bearer will not touch a mould because they say it is made of pig's fat. We burn spermaceti generally. The first time the bearers saw them, they would not touch the spermaceti, and I had great difficulty in persuading them the candles were made from the fat of a great fish. Some bearers in Calcutta will not snuff a candle if it be on the dinner-table, but a khidmatgār having put it on the ground, the bearer will snuff it, when the other man replaces it. In the upper provinces they are not so particular.

One of the grass-cutters has been sent to the hospital, dying, I fear, of fever. Every horse has a sā'īs (groom) and a grass-cutter allowed him: the latter goes out every morning, perhaps some four or five miles, cuts a bundle of grass, and brings it home on his head. The men are exposed to the sun so much, and live so badly, it is no wonder they fall ill of fever; besides which, they are extremely fond of arrak (bazār spirits). Wine they delight in: when the empty bottles are carried from the house to the godown, the grass-cutters often petition to have the dregs of the wine. They pour off into their lotas (brass drinking cups) the remains of all the bottles, mixing beer, sherry, claret, vinegar, hock, champagne, in fact, any thing of which they can find a drop; and then, sitting down, each man drinks a portion and passes the cup to his neighbour, often saying "Bahut achchhā, bahut achchhā," very good, very good, and eagerly looking out for his turn again, and fair play.

I have several times made them put this vile mixture away for another day, or they would have drunk it until the whole was finished.

21*st.*—Finding the night very oppressive, I quitted my chārpāī, and putting on a cambric dressing-gown and slippers, went out on the platform by the river and stayed there an hour, there being a little breeze to refresh me. You may imagine how dry the air must be; I had no fear of cold, no want of a shawl, and my light dress was sufficiently warm. It was as fine a starlight night as I have seen in India. The horses are sick, burnt up in their stables, which are made on a bad principle; they feel the want of the large, cool, loose boxes they had at Allahabad.

August 4*th.*—It is said, the Earl of C——— lost 65,000 rupees a short time ago, by forgeries committed in Calcutta: the person at the head of the forgeries was Rajah Buddinath Roy, a native prince in high favour with Lord Amherst; and I rather imagine his lordship has suffered also by the Rajah's forged bills. *On dit*, he used to talk about Christianity as if *in time* he might be converted; he subscribed to schools and missionary societies, and distributed Bibles—the bait took—in return he was allowed such and such honorary attendance, as by the Company's regulations a native may not have without permission. This flattered his pride, and his seemingly religious disposition secured him from suspicion falling upon him as a forger, especially of passing forged bills on the Governor-general. The case is now being tried in Court.

People think of nothing but converting the Hindoos; and religion is often used as a cloak by the greatest schemers after good appointments. Religious meetings are held continually in Calcutta, frequented by people to pray themselves into high salaries, who never thought of praying before.

In India we use no bells to call servants; but as the chaprāsīs are always in attendance just without the door, if you want one, you say "Qui hy?" *i. e.* "is there any one?"—or "Kon hy?" —"who is there?" when a servant appears. For this reason old Indians are called Qui hys.

7*th.*—The plagues of Egypt were not worse than the plagues of India. Last night the dinner-table was covered with white ants, having wings: these ants, at a certain period after a

shower, rise from the earth with four large wings. They fly to the lights, and your lamps are put out in a few minutes by swarms of them: they fall into your plate at dinner, and over your book when reading, being most troublesome. Last night heavy rain fell, and the rooms were swarming with winged-ants, which flew in; their wings fell off almost immediately, verifying the proverb: "When ants get wings they die[1]."

To-night we are suffering under a more disagreeable infliction; a quantity of winged-bugs flew in just as dinner was put on the table, the bamboo screens having been let down rather too late. They are odious; they fly upon your face and arms, and into your plate; if you brush them away, they emit such terrible effluvia it is sickening, and yet one cannot bear them to crawl over one's body, as one is at this minute doing on my ear, without pushing them off.

21*st.*—There has been a great fire in the Fort of Allahabad, and the magazine of gunpowder was with difficulty saved. What an explosion it would have caused had it taken fire!

Oh! how I long for the liberty and freshness of a country life in England—what would I not give for a fine *bracing* air, and a walk by the sea-side, to enable me to shake off this Indian languor, and be myself again! The moon is so hot to-night, I cannot sit on the Terrace; she makes my head ache. A chatr (umbrella) is as necessary a defence against the rays of the moon at the full, as against the sun.

These natives are curious people. Two of our khidmatgārs were looking at the weather; the one said, "It is a good thing that from the pleasure of Allah the rain has been stopped; otherwise, so many houses would have fallen in." The ābdār answered, "Those are the words of an unbeliever." Kaffir ke bat. "You are a Kaffir," exclaimed the first man, in a great rage. It being high abuse to use the term, the ābdār took off his shoe and flung it at the other, on which the first man struck him a good blow with his fist, which cut his cheek open. Here ended the fight—they were both frightened at the sight of

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 32.

blood—it is the only instance we have met with of a native using his fists like an Englishman.

The other affair was this: my sā'īs (groom) had bought some ganja, an intoxicating herb, which he put into his hooqŭ to smoke, and offered it to the other sā'īses. To refuse to smoke from an offered hooqŭ, is a high offence. The sā'īses would not smoke the ganja, abused the man for buying it, and getting intoxicated daily from its effect. He said, "I will not stay in service, if you will not smoke with me." "Well, go and give warning," said the head groom. My sā'īs gave him gālee (abuse); at which the head groom took a stick and beat him. The sā'īs immediately said, "My life be on your head," and running to the well, he let himself drop down into the water; but when at the bottom, he began to halloo for assistance, the well being very deep, and the water also. He was drawn up by ropes. I do not think he meant to kill himself; and yet dropping down such a distance was a great risk. He said, if he had died of the fall, the head groom would have been hung, and he should thus have had his revenge. The next time he plays such a prank, he is to remain at the bottom of the well.

22nd.—They tell me the people in Calcutta are dying fast from a fever resembling the yellow fever. The soldiers, European, here are also going to their graves very quickly; three days ago, six men died; two days ago, six more expired; and one hundred and sixty are in the hospital. The fever, which rages, tinges the skin and eyes yellow; perhaps only the severe bilious fever of India brought on by drinking brandy and arrak, a bazār spirit extremely injurious, to say nothing of exposure to the sun. Almost every evening we meet the two elephants belonging to the hospital carrying each about ten sick men, who are sufficiently recovered to be able to go out "to eat the air," and for exercise; the poor fellows look so wan and ghastly. The sā'īs before-mentioned added the leaves of hemp (cannabis sativa) to his tobacco, and smoked it to increase its intoxicating power. Bhang, an intoxicating liquor, is prepared from the same leaves. Pariah arrak, an inferior sort of spirituous liquor,

is sold extremely cheap, from one to four ānās a quart: it is most unwholesome, and mixed with most injurious articles to increase its intoxicating power, such as the juice of the thorn-apple and ganja. There are many kinds of arrak; that distilled from cocoa-nut toddy is, they say, the least injurious. Who can be surprised at the number of deaths that occur amongst men in the habit of drinking this heating and narcotic spirit, called rack by the soldiers? Flax is grown in great quantities in India, but is little used for cloth. Taat, which is made from sunn (hemp), is manufactured into paper. Linseed-oil is extracted from the seed, and the remainder, the cake, is given to cows. The waste land in our compound (grounds around the house) was covered with thorn-apple plants. I had them rooted out, leaving only two or three of different kinds in the garden. Abdārs have been known to administer this plant (datura) to their masters in the hooqŭ: an over-dose produces delirium.

There are several species of this beautiful plant:

Common datura	(Datura stramonium), thorn-apple.
Kala datura	(Datura fastuosa), a triple flower of a most beautiful dark purple.
Suffeid datura	(Datura metel), flowers white, hairy thorn-apple.
Another	(Datura ferox), flowers yellow.
Ditto	(Datura canescens), a variety, flowers always single, and of a yellowish white colour.

Qualities, intoxicating and narcotic.—The Mahomedans give kala datura in those violent headaches that precede epilepsy and mania. It produces vertigo when taken in large doses, and has the effect of dilating in a singular manner the pupil of the eye. Some writers call it "*Trompette du jugement,*" and "*Herbe aux sorciers.*" The leaves of the datura ferox are sometimes used to make arrak more intoxicating: its seeds produce delirium. Stramonium is an abbreviation of the Greek "Mad apple," on account of the dangerous effects of the fruit of that species. Metel is an Arabic name, and expresses the narcotic effect of the plant.

What can be more wretched than the life of a private soldier in the East? his profession employs but little of his time. During the heat of the day, he is forced to remain within the intensely hot barrack-rooms; heat produces thirst, and idleness discontent. He drinks arrak like a fish, and soon finds life a burden, almost insupportable. To the man weary of the burden of existence, to escape from it, transportation appears a blessing. The great source of all this misery is the cheapness of arrak mixed with datura, and the restlessness arising from the want of occupation; although a library is generally provided for the privates by the regiment.

You at home, who sleep in gay beds of carved mahogany, with handsome curtains, would be surprised at sight of the beds used by us during the hot winds. Four small posts, and a frame, on which very broad tape (newār) is plaited and strained very tight, over this a sītal-pātī, a sort of fine cool Manilla mat, then the sheets, and for warmth, either an Indian shawl, or a rezai, which is of silk quilted with cotton, and very light. We use no musquito curtains, for each chārpāī is placed just before an open window, with the east wind blowing on it, and a pankhā, with a deep double frill, is in full swing over the beds all night, pulled by a string which passes through a hole in the wall—the wind it creates drives off the musquitoes, and the man who pulls the pankhā is relieved every two hours.

"A NEW SERVANT WILL CATCH DEER [1]."

A gentleman in the Civil Service had succeeded, after much trouble, in rearing some very fine strawberry plants, and he visited his garden daily to admire the blossoms. One day, when he called a chaprāsī, a new man, a stupid fellow, came into the room; the gentleman would not tell him what he wanted, but said, "Send another servant to me;" the man went out, and after some time returned with his hands full of the beautiful strawberry-blossoms! Had you seen how the countenance of the sāhib fell when he saw them, you would have

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 33.

laughed as I did. He desired the man to put his chaprās on the table, and quit his service at once. The gentleman was an excellent linguist, but the new servant would willingly have caught deer.

The Governor-general left Calcutta on the 11th inst., and proposes to be at Benares on the the 10th December. Lady William Bentinck accompanies him in his tour. They say that she is dreadfully nervous about him. His unpopularity is increasing, and some ill-regulated person, in a moment of disappointment and frenzy, might perhaps cause a scene. The events of the last few years, since Mr. Canning's death, have been astounding. I wonder if there is more room for amazement. I hope his Grace the Duke will not take us under his charge. We are satisfied with King Log, provided he stands in the way of King Stork.

Lord William has been doing away with all the good appointments in the Civil Service; and the army have been cruelly treated, with respect to the half-batta. Perhaps, when the renewal of the Charter is concluded, the Directors will again be enabled to treat those living under their command with the generosity which has ever distinguished them, and which has rendered their service one of the finest in the world.



On Stone by Major Parlby

فینی پارکس

THE THUGS DICE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE THUG'S DICE.

The Thug's Dice—Execution of Eleven Thugs.

1830, *Oct.*—Mr. S——, the acting magistrate, has sent me a present of the dice used by the Thugs; they were taken from a Thug in the magistrate's office. There are three dice, made of brass roughly filed. In the sketch entitled "The Thug's Dice," (Fig. 3.) they are represented exactly of the size and shape of the originals, which are all of one size and shape. Two sides are perforated by a large hole that goes through the centre.

Two of the sides are marked with three small circles placed in a triangular form; one side has two circles, and four are on the other side.

When the Thugs are going out on a strangling expedition, they throw these dice to see what days will prove lucky or unlucky.

Oct. 16th.—In the Government Gazette of this evening is an account of the execution of eleven Thugs, in a letter from a man up the country to the editor: the account is so interesting, I cannot refrain from copying it.

"Sir,—I was yesterday present at the execution of eleven Thugs, who had been seized in the neighbourhood of Bhilsa, convicted of the murder of thirty-five travellers, (whose bodies were disinterred as evidence against them at the different places along the lines of road between Bhopaul and Saugor, where

they had been strangled and buried,) and sentenced to death by the agent to the Governor-general, Mr. Smith.

"As the sun rose, the eleven men were brought out from the jail, decorated with chaplets of flowers, and marched up to the front of the drop, where they arranged themselves in line with infinite self-possession.

"When arranged, each opposite the noose that best pleased him, they lifted up their hands and shouted, 'Bindachul ka jae! Bhawānī ka jae!' *i.e.* 'Glory to Bindachul! Bhawānī's glory!' every one making use of precisely the same invocation, though four were Mahomedans, one a Brahman, and the rest Rajpoots, and other castes of Hindoos; they all ascended the steps, and took their position upon the platform with great composure, then, taking the noose in both hands, made the same invocation to Bhawānī, after which they placed them over their heads and adjusted them to their necks; some of the younger ones laughing at the observations of the crowd around them.

"One of the youngest, a Mahomedan, impatient of the delay, stooped down so as to tighten the rope, and, stepping deliberately over the platform, hung himself as coolly as one would step over a rock to take a swim in the sea! This man was known to have assisted in strangling a party of six travellers at Omurpatan, in the Rewah Rajah's territories, in December last, and closely pursued—to have gone off, joined another gang, and, in less than a month, to have assisted in strangling thirty more in Bhopaul; he was taken at Bhilsa, the last scene of his murders. Omurpatan is 100 miles east of Jubulpore; and the place in which the Thug assisted in strangling in the Bhopaul territories, a month afterwards, is 200 miles west of Jubulpore. Such is the rapidity with which these murderers change the scene of their operations, when conscious of keen pursuit! He was taken at Bhilsa by the very man whom he found upon his trail at Omurpatan, 300 miles distant.

"On being asked whether they had any wish to express to the magistrate, they prayed that for every man hung, *five convicts might be released from jail*, and that they might have a little money to be distributed in charity.

"Their invocation of Bhawānī at the drop, was a confession of their guilt, for no one in such a situation invokes Bhawānī but a Thug, and he invokes no other deity in any situation, whatever may be his religion or sect. She is worshipped under her four names, Devi, Kalee, Doorga, and Bhawānī, and her temple at Bindachun, a few miles west of Mirzapore on the Ganges, is constantly filled with murderers from every quarter of India, who go there to offer up a share of the booty acquired from their strangled victims in their annual excursions.

"This accounts for the invocation—'jae Bindachul!' made use of by these men in approaching and ascending the drop. These pilgrimages to the temple are made generally at the latter end of the rainy season, and whilst on their road from their homes to the temple, nothing can ever tempt them to commit a robbery. They are not, however, so scrupulous on their way back.

"The priests promise the Thugs impunity and wealth, provided a due share be offered to the goddess. If they die by the sword in the execution of murders, she promises them paradise in all its most exquisite delights; if taken and executed, it must arise from her displeasure, incurred by some neglect of the duties they owe her, and they must, as disturbed spirits, inhabit mid-air until her wrath be appeased. After they have propitiated the goddess by offering up a share of the preceding year, and received the priest's suggestions on the subject, they prepare for the next year's expedition.

"The different members who form the gang assemble at the village of the leader at a certain day, and, after determining the scene of operations, they proceed to consecrate their kodalee, or small pickaxe, which they use to dig the graves of their victims, and which they consider as their *standard*. They believe that no spirit can ever rise to trouble their repose from a grave dug by this instrument, provided it be duly consecrated, and they are fearfully scrupulous in the observance of every ceremony enjoined in the consecration, and never allow the earth to be turned with any other instrument. It is a neatly made pickaxe of about four or five pounds' weight, six or eight inches long, and with one point.

"They sacrifice a goat, and offer it up, with a cocoa-nut, to Bhawānī; they then make a mixture of sandal and other scented woods, spirits, sugar, flour, and butter, and boil it in a cauldron.

"The kodalee, having been carefully washed, is put upon a spot cleared away for the purpose, and plastered with cow dung, and the mixture is poured over it with certain prayers and ceremonies.

"It is now wiped and folded in a clean white cloth by the priest, and the whole gang proceed some distance from the village upon the road they intend to take, and stand until they hear a partridge call, the priest having in his mind some one as the bearer of the sacred deposit. If the partridge call on the right, he places it in the hands of that individual, and in a solemn manner impresses upon him the responsibility of the charge. If a partridge call on the left, or one do not call until the sun is high, they all return, and wait until the next morning, when they proceed to another spot, and the priest fixes his mind upon some other individual; and so every morning, until the deity has signified her approbation of the choice by the calling of the partridge on the right.

"If the kodalee should fall to the ground at any time, the gang consider it as an evil omen, leave that part of the country without delay, and select another standard-bearer. If no accident happen, the man first elected bears it the whole season; but a new election must take place for the next. The man who bears it carries it in his waistband, but never sleeps with it on his person, nor lets any man see where he conceals it during the night, or whilst he takes his rest.

"All oaths of the members of the gang are administered upon this instrument, folded in a clean white cloth, and placed on ground cleared away and plastered with cow dung: I have heard the oldest of them declare, that they believe any man who should make a false oath upon it would be immediately punished by some fatal disease. If any man be suspected of treachery, they make him swear in this manner.

"The standard-bearer, immediately after his election, pro-

ceeds across the first running stream in the direction of the country to which the gang intend to proceed, accompanied by only one witness, to wait for a favourable omen. When they come to the Nurbudda, Jumna, or any other river of this class, the whole gang must accompany him. A deer on the right of the road is a good omen, especially if single, according to the verse—

"Leela Mirga daena—Suda daena Tas.
Kishunrut hark doo, bhule kure Bhugwan."

"If a wolf is seen to cross the road, either before or behind them, they must return, and take another road. If they hear a jackal call during the day, or a partridge during the night, they leave that part of the country forthwith. An old man once told me, in proof of the faith to be placed in these signs, that he was, in his youth, one of a gang of fifty, who were sleeping under some date-trees, between Indore and Ojeya, when a partridge was heard to call out of one of them about two in the morning. They got up in great alarm, moved off instantly, but about day-light met a party of horse going from Ojeya to Indore. Some dispute took place between them, and they were taken back to Indore.

"They had murdered the gooroo (or chief priest) of the Holcar family and his followers; and their leader taking a liking to a parrot of his, had brought it with them.

"On arriving at Indore the parrot began to talk, and was almost immediately recognized by one of Holcar's family as the parrot of the gooroo who had gone off for Ojeya some days before. One of the youngest of them was immediately tied up and flogged, and after a couple of dozen, he confessed the robbery and murder. The bodies were taken up and recognized, and five-and-forty Thugs were blown off at once from the mouths of cannon. He was one of the five who were pardoned on account of their youth, and taken into service.

"The handle of the kodalee is made and put on when it is required, and thrown away the moment the work is done, so that it forms no essential part of the consecrated instrument.

"The investiture of the roomal (or handkerchief) is the next religious ceremony performed. No man can strangle until he has been regularly invested by the priest with the cloth with which it is performed. Cords and nooses are no longer used. A common handkerchief or cummerbund is all that men north of the Nurbudda will now use, though it is said, that in some parts of the Peninsula the cord and noose are still in use, owing to the Thugs there being less liable to be searched.

"After a man has passed through the different grades, and shown that he has sufficient dexterity, nerve, and resolution, which they call 'hard breastedness,' to strangle a victim himself, the priest, before all the gang assembled on a certain day, presents him with the roomal, and tells him how many of his family have signalized themselves by the use of it, how much his friends expect from his courage and conduct, and implores the goddess to vouchsafe her support to his laudable ambition and endeavours to distinguish himself in her service.

"The investiture of the roomal is knighthood to these monsters; it is the highest object of their ambition, not only because the man who strangles has so much a head over and above the share which falls to him in the division of the spoil, but because it implies the recognition, by his comrades, of the qualities of courage, strength, and dexterity, which all are anxious to be famed for.

"The ceremony costs the candidate about forty rupees; and is performed by a gooroo, or high priest of the gang, who is commonly an old Thug, no matter whether Musulmān or Hindoo, who has retired from service, and lives upon the contributions of his descendants and disciples, who look up to him with great reverence for advice and instruction, and refer to his decision all cases of doubt and dispute amongst themselves.

"Many attain this degree of knighthood before the age of twenty, having been taken out by their masters when young, and early accustomed to assist by holding the hands of the victims while the roomal-bearers strangle them; and a man must show good evidence of the 'kura chatee,' or hard breast, before he is admitted even to this office; some men never

attain to this honour, particularly those who have adopted the profession late in life, and remain all their lives as decoys, watchmen, grave-diggers, and removers of bodies. An attempt has been made, and with some success, to impress Thugs with the belief that the souls of their victims attain paradise, as in the case of other human victims, offered in sacrifice to this goddess, and become the tutelar saints of those who strangle them.

"This is, however, somewhat at variance with their notion, that the spirits of those who have been buried with the consecrated pickaxe can never rise from their graves; but it reminds me of an opinion that prevails amongst the people in wild and mountainous parts of India, that the spirit of a man destroyed by a tiger, sometimes rides upon his head and guides him from his pursuers.

"The person invested with the roomal has long used it in play before the practised eye of his gooroo, and has been long accustomed to see others use it in earnest; but it is still thought necessary to select for him easy victims at first, and they do not employ him indiscriminately, like the others, until he has shown his powers in the death of two or three travellers of feeble form and timid bearing. The maxim that 'dead men tell no tales' is invariably acted upon by these people, and they never rob a man until they have murdered him.

"In the territories of the native chiefs of Bundelcund, and those of Scindia and Holcar, a Thug feels just as independent and free as an Englishman in a tavern, and they will probably begin to feel themselves just as much so in those of Nagpore, now that European superintendency has been withdrawn. But they are not confined to the territories of the native chiefs; they are becoming numerous in our own, and are often found most securely and comfortably situated in the very seats of our principal judicial establishments; and of late years they are known to have formed some settlements to the east of the Ganges, in parts that they formerly used merely to visit in the course of their annual excursions.

"I should mention that the cow being a form of Doorga, or

Bhawānī, the Mahomedans must forego the use of beef the moment they enlist themselves under her banners; and though they may read their khoran, they are not suffered to invoke the name of Mahommed.

"The khoran is still their civil code, and they are governed by its laws in all matters of inheritance, marriage, &c.

"Your obedient servant,

"H.[1]"

I have been greatly interested in the above account: there are numerous Thugs in and around Cawnpore; they never attack Europeans; but the natives are afraid of travelling alone, as a poor bearer with one month's wages of four rupees has quite sufficient to attract them. They seldom bury them in these parts, but having strangled and robbed their victim, they throw him down a well, wells being numerous by the side of the high roads.

In 1844, I visited the famous temple of Bhawānī at Bindachun, near Mirzapore. See the portrait of the Devi, entitled "Bhagwan;" and the sketch of the "Temple of Bhawānī," in the Second Volume.

[1] From the Calcutta Literary Gazette, inserted in the Government Gazette, October 7th, 1830.

CHAPTER XVI.

RESIDENCE AT CAWNPORE—THE DEWĀLĪ.

1830.—Āghā Meer the Nawāb—Elephants swimming the Ganges—Cashmere Goats—Discontent of the Soldiers—Buffaloes—Methodism—Desertion of Soldiers to Runjeet Singh—Marks of age on stud-bred Horses—Abolition of Sŭtēē—Pilgrim Tax—The Dewālī—The Phŭlŭ-hŭrēē Festival—Arrival of Āghā Meer and his Zenāna—Vicious Horses—Turquoise mines in Persia—Lament of the Hindoo Women—Burning the dead—The Mug Cook—Brutal punishment—Plagues of Egypt—Conversion of Hindoo Women—The Races—The Riding School—Kishmish Bakhshish—Apples and grapes from Cabul—Arab Merchants.

1830, *Oct.*—Mooatummud-ood-Dowlah, generally known as Āghā Meer, the deposed Prime Minister to the King of Oude, Ghazee-ood-Deen Hyder, is coming over to Cawnpore; his zenāna, treasures, two lacs of shawls, &c. &c., have arrived on the other bank of the Ganges, escorted by the military. The ex-minister has not yet arrived; and a large detachment of the military from this station has been sent to escort him in safety to the Company's territories.

This morning, from the verandah, I was watching what appeared to be a number of buffaloes floating down the stream, with their drivers; but, as they approached, found them to be sixteen of Āghā Meer's elephants swimming over.

The distance from the Camp on the opposite side the river to our garden, under which they landed, must be four miles, or more. Elephants swim very low, and put down their trunks occasionally to ascertain if they are in deep water. Their heads are almost invisible at times, and the mahāwats strike them with the ānkus (goad) to guide them.

On reaching the bank just below our verandah, they set up a loud *bellowing*, which was answered by those still struggling to get to land, a work rather difficult to accomplish on account of the rapidity of the river.

What would not the people at home give to see sixteen fine elephants swimming four miles over a rapid river, with their mahāwats on their backs, the men hallooing with all their might, and the elephants every now and then roaring in concert! It was an interesting sight, and my first view of their power in the water.

2nd.—A friend, just returned from the hills, brought down with him some forty Cashmere goats; the shawl goats, such as are found in the hills: they die very fast on quitting the cold regions; he has lost all but three females, which he has given to me; they will scarcely live in this burning Cawnpore.

Report says the Governor-general has put off his journey for a month longer; it is supposed he will, if possible, avoid this large military station; the soldiers are in so discontented a state, he may perchance receive a bullet on parade. The privates here have several times attempted the lives of their officers, by shooting and cutting them down, sometimes upon the slightest cause of complaint, and often without having any to provoke such conduct.

7th.—I have just returned from calling on a friend of mine, and overheard the remarks of a gentleman, who was speaking of her to another; they amused me.

"Really that is a noble creature, she has a neck like an Arab, her head is so well set on!"

Buffaloes from Cawnpore swim off in the early morning in herds to the bank in the centre of the river, where they feed; they return in the evening of their own accord. The other evening I thought a shoal of porpoises were beneath the verandah—but they were buffaloes trying to find a landing-place; they swim so deeply, their black heads are only partly visible, and at a little distance they may easily be mistaken for porpoises.

Sometimes I see a native drive his cow into the river; when he wishes to cross it, he takes hold of the animal by the tail,

and holding on, easily crosses over with her; sometimes he aids the cow by using one hand in swimming.

"What is that going down the river?" exclaimed a gentleman. On applying a telescope, we found fifty or sixty buffaloes all in a heap were coming down with the stream, whilst ten natives swimming with them kept thrashing them with long bamboos to make them exert themselves, and keep all together: the natives shouting and urging on the animals, and the buffaloes bellowing at every blow they received. At what a rate they come down! the stream flows with such rapidity during the rains! This is the first time I have seen such a large herd driven in this curious fashion.

Methodism is gaining ground very fast in Cawnpore; young ladies sometimes profess to believe it highly incorrect to go to balls, plays, races, or to any party where it is possible there may be a quadrille. A number of the officers also profess these opinions, and set themselves up as New Lights.

9th.—I was remarking to an officer to-day, I thought it very unlikely any one would attempt the life of the Governor-general. He replied: "The danger is to be feared from the discharged sipahīs, who are in a most turbulent and discontented state. Squadrons of them are gone over to Runjeet Singh, who is most happy to receive well-disciplined troops into his service."

I have just learned how to tell the age of a stud-bred horse. All stud horses are marked on the flank, when they are one year old, with the first letter of the stud and the last figure of the year. Our little mare, Lachhmī, is marked K. 0., therefore she was foaled at Kharuntadee in 1819, and marked in 1820—making her age now eleven years.

Oct. 10th.—I see in the papers—"A member in the House of Commons expressed his satisfaction that so abominable a practice as that of sŭtēē should have been abolished without convulsion or bloodshed. Great credit was due to the noble lord at the head of the Government there, and to the missionaries, to whom much of the credit was owing."

How very absurd all this is, was proved to me by what came to my knowledge at the time of the sŭtēē at Allahabad. If

Government at that time had issued the order to forbid sŭtēē, not one word would have been said. The missionaries had nothing to do with it; the rite might have been abolished long before without danger.

Women in all countries are considered such dust in the balance, when their interests are pitted against those of the men, that I rejoice no more widows are to be grilled, to ensure the whole of the property passing to the sons of the deceased.

The Government interferes with native superstition where rupees are in question—witness the tax they levy on pilgrims at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna. Every man, even the veriest beggar, is obliged to give one rupee for liberty to bathe at the holy spot; and if you consider that one rupee is sufficient to keep that man in comfort for one month, the tax is severe.

THE DEWĀLĪ.

16*th*.—This is the great day of the Dewālī, celebrated by the Hindoos in honour of Kālī, also called Kālee-pooja. This evening, happening to go down to the river just below the verandah to look at a large toon-wood tree lying in a boat, which some people had brought in hopes we should purchase it, my attention was attracted to a vast quantity of lamps burning on Sirsya Ghāt, and I desired the boatmen to row to the place; I had never been on the river before, nor had I seen this ghāt, although only a stone's throw from our bungalow, it being hidden by a point of land.

On reaching the ghāt, I was quite delighted with the beauty of a scene resembling fairy land. Along the side of the Ganges, for the distance of a quarter of a mile, are, I should think, about fifty small ghāts, built with steps low down into the river, which flows over the lower portion of them. Above these ghāts are, I should imagine, fifteen small Hindoo temples, mixed with native houses; and some beautifully picturesque trees overshadow the whole.

The spot must be particularly interesting by daylight—but imagine its beauty at the time I saw it, at the Festival of Lights.

On every temple, on every ghāt, and on the steps down to the

river's side, thousands of small lamps were placed, from the foundation to the highest pinnacle, tracing the architecture in lines of light.

The evening was very dark, and the whole scene was reflected in the Ganges. Hundreds of Hindoos were worshipping before the images of Mahadēo and Gŭnéshŭ; some men on the ghāts standing within circles of light, were prostrating themselves on the pavement; others doing pooja standing in the river; others bathing. The Brahmans before the idols were tolling their bells, whilst the worshippers poured Ganges water, rice, oil, and flowers over the images of the gods.

Numbers of people were sending off little paper boats, each containing a lamp, which, floating down the river, added to the beauty of the scene. I saw some women sending off these little fire-fly boats, in which they had adventured their happiness, earnestly watching them as they floated down the stream: if at the moment the paper boat disappeared in the distance the lamp was still burning, the wish of the votary would be crowned with success; but if the lamp was extinguished, the hope for which the offering was made was doomed to disappointment. With what eagerness did many a mother watch the little light to know if her child would or would not recover from sickness! The river was covered with fleets of these little lamps, hurried along by the rapid stream.

The stone ghāts are of all shapes and sizes, built by the Cawnpore merchants according to their wealth. Some are large and handsome—some not a yard in diameter. A good one, with arches facing the water, is put aside for the sole use of the women; and all were most brilliantly lighted. The houses in the city were also gaily illuminated. But to see the Dewālī in perfection, you must float past the temples during the dark hours on Gunga-jee. I was greatly pleased: so Eastern, so fairy-like a scene, I had not witnessed since my arrival in India; nor could I have imagined that the dreary-looking station of Cawnpore contained so much of beauty.

The goddess Kālee, to whom this festival is dedicated, is the black goddess to whom human sacrifices are offered. This

evening beholding the pretty and fanciful adorations of the Hindoos, offering rice and flowers, and sending off their floating lamps upon the river, I could scarcely believe the worship could be in honour of Kālee.

I have seen no temples dedicated to her up the country. Her celebrated shrine is at Kāli Ghāt, near Calcutta. A Hindoo often makes a vow, generally to Kālee, that if she will grant his prayer, he will not cut off a particular lock of his hair for so many years; at the end of that time he goes to the shrine, makes pooja, and shaves the lock: at particular times of the year, they say, piles of hair are shaved off at Kālee Ghāt.

When we were residing in Chowringhee we heard of the body of a man, who had been sacrificed to the goddess, having been found before the image at Kālee Ghāt. It was supposed he was some poor wanderer or devotee, possessing no friends to make inquiries concerning his fate. When a victim is sacrificed, it is considered necessary to cut off the head at one blow with a broad heavy axe.

At Benares I purchased thirty-two paintings of the Hindoo deities for one rupee! and amongst them was a sketch of the goddess Kālee.

PHŬLŬ-HŬRĒĒ.

A figure of Kālee, exactly similar to the one purchased at Benares, and attired in the same manner, I saw worshipped at Pārg under the name of Phŭlŭ-hŭrēē (she who receives much fruit). She is worshipped at the total wane of the moon, in the month Jyoishthŭ—or any other month, at the pleasure of the worshipper. Her offerings are fruits especially. Animals are sacrificed in her honour, and Jack-fruit and mangoes are presented to her in that particular month.

The day after the worship the people carried the goddess in state down to the river Jumna, and sank her in its deep waters: the procession was accompanied by the discordant music of tom-toms, &c., and all the rabble of Kydgunge. The image, about three feet in height, dressed and painted, was borne on a sort of platform.

The goddess is represented as a black female with four arms, standing on the breast of Shivŭ. In one hand she carries a scymitar; in two others the heads of giants, which she holds by the hair; and the fourth hand supports giants' heads.

"She wears two dead bodies for ear-rings, and a necklace of skulls. Her tongue hangs down to her chin. The heads of giants are hung as a girdle around her loins, and her jet black hair falls to her heels. Having drunk the blood of the giants she slew, her eyebrows are bloody, and the blood is falling in a stream down her breast. Her eyes are red, like those of a drunkard. She stands with one leg on the breast of her husband Shivŭ, and rests the other on his thigh."

Men are pointed out amongst *other animals* as a proper sacrifice to Kālee: the blood of a tiger pleases her for 100 years; the blood of a lion, a reindeer, or a man, for 1000 years. By the sacrifice of three men she is pleased for 100,000 years.

Kālee had a contest with the giant Ravŭna, which lasted ten years; having conquered him, she became mad with joy, and her dancing shook the earth to its centre. To restore the peace of the world, Shivŭ, her husband, threw himself amongst the dead bodies at her feet. She continued her dancing, and trampled upon him. When she discovered her husband she stood still, horror-struck and ashamed, and threw out her tongue to an uncommon length. By this means Shivŭ stopped her frantic dancing, and saved the universe. When the Hindoo women are shocked or ashamed at anything, they put out their tongues as a mode of expressing their feelings. Nor is this practice confined to the women of the East alone, it is common amongst the lower orders of the English.

18*th*.—Āghā Meer, the ex-minister of Oude, has come over. His train consisted of fifty-six elephants, covered with crimson clothing deeply embroidered with gold, and forty gārees (carts) filled with gold mohurs and rupees.

His zenāna came over some days ago, consisting of nearly 400 palanquins; how much I should like to pay the ladies a visit, and see if there are any remarkably handsome women amongst them!

19th.—Mr. M—— rode my Arab Mootee on the course last night; how beautiful he looked! not Mr. M——, but the horse; there was not a man who did not turn to admire him; nor was there a horse that might compare with my Pearl of the Desert.

In consequence of the number of troop horses with the artillery and regiments of cavalry at this station, riding is almost dangerous, especially in the early morning, when the horses are out for exercise. You sometimes see a vicious native horse,—a man-eater, as they call him,—walking with his eyes bandaged, and led by two natives, one on each side his head; every now and then, a beast of this description will turn restive, rear and fight with his fore-feet, and shout out lustily; when such animals break away from their attendants, they attack other horses, and become very dangerous. Some gentlemen at the station allow their sā'īses to carry hog-spears to defend them from loose horses. To-day, whilst our horses were out in the early morning for exercise, a troop horse, that had broken loose, attacked our English-imported grey mare; she galloped off, he pursued her, and the men could not secure him before he had bitten her severely on the neck in several places, and had cut her leg. I shall make my sā'īs carry a bamboo in future, lest my Arab Trelawny should be attacked whilst I am on his back.

20th.—In the evening I went with Mr. A—— to Sirsya Ghāt; whilst we were sketching the mut'hs (Hindoo temples), about fifty women came down, two by two, to the ghāt. After having burnt the corpse of a Hindoo by the side of the Ganges, they came in procession, to lament, bathe, and put on clean garments; one woman walked in front, reciting a monotonous chant, in which the others every now and then joined in chorus, beating their breasts and foreheads in time to the monotonous singing.

They assembled on the steps of the ghāt. Each woman wore a white chudda (in shape like a sheet), which was wrapped so closely around her that it covered her body and head entirely, the eyes alone being visible. Standing on the steps of the ghāt, they renewed their lament; beating their breasts, foreheads, and limbs, and chanting their lament all the time; then they all sat down, and beat their knees with their hands in time to the dirge;

afterwards, they descended into the river to bathe and change their clothes; such an assortment of ugly limbs I never beheld! A native woman thinks no more of displaying her form as high as the knee, or some inches above it, than we do of showing our faces. This being rather too great an exhibition, I proposed to my companion to proceed a little further, that the lovely damsels might bathe undisturbed.

25th.—I have been more disgusted to-day than I can express: the cause is too truly Indian not to have a place in my journal; I fancied I saw the corpse of a European floating down the Ganges just now, but, on looking through the telescope, I beheld the most disgusting object imaginable.

When a rich Hindoo dies, his body is burned, and the ashes are thrown into the Ganges; when a poor man is burned, they will not go to the expense of wood sufficient to consume the body. The corpse I saw floating down had been put on a pile, covered with ghee (clarified butter), and fire enough had been allowed just to take off all the skin from the body and head, giving it a white appearance; any thing so ghastly and horrible as the limbs from the effect of the fire was never beheld, and it floated almost entirely out of the water, whilst the crows that were perched upon it tore the eyes out. In some parts, where the stream forms a little bay, numbers of these dreadful objects are collected together by the eddy, and render the air pestiferous, until a strong current carries them onwards. The poorer Hindoos think they have paid all due honour to their relatives when they have thus skinned them on the funeral pile, and thrown them, like dead dogs, into the Ganges.

The Musulmāns bury their dead—generally under the shade of trees, and erect tombs to their memory, which they keep in repair; they burn lights upon the graves every Thursday (Jumarāt), and adorn the tomb with flowers.

27th.—As we floated down the stream this evening, I observed the first ghāt was lighted up, and looked very brilliant, with hundreds of little lamps; the Dāndees said, it was not on account of any particular festival, but merely the merchant, to whom the ghāt and temple belonged, offering lamps to Gunga-jee.

Nov. 8th.—My husband received an order to return to Allahabad; this gave us much satisfaction.

17th.—Mr. S——, of the Civil Service, told me to-day, speaking of the Thugs, "It is about a year ago that Major H——, the assistant to the agent for the Governor-general, had a narrow escape from a Thug. He was sleeping in his tent at Powergong, a place between Saugor and Dinapore, when a Thug entered, and put a noose over his head! The gentleman stirred, and his nightcap prevented the noose slipping over his face; he awoke, the Thug fled, leaving the noose in the tent, nor were they able to secure him."

Mr. S—— tells me he has seen, on the Nurbudda, numerous images in stone of Bhawānī, and that they are very beautiful, she being one of the most beautiful of the Hindoo idols! I have requested him to send me an image, or a picture of the goddess, as the likenesses I have seen are any thing but agreeable. He has been looking over my cabinet of curiosities, and promises to send me some turquoise he procured at the turquoise mines in Persia, as specimens of really good stones. He tells me, at those mines you purchase the stones just as they come from the beds at two rupees eight ānās a sēr, about five shillings for two pounds' weight of turquoise!

I gave him a rough emerald, one of five that I purchased of a native, who found them in the Soane river, and brought them to the door for sale.

Another fire has taken place in the fort at Allahabad, and sulphur, valued at two lacs of rupees, melted by the heat, ran over the square like lava; fortunately the fire did not reach the powder magazine. This is the second attempt that has been made within the space of a few weeks to burn the fort; the discharged natives who used to work at the powder mills are supposed to be the persons who kindled the fires.

The damage done by these fires is much greater than the saving which has arisen to Government from cutting the pay of the men, or from dismissing them; so much for economy!

18th.—To-day, our Mug cook died suddenly after a short illness; the corpse will be burned, and the ashes thrown into

the Ganges; the man came from Ava. The Mugs are reckoned better cooks than the Musulmāns. He was an excellent *artiste* and a good servant; we shall replace him with difficulty. He professed himself a Hindoo, and during their festivals would give money, and worship according to their fashion.

During the Muharrum he called himself a follower of the prophet; he gave forty rupees to assist in building a Taziya, performed all the ceremonies peculiar to the faithful, and was allowed to be considered a Musulmān for the time; at the conclusion, when the Taziya was thrown into the river, he became a Mug again.

22nd.—With a westerly wind, and the thermometer at 65°, we Indians find it very cold, the contrast to the hot winds is so great. I have worn a shawl all the morning, and to-night, for the first time this year, we have begun fires; and have had the horse-shoe table placed in front of the fire-place, that we may enjoy the warmth during dinner-time. The room looks so cheerful, it puts me into good humour and good spirits; I feel so *English*, without lassitude, so strong and well. My husband has just sallied out in his great coat to take a very long walk; and the little terrier is lying under the table, watching a musk rat, which has taken refuge in a hole under the grate.

26th.—I have just heard of an occurrence at Lucnow, which is in true native style. The Nawāb Hukeem Mehndee Ali Khan, the present minister, poisoned the King of Oude's ear against one of his people by declaring that the man betrayed some state secrets and intrigues; the king accordingly, without judge or jury, ordered the man's head to be fixed, and a heavy weight to be fastened on his tongue until the tongue should be so wrenched from the roots that it should ever after hang out of his mouth. This brutal punishment was inflicted some two or three months ago, and the poor creature's life has been preserved by pouring liquids down his throat, as, of course, he is unable to eat at present. They have now discovered the man is innocent! but what does it avail him? His accuser, the Nawāb Hukeem Mehndee, is rich; money is power. The king is displeased with the minister, I

understand, for his misrepresentations; he is also on bad terms with the resident,—they do not speak.

Any lady having a horror of the plagues of Egypt would not admire what is going on at this moment; several lizards are peering about, as they hang on the window frames, with their bright round eyes; a great fat frog or toad, I know not which, is jumping across the floor, under the dinner-table; and a wild cat from the jungles, having come in, has made her exit through the window, breaking a pane of glass; a musk-rat is squeaking in the next room, I must go and prevent the little terrier from catching it: I do not like to see the dog foam at the mouth, which she always does after killing this sort of rat.

Dec. 1st.—A marriage has taken place this day, between the widow of the Mug cook, a low caste Hindoo, old and ugly, and one of our khidmātgars, a Mahommedān. On account of her caste the man cannot eat with her without pollution; therefore, having taken her to a mosque, and the kurān having been read before her, she declares herself a convert. The musulmān servants have dined with her; she is now a follower of the prophet. They are very fond of making converts, but the Hindoos never attempt to convert any one; in fact, they will not admit converts to their faith, nor will they embrace any other religion; here and there a woman becomes a musulmāne, on her marriage with a man of that faith.

5th.—To-day's news is, that the Governor-general met the 3rd cavalry at Allahabad, on their march from Cawnpore to Benares. His lordship reviewed the regiment, and asked the officers to dinner; an invitation they all refused. This annoyed his lordship very much, being the first display of *resentment* manifested towards him on his march by the army, and he *ordered* them to dine with him on pain of forfeiting their rank, pay, and allowances, pending a reference to the Court of Directors. Of course the officers obeyed *the order;* they were obliged to do so: what an agreeable party the Governor-general must have had, with guests whom he had forced to partake of the feast!

Dec. 11th.—I went to the races at sunrise: the first race was between two beautiful Arabs; Sultan looked so handsome at

starting, and shot ahead of the other, keeping him in the rear until he very nearly gained the stand at the end of the three miles; of a sudden his speed relaxed, the other horse came up, and passed the post just before him. Sultan looked wild; the jockey dismounted; the horse fell, regained his feet three times, reared with pain, and, falling again, died in the space of a minute.

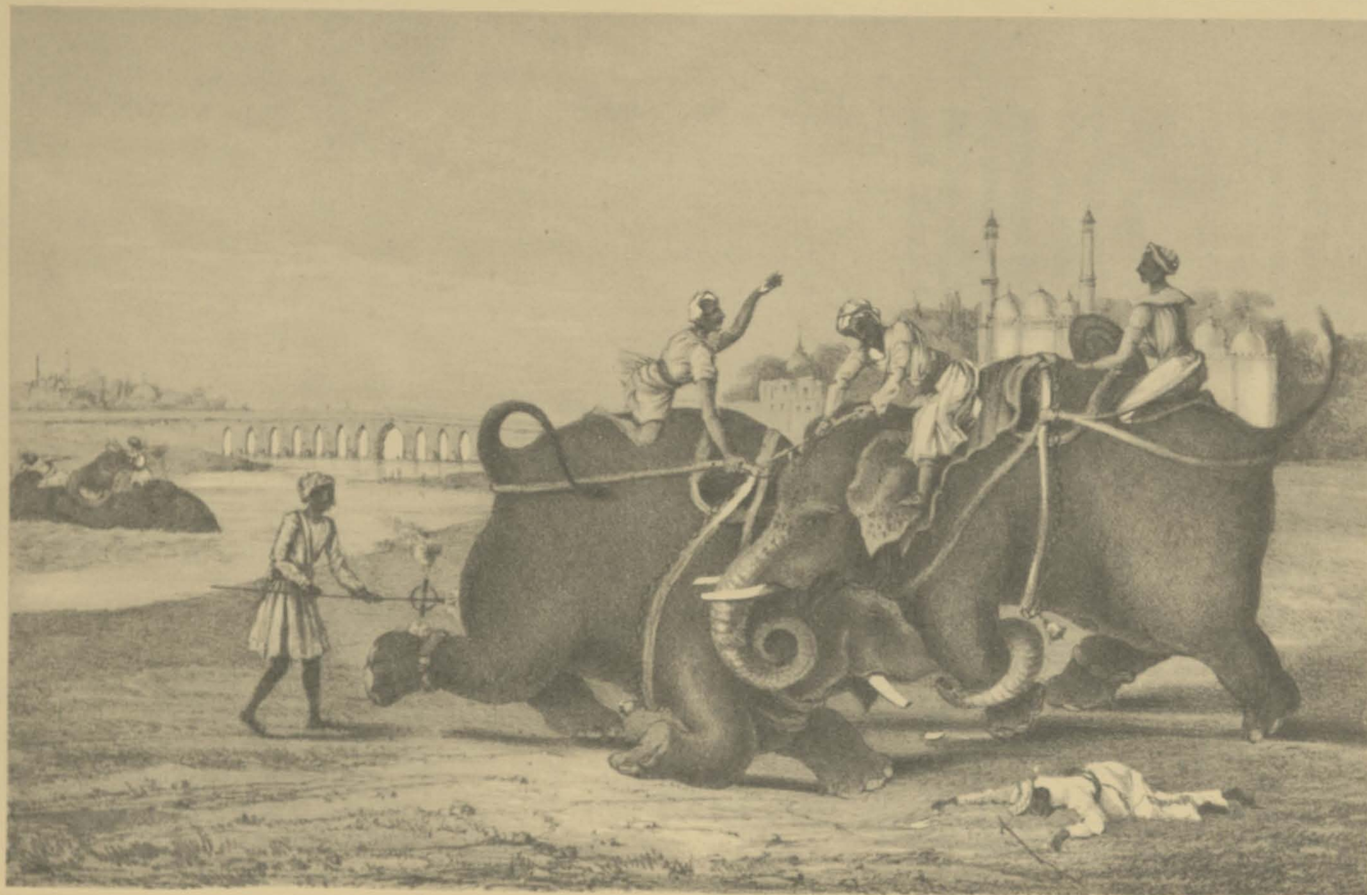
The Cawnpore races have been unfortunate; two years ago, a jockey was thrown, and broke his neck on the spot. Last year, the favourite Arab broke his hind leg and was shot: this year, Sultan has been killed, and two other horses have gone lame.

13th.—I accompanied some ladies to the riding-school of the 11th dragoons, and, being much pleased, requested to be allowed to take lessons with them; afterwards, riding there during those hours that the school was unoccupied by the dragoons, formed one of our greatest amusements. As for the corporal, the rough-rider of the 11th dragoons who attends in the riding-school, his affections are quite divided between my horse Trelawny and myself; I heard him say the other day, speaking of the former, "I like that little chap, he looks so *innicent.*"

My sā'īs cannot accomplish putting me on my horse after the English fashion; therefore, he kneels down on one knee, holding the horse in his left hand, and the stirrup in the right; I step from his knee to the stirrup, and take my seat on the saddle; rather a good method, and one of his own invention.

Christmas Day.—The house is gaily decorated with plantain trees, roses, and chaplets of gaudy flowers, but no holly; we miss the holly and misletoe of an English Christmas. The servants are all coming in with their offerings,—trays of apples, grapes, kishmish, walnuts, sugar, almonds in the shell, oranges, &c. The saddler, who is also a servant, has brought five trays in honour of kishmish (Christmas); these presents are rather expensive to the receiver, who returns kishmish bakhshish (Christmas boxes) in rupees; the apples *au naturel*, brought down at this time of the year by the Arab merchants from Cabul, are rather insipid, yet the sight is very grateful to the eye; they are large, fine, and of a roseate hue. The grapes,

which are in small round boxes, are picked off the bunch, and placed in layers of cotton. The dates are excellent. Kishmish are small raisins without stones, which have an agreeable acidity; they are known in England as sultana raisins. These Arab merchants bring pattū, pushmeena, cashmere gloves and socks, curiously illuminated old Persian books, swords and daggers, saleb misree, and Persian cats, saffron, and various other incongruous articles, which are all laden on camels, which they bring in strings, in large numbers. The men are fine, hardy, picturesque looking personages, independent in their bearing; and some of the younger ones have a colour on their cheeks like the bright red on their apples. Their complexions are much fairer than any I have seen in India.



ELEPHANT FIGHTS

CHAPTER XVII.

SCENES IN OUDE.

New Year's Day—Meeting of the King of Oude and the Governor-General—Visit of Lord William Bentinck to Lucnow—A Native Christian—Elephant, Tiger, Buffalo, and Bear Fights—Constantia—Beautiful Buildings—Departure of the Governor-General—The Padshāh Bāgh—The Royal Hummām—The King's Stables—The Party at the Residency—Dil-Kushā—Zoffani's Picture—Doves released from Captivity—The Menagerie—A Zenāna Garden—Letter of Introduction to the Begams at Delhi—Gardner's Horse—The Sorrows of the Begam.

1831. *Jan.* 1*st.*—New Year's Day was celebrated with all due honour at home, the party separating at 4, A.M.; punch *a la Romaine* and fine ices making men forget the lapse of time. The people here are ice-making mad; I flatter myself I understand the mystery of icefication better than any one in India.

5th.—The view from our verandah is remarkably good; the King of Oude, Ghazee-ood-Deen Hyder, has pitched his tent on the opposite side of the Ganges, and has constructed a bridge of boats across the river. In attendance upon him, they say, there are 2000 elephants, camels, and men in proportionate number; the sides of the river swarm with troops, animals, and tents.

Early on the morning of the 6th, the Governor-general, Lord William Bentinck, arrived at Cawnpore; and her Ladyship received the station. We paid our devoirs; and, in conversation with Lady William on the subject of the zenāna of the King of Oude, I excited her curiosity so much by my account of Tajmahŭl, that I feel convinced she will pay her a visit on her arrival at Lucnow.

7th.—We were invited to breakfast with the Governor-

general, with whom the King of Oude was to breakfast in state. We rode to the tents—but let me commence the narrative from the dawn of day. Long before sunrise the guns and drums in the king's encampment announced that all were in preparation to cross the bridge of boats. About 7 A.M. an enormous train of elephants, camels, and troops crossed over, brilliantly decorated, and proceeded to the camp of the Governor-general. We then cantered off—I on the Bokhara grey, who became very impetuous; but, although surrounded with elephants, camels, galloping horses, and guns firing, I never lost my courage for an instant: nevertheless, I will play no such game again, it is too hazardous.

Lord William met the king half-way, and having been invited to enter the royal howdah, he took his seat on the king's elephant, and they proceeded together to the breakfast-tent through a street of dragoons, infantry, &c. Lady William, with all her visitors assembled around her, was in the tent awaiting the entrance of the great people; on their arrival, after the usual embracings and forms were over, we proceeded to breakfast.

The whole scene was one of extreme beauty. The magnificent dresses of the natives, the superb elephants, covered with crimson velvet embroidered with gold, the English troops, the happy faces, and the brilliant day, rendered it delightful.

After breakfast Lord William received all visitors who asked for a private audience in a separate tent: my husband made his sālạm, and requested permission to visit Lucnow in his Lordship's train; having received a kind affirmative, we returned home.

8th.—The Governor-general returned the king's visit, and, crossing the bridge of boats, breakfasted with his majesty on the territories of Oude.

10th.—Lady William gave a ball to the station.

11th.—His lordship was invited to dinner—and dined with the eleventh dragoons, he being their colonel; the next day the Governor-general's party commenced their march to Lucnow, the king having quitted the day before.

18*th*.—Having sent on our camels and tents beforehand, we started for Lucnow, intending to drive the whole distance in one day, for which purpose we had laid eight buggy horses on the road, the distance being only fifty-five miles.

Going over the sandy bed of the Ganges, the horse being unable to drag the Stanhope, we mounted an elephant, which took us some miles; being obliged to return the elephant, we got into a native cart drawn by bullocks, and so arrived at the spot where the second horse was laid. But the horses found it almost impossible to get through the sand, the country had been so much cut up from the multitudes that had crossed and recrossed it. In consequence night overtook us in the middle of Oude without a tent or food, and a dark night in prospect; whilst debating where to find shelter, we espied a tent in the distance, which proved to be an empty one belonging to a friend of ours, and there we took up our quarters.

A boy came forward, and saying, "I Christian," offered to procure a chicken and give us a curry, which we ate off red earthen dishes, with two bits of bamboo as a knife and fork, after the style of chop-sticks. I must not forget to mention, that after our repast, Christian came forward and repeated the Creed and the Lord's Prayer in Hindostanee; he repeated them like a parrot, but, judging from his answers when questioned, did not appear at all to comprehend his newly-acquired religion.

The sutrăengī, the cotton carpet of the tent, served to defend us from the cold during the night; and the next morning we recommenced our journey, but did not reach Lucnow in time to join the dinner-party at the Residency, to which we were invited to meet Lady William Bentinck.

Our camels, tents, and horses had gone on in advance. On our arrival, I found the camel that carried my trunks had fallen down in crossing part of the river, and both my finery and my journal were soaked in the stream; much damage was done to the wardrobe—and, as for the journal, it was quite mouldy and almost illegible: for the benefit of distressed damsels in a similar predicament, I give a receipt to restore the colour of faded

writing, to which I had recourse with good success on this occasion[1].

18*th*.—The Governor-general breakfasted with the king. The whole party quitted the Residency on elephants most beautifully clothed, and were met half-way by his majesty. The scene was magnificent. The elephants, the camels, the crowds of picturesque natives, the horsemen, and the English troops, formed a *tout ensemble* that was quite inspiring. The Governor-general got into the king's howdah, and proceeded to the palace, where breakfast was laid in a fine service of gold and silver. After breakfast we proceeded to a verandah to see various fights, and, having taken our seats, the order was given to commence the tamāshā.

THE ELEPHANT FIGHTS.

The river Goomtee runs in front of the verandah; and on the opposite side were collected a number of elephants paired for the combat. The animals exhibited at first no inclination to fight, although urged on by their respective mahāwats, and we began to imagine this native sport would prove a failure.

At length two elephants, equally matched, were guided by the mahāwats on their backs to some distance from each other, and a female elephant was placed midway. As soon as the elephants turned and saw the female they became angry, and set off at a long swinging trot to meet each other; they attacked with their long tusks, and appeared to be pressing against each other with all their might. One elephant caught the leg of the other in his trunk, and strove to throw his adversary or break his fore-leg. But the most dangerous part appeared to be when they seized one another by their long trunks and interlaced them; then the combat began in good earnest. When they grew very fierce, and there was danger of their injuring themselves, fireworks were thrown in their faces, which alarmed and separated them, and small rockets were also let off for that purpose.

[1] Appendix, No. 16.

The situation of a mahāwat during the fight is one of danger. The year before, the shock of the combat having thrown the mahāwat to the ground, the elephant opposed to him took a step to one side, and, putting his great foot upon him, quietly crushed the man to death!

Sometimes the elephant will put up his trunk to seize his opponent's mahāwat and pull him off: skill and activity are requisite to avoid the danger.

The second pair of elephants that were brought in front of the verandah hung back, as if unwilling to fight, for some time; several natives, both on horseback and on foot, touched them up every now and then with long spears to rouse their anger. One of the elephants was a long time ere he could be induced to combat—but, when once excited, he fought bravely; he was a powerful animal, too much for his adversary—for having placed his tusks against the flank of his opponent, he drove him before him step-by-step across the plain to the edge of the river, and fairly rolled him over into the Goomtee. Sometimes a defeated elephant will take to the water, and his adversary will pursue him across the river.

The animals are rendered furious by giving them balls to eat made of the wax of the human ear, which the barbers collect for that purpose!

The hair on the tail of an elephant is reckoned of such importance, that the price of the animal rises or falls according to the quantity and length of the hair on the tail. It is sometimes made into bracelets for English ladies.

A great number of elephants fought in pairs during the morning; but, to have a good view of the combat, one ought to be on the plain on the other side the river, nearer to the combatants; the verandah from which we viewed the scene is rather too distant.

When the elephant fights were over, two rhinoceros were brought before us, and an amusing fight took place between them; they fought like pigs.

The plain was covered by natives in thousands, on foot or on horseback. When the rhinoceros grew fierce, they charged the

crowd, and it was beautiful to see the mass of people flying before them.

On the Goomtee, in front of the verandah, a large pleasure-boat belonging to his Majesty was sailing up and down; the boat was made in the shape of a fish, and the golden scales glittered in the sun.

The scene was picturesque, animated, and full of novelty.

In an inclosed court, the walls of which we overlooked, seven or eight fine wild buffaloes were confined: two tigers, one hyena, and three bears were turned loose upon them. I expected to see the tigers spring upon the buffaloes, instead of which they slunk round and round the walls of the court, apparently only anxious to escape. The tigers had not a fair chance, and were sadly injured, being thrown into the air by the buffaloes, and were received again when falling on their enormous horns. The buffaloes attacked them three or four together, advancing in line with their heads to the ground. I observed that when the buffaloes came up to the tiger, who was generally lying on the ground, and presented their horns close to him—if the animal raised his paw and struck one of them, he was tossed in a moment; if he remained quiet, they sometimes retreated without molesting him.

The bears fought well, but in a most laughable style. The scene was a cruel one, and I was glad when it was over. None of the animals, however, were killed.

A fight was to have taken place between a country horse and two tigers, but Lady William Bentinck broke up the party and retired. I was anxious to see the animal, he is such a vicious beast; the other day he killed two tigers that were turned loose upon him.

Combats also took place between rams: the creatures attacked each other fiercely—the jar and the noise were surprising as head met head in full tilt. Well might they be called battering rams!

21*st*.—We visited Constantia, a beautiful and most singular house, built by General Martine; it would take pages to describe it; the house is constructed to suit the climate; venti-

lation is carried up through the walls from the ground-floor to the top of the building, and the marble hall is a luxurious apartment.[1] The king having refused to give General Martine the price he asked for Constantia, the latter declared his tomb should be handsomer than any palace in his Majesty's dominions. He therefore built a vault for himself under the house, and there he lies buried; this has desecrated the place, no Musulmān can inhabit a tomb.

The monument stands in the vault; a bust of the general adorns it. Lights are constantly burned before the tomb. The figures of four sipahīs large as life, with their arms reversed, stand in niches at the sides of the monument. In the centre of the vault, on a long plain slab, is this inscription:

> "Here lies Major-General Claude Martine, born at Lyons, 1735; arrived in India a common soldier, and died at Lucnow, the 13th December, 1800.
> PRAY FOR HIS SOUL."

Claude Martine was a native of the city of Lyons. He was originally a common soldier, and fought under Count Lally; he afterwards entered the service of the East India Company, and rose to the rank of a Major-general. He died possessed of enormous wealth, and endowed a noble charity in Calcutta, called La Martiniere.

The house is a large and very singular building; a motto fronts the whole, "*Labore et Constantiâ*,"—hence the name of the house.

Returning from this interesting place, we proceeded on elephants to see the Roomee Durwāza, a gateway built at the entrance of the city, on the Delhi road, by Ussuf-ood-Dowla; it is most beautiful and elegant, a copy of a gate at Constantinople.

Near this spot is the Imām-Bārā, a building almost too delicate and elegant to be described; it contains the tomb of Ussuf-ood-Dowla, the second king of this family.[2] Within the court is a beautiful mosque.

We were delighted with the place and the scene altogether—the time being evening, and the streets crowded with natives.

22*nd.*—The Governor-general quitted Lucnow at daybreak. On account of some points of etiquette respecting the queen-mother and the king's favourite wife, Gosseina, Lady William Bentinck did not visit the royal zenāna.

This day we visited a palace called Padshāh-i-Takht, containing the king's throne and the banquetting-rooms, a delightful place; on quitting it we crossed the river to a new house and garden, built by the present king, called Padshāh Bāgh; of which I must give a description, it being the most luxurious palace I have seen in India.

A large space has been enclosed as a garden within a high wall; it contains three houses and two gateways; the first house is a most delightful one, all you can wish for in such a climate as this; beautiful rooms, with six fountains playing in them, and everything in fairyland style; then such an hummām! or steam baths, containing rooms heated to different temperatures, the heat of each increasing until you arrive at the steam bath itself.

The apartments are built of white variegated marble, and the roofs arched; the rooms were so delightful, we felt every inclination to remain in the hummām, the temperature was so luxurious.

Crossing from this palace to the centre of the garden, we entered another elegant building, supported on white marble pillars, beautifully finished, and adorned and furnished with crimson and gold.

On the left of the garden is a third palace, sacred to the ladies of the zenāna; this house is built of marble, and covered with flower-work of pounded tālk (talc), which has exactly the appearance of silver, giving an eastern style to the place. There are two handsome gateways, a steam-engine to supply the fountains, and a superb tiger in a cage. Every luxury of life may be contained within the walls of this garden; it is at present scarcely finished, but displays great taste and beauty.

On our return we visited the king's stables, and saw 200 horses, amongst which were some very fine Arabs. His Majesty has 500 horses in his private stables. This day was one of much

fatigue; we were on elephants, and exposed to the sun throughout the whole day.

23*rd.*—Mr. M—— invited us to quit our tents, and come into the Residency, giving us the apartments vacated by the Governor-general, which are delightful; and here we are installed with some most agreeable people.[3] First and foremost, our kind host the Resident; Mr. G——, the Resident of Nagpore; Mr. H——, the Resident of Delhi;[4] and Col. Gardner, a most charming old gentleman;—but he will require pages to himself, he is one of *many* thousand.

But I can write no more—my aide-de-camp, a young Bhopaul chieftain, is in attendance, to invite me to ride with the Resident. This little native chief is a fine intelligent boy about fourteen years of age; he rides well, on a small horse covered with silver ornaments; and his own dress, with two and sometimes three swords at his waist, is so curious, I should like to have his picture taken. The young chief, with his followers, often attends me on horseback to do my bidding.

The king has a charming park near Lucnow, called Dil-Kushā, or "Heart's Delight," filled with game; deer, nil-gā'ī, antelopes, bears, tigers, peacocks, and game of all sorts; the drive through it is most agreeable, the road being kept constantly watered: the house is good, and very convenient. His Majesty visits the place often for shooting.

Just beyond the park is a second park called Beebeepore, formerly the residence of Mr. Cherry, who was murdered at Benares.

24*th.*—I took a steam bath in true oriental style, which was very delightful; when the pleasing fatigue was over, I joined a party, and proceeded to Daulut Khāna, a palace built by Ussuf-ood-Dowla, but now uninhabited, except by some of the ladies and attendants of the old king's zenāna.

We went there to see a picture painted in oil by Zoffani, an Italian artist, of a match of cocks, between the Nāwab Ussuf-ood-Dowla and the Resident, Colonel Mordaunt; the whole of the figures are portraits; the picture excellent, but fast falling into decay.

The next place visited was the country-house of one of the richest merchants in India, a place called Govinda Bāgh. It is one of the handsomest houses I have entered, and beautifully furnished, with fine mirrors and lustres; its painted ceilings are remarkably well done, and have a very rich effect; the pillars also in imitation of porphyry look extremely well. The owner, Govind Lall, lives in a mean dirty house, in one of the meanest gulīs (lanes) in the city, that his wealth may not attract robbers or cause jealousy.

25th.—My husband accompanied the Resident and a party to breakfast with the King, and I called on my charming friend, Mrs. F————, in cantonments.

In the evening I accompanied the Resident, in his barouche, drawn by four fine horses, round the grounds of Dil-Kushā. The carriage was attended by an escort on horseback; when it passed the guards, arms were presented, and trumpets blown: and sometimes men with baskets of birds running by the side of the carriage, let them fly whenever they caught his eye, in the hope of some reward being thrown to them for having liberated their captives in compliment to the great man.

To release captive birds propitiates the favour of heaven. A great man will release prisoners from jail when he is anxious for the recovery of a relative from illness, or to procure an heir!

The Jānwar Khāna, a menagerie filled with wild beasts, animals of every sort, and birds in profusion, next attracted my attention. You may talk of Le Jardin des Plantes, but the Jānwar Khāna at Lucnow is far better worth visiting. There was an immense Doomba sheep, with *four* horns, and such a tail! perfectly enormous.

We paid a visit to the tomb of Saadut Ulee Khan, the king's grandfather, a beautiful building, near which is the tomb of the begam, both worth seeing.

20th.—I rode with the Resident to his country-house, a short distance from Lucnow, situated in the midst of delightful gardens; there are about twenty of these gardens, filled with fine tanks, wells, and beautiful trees; the Resident contemplates turning them into a park.

28*th*.—We went over a zenāna garden; the house, dedicated to the ladies, was a good one, situated in a large garden surrounded by a high stone wall. The orthodox height for the four walls of a zenāna garden is, that no man standing on an elephant can overlook them. The building is surrounded with fine trees; and a fountain played before it, in which gold and silver fish were swimming. Near it was an avenue, in which was a swing, the invariable accompaniment of a zenāna garden. The season in which the ladies more particularly delight to swing in the open air is during the rains. I cantered back to the Residency at ten A.M.; the sun was warm, but I thought not of his beams.

After breakfast, I retired to write my journal (knowing how much pleasure it would give her for whom it was kept), although I had that delightful man, Colonel Gardner, to converse with; such a high caste gentleman! how I wish I had his picture! He is married to a native princess, and his granddaughter is betrothed to one of the princes of Delhi. The begam, his wife, is in Lucnow, but so ill that I have been unable to pay my respects to her. Colonel Gardner has promised me, if we will visit Agra or Delhi next year, which we hope to do, he will give me letters of introduction to some of the ladies of the palace, under which circumstances I shall have the opportunity of seeing Delhi to the greatest advantage.

A very fine corps of men, called Gardner's Horse, were raised by him; single-handed nothing can resist them, such masters are they of their horses and weapons. I told him, I was anxious to see good native riding, and feats of horsemanship; he said, "An old servant of mine is now in Lucnow, in the king's service; he is the finest horseman in India. I gave that man 150 rupees a month (about 150*l.* per annum) for the pleasure of seeing him ride. He could cut his way through thousands. All men who know any thing of native horsemanship, know that man: he has just sent me word he cannot pay his respects to me, for if he were to do so, the king would turn him out of service." I asked why? He answered, "There is such a jealousy of the English at court: as for the king, he

is a poor creature, and can neither like nor dislike. Hakīm Mehndie the minister rules him entirely, and he abhors the English."

It is a curious circumstance that many of the palaces in Lucnow have fronts in imitation of the palaces in Naples and Rome, &c.; and the real native palace is beyond in an enclosed space.

Being tired with writing, I will go down and talk to Colonel Gardner; should no men be in the room, he will converse respecting the zenāna, but the moment a man enters, it is a forbidden subject.

Lucnow is a very beautiful city; and the view from the roof of the Residency particularly good.

I am fatigued with my ride through the sun; nevertheless, I will go out on an elephant this evening, and view all the old part of the city. I like this barā sāhib life; this living *en prince;* in a climate so fine as this is at present it is delightful.

The subjects of his Majesty of Oude are by no means desirous of participating in the blessings of British rule. They are a richer, sleeker, and merrier race than the natives in the territories of the Company.

What a delightful companion is this Colonel Gardner! I have had the most interesting conversation with him, which has been interrupted by his being obliged to attend his poor sick wife, as he calls the begam. She is very ill, and her mind is as much affected as her body: he cannot persuade her to call in the aid of medicine. A short time ago, she lost her son, Allan Gardner, aged twenty-nine years: then she lost a daughter and a grandson; afterwards a favourite daughter; and now another young grandson is dangerously ill. These misfortunes have broken her spirit, and she refuses all medical aid. That dear old man has made me weep like a child. I could not bear the recital of his sorrows and sufferings. He said, "You often see me talking and apparently cheerful at the Resident's table, when my heart is bleeding."

We have had a long conversation respecting his own life, and

I have been trying to persuade him to write it. He says, "If I were to write it, you would scarcely believe it; it would appear fiction." He is gone to the sick begam. How I long for another *tête à tête*, in the hope of learning his private history!

He must have been, and is, very handsome; such a high caste man! How he came to marry the begam I know not. What a romance his love must have been! I wish I had his portrait, just as he now appears, so dignified and interesting. His partiality flatters me greatly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REVELATIONS OF LIFE IN THE ZENĀNA.

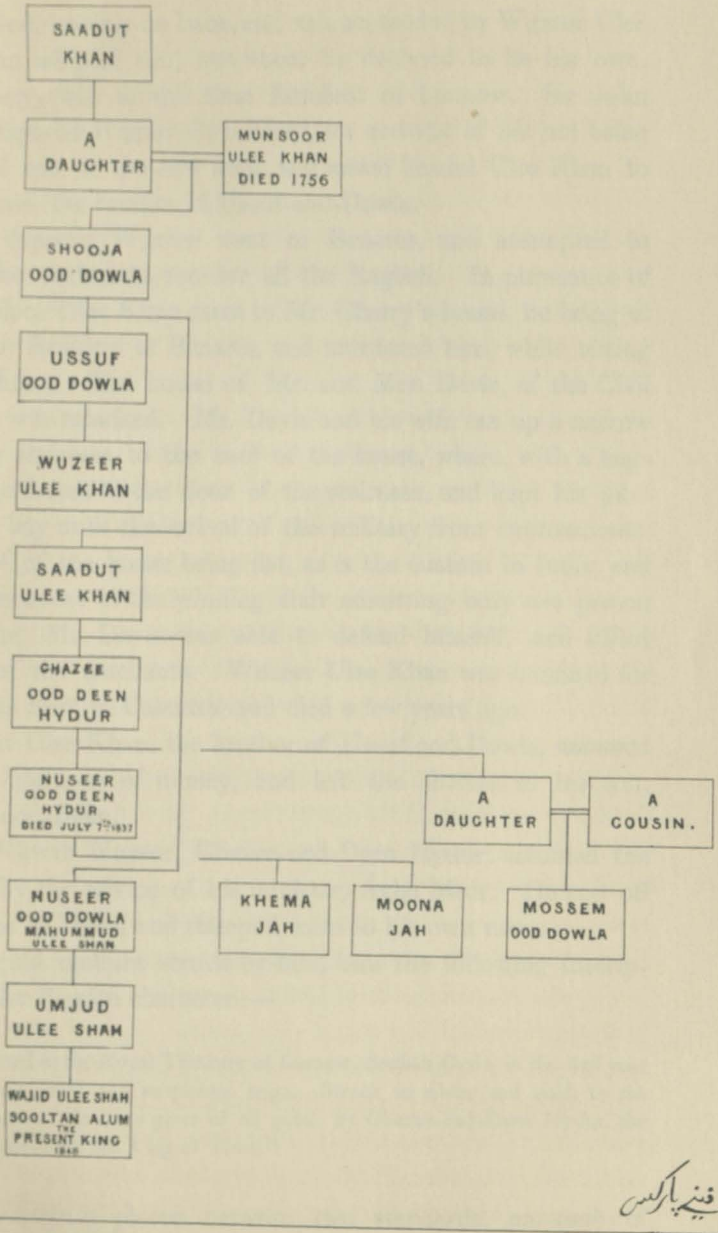
1831.—Pedigree of the Kings of Oude—Lucnow Mohurs—Anniversary of the Coronation—The Prime Minister — Khema-jah — Feredooa Buckht — Evil omens—Mossem-ood-Dowla—Largesse—Hārs, Pān, and Atr—The Zenāna —Sultana Boa—Mulka Zumanee—Gosseina—Tajmahŭl—Plurality of wives.

Saadut Khan, known at first under the name of Meer Muhammad Ameen, descended in a direct line from the Imām Mousa Kasim, of the family of Ali, esteemed in Persia as of the highest and most noble extraction. During the civil wars, he quitted Khorasān, his native province, and repaired to Lahore, where he took the name of Saadut Khan. On the accession of Mahmud Shāh, he was created a noble of the empire, and Soobadar of Oude, with the titles of "Pillar of the empire, confident support of the state, Meer Muhammad Ameen Khan, the Glory of War."

Fortune having proved favourable, he sent for his only sister, the widow of a nobleman, Jaafer Beg, and her two sons, and bestowed his only daughter in marriage on the elder brother, the young Nawāb Munsoor Ulee Khan, commonly called Sefdar Jung, who on the death of his uncle was confirmed by the king in his government of Oude. He died in 1756, leaving Soojah-ood-Dowla his son and successor.

Soojah-ood-Dowla, the first prince of the race, died leaving two sons, Ussuf-ood-Dowla and Saadut Ulee Khan. Ussuf-ood-Dowla ascended the masnud; he built Lucnow, and most of the palaces around the city, also the Roomee Durwazah, and the Imām-Bārā; in the latter he was buried.

Pedigree of the Kings of Oude.



The Daulut Khāna was also built by him; in it is his picture, by Zoffani. In fact, whenever you ask who built this or that place, the answer is sure to be Ussuf-ood-Dowla.

He died, leaving no issue, and was succeeded by Wuzeer Ulee Khan, an adopted son, but whom he declared to be his own. Mr. Cherry was at this time Resident of Lucnow. Sir John Shore deposed Wuzeer Ulee Khan, on account of his not being the real son of the late king, and raised Saadut Ulee Khan to the throne, the brother of Ussuf-ood-Dowla.

The deposed Wuzeer went to Benares, and attempted to rouse the natives to murder all the English. In pursuance of which plan, Ulee Khan came to Mr. Cherry's house, he being at that time Resident at Benares, and murdered him, while sitting at breakfast. The house of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, of the Civil Service, was attacked. Mr. Davis and his wife ran up a narrow winding staircase to the roof of the house, where, with a hog-spear, he defended the door of the staircase, and kept his pursuers at bay until the arrival of the military from cantonments. The roof of the house being flat, as is the custom in India, and the narrowness of the winding stair admitting only one person at a time, Mr. Davis was able to defend himself, and killed several of the assailants. Wuzeer Ulee Khan was confined for life in the Fort, in Calcutta, and died a few years ago.

Saadut Ulee Khan, the brother of Ussuf-ood-Dowla, amassed thirteen millions of money, and left the throne to his son, Ghazee-ood-Deen.

The Nāwab Wuzeer, Ghazee-ood-Deen Hydur, assumed the sceptre by the advice of his minister, Āghā Meer. He cast off allegiance to Delhi, and stamped coins in his own name.

The gold mohurs struck by him, bear the following inscription in the Persian character:—

> "Coined in the Royal Treasury of Lucnow, Soubah Oude, in the 3rd year of the great and auspicious reign. Struck in silver and gold, by the grace of God, the giver of all good, by Ghazee-ood-Deen Hydur, the Great Lord, the King of Time."

The crown is placed between two standards, on each of

which is a fish: the standards are supported by leopards: beneath the crown is the double-handled dagger, a most formidable weapon; and at the base of the whole are two large fish.

Ghazee-ood-Deen Hydur had no son, and one only daughter, who married her cousin, and had issue Mossem-ood-Dowla, the true heir to the throne; a man whom you may see constantly at the present king's table.

Ghazee-ood-Deen, instead of leaving the throne to his true heir and grandson Mossem-ood-Dowla, left it to Nuseer-ood-Deen Hydur, a boy whom the king declared to be his own son by a slave girl; but who, they say, is in reality the son of a dhobee (washerman) belonging to the palace. This man is the present king of Lucnow. The English are aware of these facts. On the decease of the present king, the succession will be disputed, as he wishes to place a boy, named Khema-jah, on the masnud, instead of his own son, Feredooa Buckht Moona-jah: but for the history of these two boys, I refer you to the lives of the wives of the king.

The Muhammadan law allows an adopted son to take the place of a legitimate son at the pleasure of the parent, by which law Nuseer-ood-Deen Hydur claimed the throne, and put aside Mossem-ood-Dowla, the grandson of Ghazee-ood-Deen Hydur.

29th.—We drove to Barouda, a palace built in the French style; I saw there nothing worthy of remark, but two marble tables, inlaid in the most delicate and beautiful manner with flowers of the convolvulus.

30th.—The Resident and all his party breakfasted with the King on the anniversary of his coronation, which takes place in any month, and on any day, according to his Majesty's pleasure.

During breakfast my attention was deeply engrossed by the prime minister, the Nawāb Mootuzim-ul-Dowla, Mehndee Ulee Khan Bahadur, commonly called Nawāb Hakīm Mehndi.[1] I conversed with him at times, and eyed him well as he was seated next to me, and opposite the King, telling his beads the whole

time, for good luck perhaps; his rosary was composed of enormous pearls.

His majesty's hooqŭ was presented to the Nawāb; Lord William Bentinck and the Resident were honoured with the same: it is a great distinction; no subject can smoke, unless by permission, in the royal presence. Hooqŭs are only presented to the Governor-general, the Commander-in-chief, the Resident, and the Bishop of Calcutta—if he likes a pipe.

Numerous histories respecting the prime minister were current in the bazār, far too romantic and extraordinary to be believed, of which the following is a specimen:

"The truth or falsehood of the story rests on the head of the narrator[1]."

"The dagger in his bosom and salutation in his mouth[2]."

The hakīm (physician or learned man) was formerly employed on a salary of about twenty rupees a month. The commencement of his enormous fortune began thus:—He was in tents in the district; a very rich Hindoo was with him, within the (kanāts) canvass walls, with which tents are surrounded. This man was said to have died during the night; his corpse was given to his relations, who were in the camp, to be burned according to Hindoo custom. There were two black marks round the neck of the corpse. It is a custom amongst Hindoos to put sweetmeats into the mouth of a dead body. When they opened the mouth of the corpse for this purpose, within it was found a finger, bitten off at the second joint. On that very night the *confidential servant* of the hakīm lost his finger! The hakīm seized the man's treasure, which laid the foundation of his fortune. He next took into pay a number of thieves and murderers, who made excursions, and shared the booty with the hakīm. They say the man's art is such that he keeps in favour both with natives and Europeans, in spite of his crimes.

Having been unable to bring the Resident over to his views, he is his sworn enemy, and would give thousands to any one who would poison him. Many of the servants now standing

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 33. [2] Ibid. 35.

behind the Resident's chair know the reward they might obtain. They would not poison any dish from which many might eat, the most likely thing in which it would be administered would be coffee or ice!

After breakfast, the King went into the next apartment, where the Resident, with all due form, having taken off the King's turban, placed the crown upon his head, and he ascended the masnud.

Khema-jah, the eldest boy, about fourteen years of age, is an ill-looking low caste wretch, with long, straight, lank hair, coarse, falling lips, and bad teeth. The manners and looks of the boy proclaim his caste. He was the first person presented to his Majesty, and received four or five dresses of honour, made of thick Benares gold and silver kimkhwāb, which were *all* put upon his person one over the other.[2] A jewelled turban was put on his head, and a necklace of pearls and precious stones round his neck; and over all these dresses of honour were placed four or five pairs of Cashmere shawls. A sword, dagger, and shield were given him; an elephant, a horse, and a palanquin. Having made his sālām to his majesty, and offered some gold mohurs, he retired.

The younger boy, Feredooa Buckht, a bold and independent child, then came forward and received the same presents in the same style.

The khil'ats (dresses of honour) are sometimes given away to dependents on the same day; this, if known, would be considered an insult.

Then appeared the minister, the Nawāb Hakīm Mehndi: when the first dress of honour was put on him, it being too small, he could only put in one arm; and there he stood shaking, perhaps from an idea of its being a bad omen. The Nawāb prostrated himself before the King, and took off his own turban; his Majesty himself immediately placed a jewelled one on the uncovered head of the minister. Imagine the old man, sinking beneath the weight of years, his head totally bald, and his person overwhelmed with dresses of honour, shawls, and presents, like those before given to the young princes: he trembled so much,

the elephant-goad fell from his hand, a sign of his own fall; and the gold mohurs he attempted to retain in his hands fell at the foot of the throne. The people say there is a prophecy he will come to an untimely end next February:—"A bad omen ought not to be mentioned[1]."

When Mossem-ood-Dowla (the true heir) approached, he was coldly received, and a deep cloud for some time darkened his countenance. Mossem-ood-Dowla is a fine, handsome man, with a keen eye, and a very intelligent, good-natured countenance. It was a painful sight to see him do homage to one who had no right to the throne, but through the power of an unjust law.

I was standing next to the Resident and the Prime Minister, when, during a part of the ceremony, a shower of precious stones was thrown over us; I looked at the Resident, and saw him move his arm to allow the valuables that had fallen upon him to drop to the ground; I imitated his example by moving my scarf, on which some were caught; it would have been *infra dig.* to have retained them; they fell to the ground, and were scrambled for by the natives; the shower consisted of emeralds, rubies, pearls, &c., &c.

A magnifique style of largesse!

After all the dresses of honour had been presented to the different persons, a hār (a necklace of gold and silver tinsel, very elegantly made,) was placed around the neck of each of the visitors; atr of roses was put on my hands, and on the hands of some other visitors, in compliment to the Resident, by his Majesty himself. Pān was presented, and rose water was sprinkled over us; after which ceremonies, we all made our bohut bohut udūb sālām[2] to the King of Oude, and took our departure. The gold and silver tinsel hārs have been substituted for strings of pearl, which it was customary to present to visitors, until an order of government, promulgated four years ago, forbade the acceptance of presents.

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 36.

[2] Most respectful reverence.

THE ZENĀNA.

"LOVE AND MUSK DO NOT REMAIN CONCEALED[1]."

"WHEREVER THERE IS A FAIRY-FACED DAMSEL, SHE IS ATTENDED BY A DEMON[2]."

The following account of the Begams was given me by one whose life would have paid the forfeit, had it been known he had revealed the secrets of the zenāna; he desired me not to mention it at the time, or he should be murdered on quitting Oude.

SULTANA BOA.

"*The* Queen is the daughter of his Royal Highness Mirza Muhammad Sulimān Shekō, the own brother of the present Emperor of Delhi, Akbar Shāh.

"From the first day after marriage, neglected and ill-treated, she was only allowed, until lately, twenty rupees a day; she has now 2000 rupees a month, but is not permitted to leave her apartments; the servants of her family have all been discharged, and she is in fact a prisoner. Neither the King nor any of his family ever visit her, and no other person is permitted to approach her apartments.

"The lady of the Resident told me, 'She is a great beauty, the handsomest woman she ever saw;' I have seen her sister, and can easily believe she has not exaggerated. The Queen is now about sixteen or seventeen years old (1830), and has been married, I believe, about five years.

"Mirza Sulimān Shekō, the father, lived at Lucnow since the time of Ussuf-ood-Dowla, and was forced by the late King of Oude to give him his daughter in marriage. The *mehn* (dower) of the Princess was settled at five crores[3], and the father had a grant of 5000 rupees a month, which is not paid; and in June, 1828, the Prince was insulted, and obliged to quit Lucnow with every sort of indignity."

MULKA ZUMANEE.

"The second begam is the wife of Ramzānee, a cherkut or

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 37. [2] Ibid. No. 38.

[3] A karor is ten millions.

elephant servant, who is now pensioned on thirty rupees a month, and kept in surveillance at Sandee; some time after her marriage the lady proved naughty, and was next acknowledged as the *chère amie* of an itinerant barber; she left him, and took service with Mirza Jewad Ali Beg's family as a servant-of-all-work, on eight anās a month and her food. She was next heard of as a gram-grinder at ——serai, where her eldest son, by name Tillooah, was born; her next child was a daughter.

"At this time Moonah Jāh (Feredooa Buckht) was born in the palace; and, amongst others who sought the situation of nurse, Ramzanee's wife attended; she was approved of by the hākims, and was installed nurse to the heir-apparent.

"Her age was then near forty, her size immoderate, her complexion the darkest; but she soon obtained such influence over the King, that he married her, and gave her the title of—(the daughter of the Emperor Furrukshere, and the wife of the Emperor Mohummud Shāh,)—Mulka Zumanee! Well may she exclaim, 'Oh Father! I have got into a strange difficulty, I have left off picking up cow-dung, and am employed in embroidery[1]!'

"She has a jagheer of 50,000 rupees a month, and the power of expending 50,000 rupees more from the treasury monthly. Her son Tillooah was about three years of age when she was entertained as nurse, but such was her power, that his Majesty publicly declared himself the father of the boy, and he was in consequence recognised as heir to the crown, with the title of Khema Jāh!"

The King has five queens, although by Mahummadan law he ought only to have four. His Majesty of Oude possesses, to a considerable extent, that peculiarly masculine faculty of retaining the *passion*, and changing the *object*.

He heeds not the proverb, "Do not put your beard into the hands of another[2]."

As far as I recollect the history of his last and favourite wife, it is this:

The Nawāb Hakīm Mehndi, finding his influence less than usual, adopted a Nāch girl as his daughter, because the King

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 39. [2] Ibid, No. 40.

admired her, and induced his Majesty to marry her. Her name is Gosseina; she is not pretty, but possesses great influence over her royal lover. This girl, some fourteen months ago, was dancing at the Residency for twenty-five rupees a night: and a woman of such low caste not even a sā'īs would have married her. The King now calls the hakīm his father-in-law, and says, "I have married your daughter, but you have not married her mother; I insist on your marrying her mother." The hakīm tries to fight off, and says he is too old; but the King often annoys him by asking when the marriage is to take place.

"There is no bird like a man[1]," *i.e.* so volatile and unsteady.

The beautiful Tajmahŭl, whom I mentioned in Chapter X., is entirely superseded by this Gosseina, the present reigning favourite; Tajmahŭl has taken to drinking, and all the King's drunken bouts are held at her house.

When he marched to Cawnpore, he took Tajmahŭl and Gosseina with him, and their retinue was immense. It is said, that the beautiful Timoorian, Sultana Boa, the Princess of Delhi, was so much disgusted at her father's being forced to give her in marriage to Nusseer-ood-Deen Hydur, and looked upon him as a man of such low caste, in comparison with herself, that she never allowed him to enter her palace,—a virgin queen.

Her sister, Mulka Begam, married her first cousin, Mirza Selim, the son of the emperor, Akbār Shah; from whom she eloped with Mr. James Gardner, and to the latter she was afterwards married. This elopement was the cause of the greatest annoyance and distress to Col. Gardner, nor did he grant his forgiveness to his son for years afterwards.

Affairs being in so unpleasant a state at the Court of Lucnow, was the cause of Lady Wm. Bentinck's being unable to visit the zenāna; and after her ladyship's departure, I was prevented going there by the same reason.

One cannot be surprised at a Musulmān's taking advantage of the permission given him by his lawgiver with respect to a plurality of wives.

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 41.

The Prophet himself did not set the best possible example in his own domestic circle, having had eighteen wives! Nevertheless, his code of laws respecting marriage restricted his followers to four wives, besides concubines.

In a book published in England, it is observed, "there are some instances of remarkable generosity in the conduct of good wives, which would hardly gain credit with females differently educated." This, being interpreted, means, a good wife provides new wives for her husband!

The King is very anxious the Resident should patronize Khema Jāh, his adopted son, and is much annoyed he can gain no control over so independent and noble-minded a man.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RETURN TO ALLAHABAD.—EXECUTION OF TWENTY-FIVE THUGS.

"WHO HAS SEEN TO-MORROW?"

i. e. Enjoy to-day, no one knows what will happen to-morrow [1].

Removal to Allahabad—Crocodiles—Aurunzebe's Fort—The Old Well at Kurrah—Arrival at Allahabad—The Thermantidote—The King's Picture and the Celestials—Pattū—Execution of Twenty-five Thugs—Cholera—The Effect on the Insane—The Arabian Leprosy—Elephantiasis—Asylums for the Blind and for Lepers—Lachhmī, the Goddess of Prosperity—Intense Heat—Early Rising—Danger of a Thermantidote—List of Servants.

1831. *Feb.* 1*st.*—We quitted the Residency at Lucnow, feeling greatly gratified by the kindness we had experienced from the Resident, and returned to Cawnpore.

We now prepared for our removal to Allahabad, the horses and carriages having been dispatched by land; the furniture, &c., was put into six great country boats, one of which, an immense 900 mŭn patailā, contained cows, sheep, goats, besides a number of fowls, guinea-fowls, turkeys, &c.; and on the top of all was a great thermantidote.

17*th.*—We quitted Cawnpore, and commenced our voyage down the Ganges.

18*th.*—The low sandbanks in the river swarm with crocodiles; ten are basking on a bank to the left of our boat, and five or six are just ahead. The sāhib has fired at them several times, but they are beyond the reach of pistol shot. They are timid

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 42.

animals; as soon as you approach them they dive down into the river. We have only seen the long-nosed crocodiles, none of the snub-nosed alligators. What a monster there is very near us, and such a winsome wee one by its side! I want a baby crocodile very much for my cabinet.

At Sheorajpore our friends tried to tempt us to remain with them, showing us a nil-gā'i, a wild boar, hares, black partridges, and the common grey partridges, that they had shot; and offering us an elephant to enable us to join the sportsmen the next day.

How much I enjoy the quietude of floating down the river, and admiring the picturesque ghāts and temples on its banks! This is the country of the picturesque, and the banks of the river in parts are beautiful.

On the morning of our quitting Lucnow, my aide-de-camp, the young Bhopaul chieftain, was made quite happy by being allowed to make his salām to his Majesty, who gave him a dress of honour.

I can write no more; the sāhib's vessel has lugāoed, that is, has made fast to the bank; I must go out shooting with him, and mark the game.

19th.—We slept off Nobusta; the wind was very high, it blew a gale, but the high bank afforded us protection. Our boats are large, flat-bottomed, shallow, and broad country boats, on each of which a great house is built of bamboo and mats, and the roof is thatched. The interior is fitted up with coloured chintz, like that used for tents. Such unwieldy vessels are very likely to be upset in a storm. The great patailā, which contains the cows, &c., has given us much trouble; she has been aground several times, being, from her height and bulk, almost unmanageable in a strong wind.

It is very cold, the rain is falling fast; all the servants and the crew look so deplorable, and keep their shoulders to their ears. The horses on their march will be exposed to it; they are merely sheltered by a tree at night,—a cold berth for animals accustomed to warm stables.

20th.—This has been a day of rain and contrary wind; we

have made but little way, and being unable to reach Mirzapore, have lugāoed off a sand-bank.

21*st.*—We breakfasted at Mirzapore, and reached Kurrah at night, where we moored our little fleet under an old fort built by Aurunzebe. No sooner had we made fast, than a heavy storm came on, accompanied by thunder and lightning, hail and rain; the latter was so heavy, it soaked through the thatch of the bamboo houses on the boats, and rendered us very uncomfortable. The large patailā was missing, but came in the next day with her cargo of cows and sheep; from her height she must have been in danger, as she had not gained the land when the storm came on.

We have moored just below Aurunzebe's fort, over which I have roamed; it is an excellent subject for a sketch; the view from the height is beautiful.

On the other side is an old well, built of the very small Hindostani bricks; the river has washed away all the bank in which the well was originally sunk, and it now stands naked on the sand,—a remarkable object.

24*th.*—We arrived at Allahabad, and my husband took charge of his appointment. Then commenced dinner-parties given in honour of our return by our old friends at the station.

Am I not happy once more in dear old Prāg? We have no troubles as at Cawnpore; no one poisons our horses; all the people around us appear pleased at our return, and eager to serve us; our neighbours here are friends interested in our welfare. My old carpenters, the saddler, the ironsmith, the painter, the stonecutter, and the sealing-wax-maker, are all in their old nooks in the verandah.

March 1*st.*—It was so cold we had fires of an evening, which were not discontinued until the 5th of the month.

Our friend Capt. B—— is going home; he will tell those we love of our goings out and comings in, and will be as a connecting link to those, betwixt whom and us this great gulph of distance is fixed. It really requires an exile from home to be able to enjoy its blessings. He will, or ought to run about almost demented for the first year. Heaven prosper the good country!

I hope to turn Hampshire hog myself, either here or hereafter, after the Pythagorean system.

The weather is becoming very hot; we are making our house look cool and comfortable, colouring it with French grey, and hanging pankhās in preparation for the hot winds. We hope to feel cool by the aid of a thermantidote, for which we are building a terrace and verandah.

The thermantidote is a structure awful to behold; but we shall benefit from its good effect; and, like a steam-boat, shall be able to do without wind, which, with the tattīs commonly in use, is the *sine quâ non* for *fraicheur*.

A thermantidote is an enormous machine for forcing cool air into the house; it is made of amrā (mango wood), or of sākoo (shorea robusta): the wheels and axle are of iron. In height, it is about seven feet, in breadth four or five, and some nine or ten or twelve feet in length.

There is a little machine sold in England, under the name of a fire-blower, which is on the same principle, and is almost a miniature thermantidote. It also resembles in some respects a machine for winnowing corn, but on a larger scale.

The thermantidote, which is hollow, and of circular form, has a projecting funnel, which is put through and fixed into a window of the house, from the machine which stands in the verandah.

In the interior, four large fans are affixed to an iron axle, which, passing through the centre of the machine, is turned round by two men on the outside; by which means the fans revolve, and force the air out of the thermantidote through the funnel into the house.

To render the outer air cool, which is thus driven into the house, a circle of about four feet in diameter is cut out in the planks which form the two broad sides of the thermantidote; and beyond these circles khās-khās tattīs are affixed; so that the vacuum produced by forcing the air out of the machine is supplied by air passing through the tattīs.

On each side of the thermantidote, on the outside at the top, a long trough is fixed, perforated with small holes in its bottom.

Water is constantly poured into these troughs, which, dropping through the holes upon the tattīs placed below them, keeps them constantly wetted. This water is received below in two similar troughs, and, passing through a little spout at the side, is collected in tubs, or in large high earthen pans. Coolies are constantly employed in handing up this water, in thiliyas (earthen waterpots), to other coolies on the top of the thermantidote, whose business it is to keep the tattīs constantly dripping wet. By this means, all the air that passes into the body of the machine through the wetted khās-khās is rendered cool, and fit to be forced into the house by the action of the fans in their circular course.

The thermantidote stands upon four small wheels, which facilitate the movement of so cumbersome and ponderous a machine.

Khās-khās was put on the thermantidote to-day; you have no idea how fragrant, delicious, and refreshing is the scent of the fresh khās khās, which is the root of a high jungle grass, called gāndar (andropogon muricatum). These fibrous roots are thinly worked into bamboo frames, which fit exactly into the thermantidote, or into windows. These frames are kept constantly watered, for the purpose of cooling the hot wind; which, passing through the wetted roots, is lowered many degrees in temperature, owing to the evaporation that is produced.

Our station is about to be increased by the addition of two Boards; one of Revenue, and one of Criminal and Civil Justice. The station is already sufficiently large for quiet society.

We have received the news of a Chinese revolution; or rather the old squabble, but of a more violent sort, between the Factory and the Hong merchants. Trade is stopped, and the papers here are talking of the necessity of fitting out an expedition to chastise the celestials. The mob broke into the Factory, and, amongst other extravagancies, amused themselves with spitting at the King's picture, and then turning it with its face to the wall!

The Arabs bring down a sort of coarse shawl, called puttuah or pattū; it is extremely light, and remarkably soft and warm.

I was examining some, intending to purchase it: "This is not a good piece," said I. "The name of God is better than this!" exclaimed the man, with indignation; meaning, nothing is superior to it but the name of God[1].

EXECUTION OF TWENTY-FIVE THUGS.

May 9th.—The inhabitants at Jubbulpore were this morning assembled to witness the execution of twenty-five Thugs, who were all hanged at the same time, arrangements having been previously made. It would be impossible to find in any country a set of men who meet death with more indifference than these wretches; and, had it been in a better cause, they would have excited universal sympathy.

As it was, there was something dreadful in the thought that men, who had so often imbrued their hands in blood, should meet their death with such carelessness. I believe they had previously requested to be allowed to fasten the cord around their necks with their own hands; certain it is that each individual, as soon as he had adjusted the noose, jumped off the beam, and launched himself into eternity; and those who first mounted the ladder selected their ropes, rejecting such as did not please them. One of them, who had leaped off the beam, and had been hanging for more than three seconds, put his hand up and pulled his cap over his face.

This is the second execution of Thugs that has taken place here, but no accident happened this time, nor did a single rope break.

However satisfied with the justice of their sentence, of which, from the many sanguinary murders proved, there can be no doubt; still, it cannot but be lamented that the course of justice is so slow; as these men, who were this day executed, have been in prison for more than eight years, for want of sufficient evidence.

The number of Thugs in the neighbouring countries is enormous; a hundred and fifteen, I believe, belonged to the party of

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 43.

which twenty-five were executed, and the remainder are to be transported; and report says there are as many more in the Saugor jail.

Too much credit cannot be given to the principal assistants of this district, who have succeeded in capturing so many of them; and Capt. S—— has the satisfaction of knowing that by his endeavours these men have been seized.

The extent of murder committed by the Thugs exceeds belief; and some time since a serjeant-major was murdered by a party of them. One of the principal assistants, some time ago, when marching in the district, received information that some bodies which had been strangled were under his tent, and upon digging, he discovered a great many!

One of the men who were executed this morning was a chaprāsi, who had been sent towards Nagpore to seize the party, but who joined himself with them, and by his presence protected them.

A guard of a company of sipahīs, under the command of Lieut. G——, was in attendance; but there was not the slightest disturbance, nor did the natives betray the slightest emotion of any kind, except one Nujeeb, who fainted.

A Spectator.

13*th*.—Deep grief and affliction has fallen upon us: the happiness of our lives is overcast: the stroke of death has deprived us of one beloved most tenderly.

Our physician has just quitted us: we have had a conversation on the subject of the dreadful malady that has wrought for us so much misery: he says,

"Cholera is the endemic of Ceylon: from the year 1813 to 1817 I never met with it in India. In 1817 it burst out in a madhouse, of which I had the charge, and the patients confined there died daily, in the course of a few hours after the first seizure. The horror produced amongst the unfortunate insane was so great that many became perfectly sane. One instance was remarkable.

"A man who had attempted to destroy himself in a fit of

frenzy, by cutting his own throat, and stabbing himself, became perfectly sane; and coming to me, entreated to be allowed to leave the mad-house, as he was sure he should die of the cholera. It was utterly impossible his request could be granted at the moment; in the course of the week he fell a victim to the malady he dreaded."

Our medical man added, "The causes of cholera are quite unknown. I know that the disease is often confined to a space of two or three hundred yards: for instance, deaths occur daily in the madhouse. In the jail, which contained five hundred prisoners, and was not three hundred yards distant, not a case appeared. I was so well convinced of the disease being confined to a certain spot, that I applied for leave to remove all the insane to a spare room in the jail; from the time of their entering the jail, not one man died of cholera.

"The environs, as well as the interior of the madhouse were quite clear and pure; no stagnant water, nothing that could generate disease in any shape."

I mentioned that it was supposed our beloved one had been exposed to the baneful influence of cholera, in passing through Arcot, where it was known to be. He said, "Certainly not, it would not lurk about a person twenty-four hours." Until the moment she was seized she was in perfect health. "I once saw a man, previously in good health, seized with cholera; he was sitting in a chair, talking to me: he dropped—his nervous power quite prostrated; he was perfectly sensible the whole time, and died in a few hours."

I asked, if the sufferings were not very great—the physician replied, "I should think not, from the extreme want of life in the body. The effect of the illness is such, that the vital spark is almost extinguished whilst still the body breathes." He said, "You should not grieve at the speedy termination of her illness; from severe cholera it is hardly possible to recover. Those who do recover, generally linger on for twelve or fourteen days, and then expire in a melancholy state: it is better it should terminate at once[1]."

[1] See Appendix, No. 18.

It came from Ceylon, and broke out with dreadful severity in 1817; especially in what *we* call Bengal, which is 100 miles around the Presidency; since which time, it has raged partially in Calcutta, and all the Lower Provinces, also in the higher; but in the Central Provinces, in which Allahabad is situated, it is very rare, only one case of cholera having occurred during the last two years at this station.

At Berhampore it is dreadfully prevalent; the 48th regiment quitted this a short time ago by the river, and lost nine men at that place. No diet, no care, can avail. Our medical man said, "I can compare it to nothing but a flash of lightning; its effects are instantaneous; the nerves from the first moment are powerless, dull, and torpid."

If I were to be seized with it to-morrow, I should only strive to resign myself quietly to my fate, feeling, that to strive against the malady is hopeless: in fever you have hope, in cholera scarcely a shadow of it; it is better not indulged; but the disease is so powerful it dulls the senses,—mercifully dulls them.

The cholera is raging at Malda; all the public works are stopped in consequence.

18*th*.—The thermantidote has been put up in our verandah. The rooms are ten degrees cooler than when we had only tattīs. For the first time I have been laid up with a strong attack of rheumatism and lumbago. My medical man says, "The thermantidote pours forth such a volume of cold air, that if you have fallen asleep near it, it has caused all these aches and pains. 'Nulla rosa senza spine.'"

THE ARABIAN LEPROSY (KOOSTUM).

Happily this dreadful disease is not as common as the other forms of leprosy: but once I beheld a dreadful specimen of its virulence; going into the verandah at 7 A.M., where the carpenters were all at work, a close and most disagreeable effluvium annoyed me—the cause could not be discovered.

Just beyond, in the garden, lay a lump under a black blanket. "What is this?" said Lutchman, the carpenter, "the smell pro-

ceeds from this lump." He raised the blanket, beneath it was a leper. Lutchman desired the man to quit the grounds. The poor wretch held up his hands and showed his feet; the fingers and toes of which were festering and rotten from the black Arabian leprosy!

I desired he might be carried to the hospital. "We will not touch him," said the servants; "let him go to the leper hospital." I sent the man a rupee. "What is the use of a rupee?" said Lutchman, "he cannot enter the bazār; how can he change it?" I sent him some copper coins. "Perhaps some one of low caste will bring him food and take the ānās," said the carpenter. The poor wretch raised himself, made salām for the money, and crawled away on his knees and elbows.

The next day he was found dead in a field: some of the copper coins had been expended, the remainder and the rupee were on his person.

The man had come up from Calcutta on a boat, had been put ashore under our garden bank, and had crawled up; he had not a cowrie. "There was not even left a sigh in his heart[1]."

He was totally destitute: but of this I was ignorant, until the next day. The effluvium was so bad, and the danger of infection so fearful, it was necessary to remove him at once from the garden.

There is a pink leprosy very common: I have often seen a man—once I saw two men—bathing amongst a multitude of men and women, their skins were pink, like the pink of salmon; the disease is not catching, I understand, and they are not avoided.

Another leprosy shows itself in white spots on their dark skins. I was practising archery one morning early; suddenly from behind a tree, a woman came to me, and throwing herself on the ground, laid hold of my foot with both hands, and bent her head upon it; saying, "Mercy, mercy, Beebee Sāhiba!" "May you bathe in milk, and be fruitful in children[2]!" A gentleman present caught me by the shoulder, and pulled me back, at the

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 44. [2] Ibid. 45.

same time speaking angrily to the woman. "Do you not see," said he, "she is a leper? She is covered with spots, come away, I am very sorry she touched you." I gave her some ānās, and told her to go to the hospital—one established by the contributions of the gentlemen at the station, and supported by subscription. There is, also, an asylum for the blind, supported in the same manner.

If I remember correctly, in the course of six weeks after the opening of the Leper Hospital, it contained sixty patients. I have often walked my horse round the compound, during my morning ride, to look at the poor creatures.

The elephantiasis, called by the natives fīl-paī, from fīl, an elephant, and paī a foot, is sometimes seen in the Up Country, but is not as common as in Bengal; perhaps the chapāties, thin cakes of unleavened bread which the natives here eat, conduce more to health than rice, the principal food in Bengal. However that may be, it is certain so many miserable objects are not to be seen here afflicted with fīl-paī, as in that low, marshy, and swampy country.

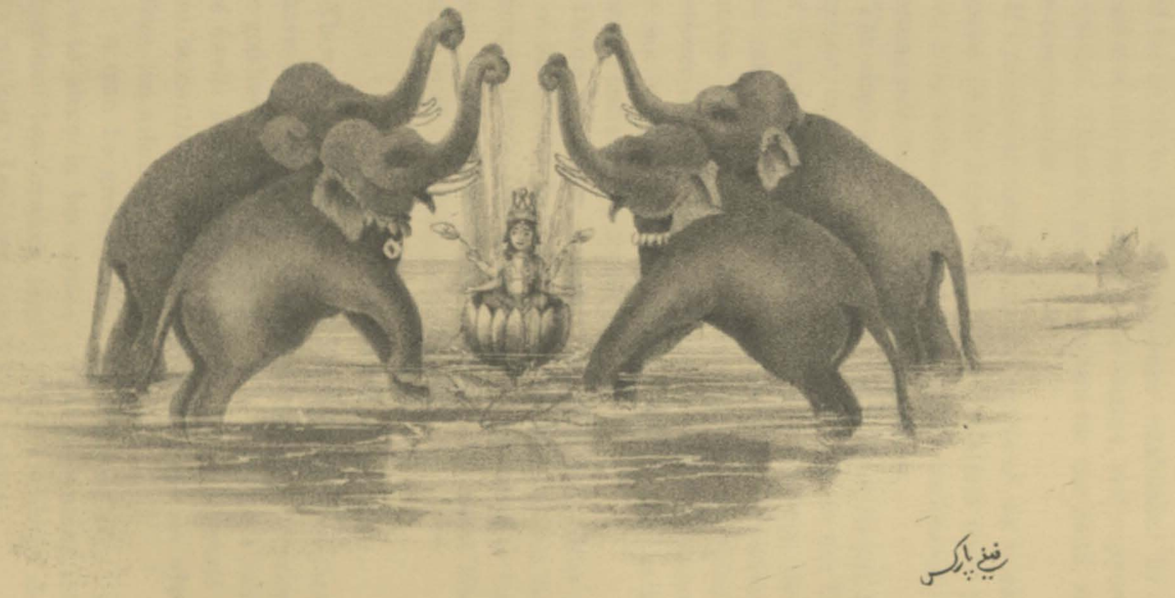
Divine service is performed at Allahabad, either in the Fort or at the Circuit Bungalow, the resident families being unable amongst themselves to raise a sum sufficient to build a handsome church: nevertheless they are the most liberal contributors to all charitable institutions.

LACHHMĪ, THE GODDESS OF BEAUTY.

There is to be a raffle for an English imported chestnut horse. I have taken a ticket, but not without first invoking Lachhmī, the goddess of beauty and prosperity. She who is painted yellow, and dwells in a water-lily, the goddess of fortunate signs; she who holds the water-lily in her hands, she in whom all take refuge, the wife of Hŭrēē.

If a man be growing rich, the Hindoos say, "Lachhmī is gone to abide in his house:" if he be sinking into poverty, "Lachhmī has forsaken him." If they wish to abuse a man they call him "Lachhmī-chara," *i. e.* luckless.

Vishnoo obtained this goddess of beauty from the sea, when



LACHHMĪ THE GODDESS OF BEAUTY

it was churned by the good and evil spirits for the amrita, or immortal beverage. Like Venus she arose beautiful from the foam of the ocean, ascended to the heavens, and captivated all the gods.

In the sketch which I copied from a native picture at Prāg, the beautiful goddess, seated in a water-lily, is bathing in a novel style. Four elephants, from their trunks, are pouring the Ganges water over her.

Oh! Lachhmī, send the chestnut horse to abide in my stables! let me rejoice in Akbal! (good fortune.)

"From the body of Lachhmī the fragrance of the lotus extends 800 miles. This goddess shines like a continued blaze of lightning!"

It is as well to remark, with respect to this sketch, that at the end of each of the trunks of the four elephants there is a turn, which, in the original old Hindoo drawing from which I copied it, I could not comprehend. In putting it on stone I left those four turns, but not quite so large as in the original. Since which time I have minutely examined a marble image in my possession, of *two* elephants pouring water over the head of the beautiful goddess, who appears seated on a water-lily, with a chatr, the emblem of royalty, over her head, and the buds of the lotus in her hands.

Each of these elephants holds in his trunk one of those long-necked globe-shaped bottles, in which the pilgrims carry holy water, and from them they are pouring the liquid. It is possible that the circles that are indistinct in the Hindoo drawing of the four elephants may have been the outlines of such bottles.

However, the sea-born goddess is placed in a much more picturesque point of view, if you imagine her as she appears, floating in the beautiful and pure blossom of the lotus, while bathed from the trunks of the elephants with the sacred water of the Ganges.

Since our arrival from Cawnpore, I have never mounted my horse, my spirits have been too much depressed.

June 1st.—Finding myself ill for want of exercise, I commenced rising early; dressing by candlelight, going out by

moonlight, and mounting my horse at half-past 3 A.M.! What an unnatural life! The buggy is always sent forward to await my arrival at a certain spot; I never draw my horse's rein until I arrive at the place, the heat is so much greater when you walk your horse. I return in the buggy at 6 A.M., go to bed for a couple of hours, bathe, and appear at breakfast.

How often "Chār vajr, barī fajr," *i. e.* four o'clock in the early dawn, sleepy and unwilling to exert myself, have I thought of the proverb:—"Oh, thou who art so fond of sleep, why don't you die at once[1]?"

To-day the heat is dreadful; 89° even at the mouth of the thermantidote, and in the other parts of the house six degrees higher! After my early canter, I did not quit my chārpāī until 3 P.M., so completely was I exhausted by the heat.

Although by nature not inclined to the melting mood, I felt as if I should dissolve, such streams from my forehead, such thirst, and lassitude; I really "thaw, and resolve myself into a dew." The call all day is soda-water, soda-water.

To the 21st of June, this oppressive weather held its sway; our only consolation grapes, iced-water, and the thermantidote, which answers admirably, almost too well, as on the 22nd I was laid up with rheumatic fever and lumbago, occasioned, they tell me, by standing, or sleeping before it after coming in from a canter before sunrise.

22nd.—Heavy rain fell, the thermantidote was stopped, and the tattīs taken down; nor were they replaced, as the rain poured down almost night and day from that time until the end of the month.

30th.—We had a party at home: the thermometer during the day 88°; after dinner it rose to 91°, in consequence of the numerous lamps in the rooms, and the little multitude of servants in attendance.

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 46.

A LIST OF SERVANTS IN A PRIVATE FAMILY.

No.		Wages. Rupees per month.
1	A khānsāmān, or head man; a Musalmān servant who purchases the provisions, makes the confectionary, and superintends the table	12
2	The ābdār, or water-cooler; cools the water, ices the wines, and attends with them at table	8
3	The head khidmatgār; he takes charge of the plate-chest, and waits at table	7
4	A second khidmatgār, who waits at table	6
5	A bāwarchī, or cook	12
6	Mate bāwarchī	4
7	Mashalchī; dish-washer and torch-bearer	4
8	Dhobee, or washerman	8
9	Istree wālā, washerman for ironing	8
10	A darzee, or tailor	8
11	A second tailor	6
12	An ayha, or lady's maid	10
13	An under woman	6
14	A doriya; a sweeper, who also attends to the dogs	4
15	Sirdar-bearer, an Hindoo servant, the head of the bearers, and the keeper of the sāhib's wardrobe; the keys of which are always carried in his kamarband, the folds of cloth around his waist	8
16	The mate-bearer; assists as valet, and attends to the lamps	6
22	Six bearers to pull the pankhās, and dust the furniture, &c.	24
23	A gwālā, or cowherd	4
24	A bher-i-wālā, or shepherd	5
25	A murgh-i-wālā, to take care of the fowls, wild-ducks, quail, rabbits, guinea-fowls, and pigeons	4
26	A mālee, or gardener	5
27	A mate, do.	3
28	Another mate, or a cooly	2

No.		Wages. Rupees per month.
29	A gram-grinder, generally a woman who grinds the chanā for the horses	2
30	A coachman	10
38	Eight sā'īses, or (grooms), at five rupees each, for eight horses	40
46	Eight grass-cutters, at three rupees each, for the above	24
47	A bihishti, or water-carrier	5
48	A mate bihishti	4
49	A Barha'ī mistree, a carpenter . . .	8
50	Another carpenter	7
52	Two coolies, to throw water on the tattīs . .	4
54	Two chaukīdārs, or watchmen . . .	8
55	A durwān, or gate-keeper	4
57	Two chaprāsīs, or running footmen, to carry notes, and be in attendance in the verandah . .	10
57	total. Rupees per month	290

or about 290*l.* per annum.

During the hot winds, a number of extra coolies, twelve or fourteen, are necessary, if you have more than one therman-tidote, or if you keep it going all night as well as during the day; these men, as well as an extra bihishti, are discharged when the rains set in.

We, as quiet people, find these servants necessary. Some gentlemen for state add an assa burdar, the bearer of a long silver staff; and a sonta burdar, or chob-dar, who carries a silver club, with a grim head on the top of it. The business of these people is to announce the arrival of company.

If many dogs are kept, an extra doriya will be required.

The above is a list of our own domestics, and the rate of their wages.

The heat of the climate, added to the customs and prejudices of the natives, oblige you to keep a number of servants; but you do not find them in food as in England. One man will not

do the work of another, but says, "I shall lose caste," which caste, by the bye, may be regained by the expenditure of a few rupees in a dinner to their friends and relatives. The Mohammadan servants pretend they shall lose caste; but, in fact, they have none: the term is only applicable to the Hindoos.

If your khānsāmān and sirdar-bearer are good and honest servants, you have little or no trouble with an Indian household; but, unless you are fortunate with your head servants, there is great trouble in keeping between fifty or sixty domestics in order.

CHAPTER XX.

SCENES AT ALLAHABAD—PILGRIMAGE TO THE TRIVENI.

The old Brahman—The Triveni—The Achivut—The Pātal Pooree—Temples of Bhardoajmun—Radha Krishnŭ—Hindoo oath—The Tulsī—The Peepul-tree—The Letin leaves—Lamps in the air—Paintings on Ubruk—Impressions on leaves and flowers—The Mootee Musjid—The Crows a pest—Byā birds—Haymaking—The silver Tankard—An Earthquake—Transferring diseases to flowers—Perjury—Farming operations—Oats—Bhoodder Ram the Dwarf—The Camel—The Powder-works and Rocket manufactory.

1831, *July 6th.*—I study the customs and superstitions of the Hindoos so eagerly, that my friends laugh and say, "We expect some day to see you at pooja in the river!"

In one of the temples near the Circuit bungalow, I was surprised at seeing two small brazen figures of Krishnŭ and his love Radha, or, to speak more correctly, of Radha Krishnŭ, dressed up in silks and satins. Making a reverence, "Salāmut," I exclaimed, in Hindostani, "yah! yah!" "Oh, my father, what a beautiful Krishnŭ is this! and there is Radha the beloved. This is, indeed, a Krishnŭ; I never saw so beautiful a fellow!" The old Brahman made many salāms and reverences, exclaiming, "There is an excellent mem sāhiba! she understands all, she understands every thing!" As Krishnŭ of yore charmed every woman who beheld him, so that quitting all on earth they followed and worshipped him alone, I suppose the old Hindoo imagined his god still retained the power of fascination.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE TRIVENI.

The Hindoos think it most meritorious to make a pilgrimage

to the holy city of Prāg (Allahabad); but this is not perfect, unless they visit three different places on that spot:

1st. The junction of the Ganges and Jumna.

2nd. The holy Achibut, or Akhivut.

3rd. The temples of Bhardoajmun.

One of the holiest spots of the Ganges is where it joins the Jumna (Yamuna), just below the fort. The Saraswati is supposed to unite with them *underground*, whence the junction is called Triveni or Tribeni. This spot is deemed so holy that a person dying there is certain of immediate *moskh* or beatitude, without risk of further transmigration.

There is a mythological representation of the Triveni, or mystical union of the three divine rivers personified,—"Gunga, Yamuna, Saraswati." The drawing represents a female with three heads and six arms, riding astride upon a fish. The Hindoos say the Ganges and Jumna unite above ground; the Saraswati joins them below; this they see with the eye of faith. In reality, the Saraswati falls into the Jumna a little below Delhi; and, *therefore*, they all three unite below the fort at Prāg. Saraswati, the wife of Vishnoo, by the curse of a Brahman was turned into the river which bears her name.

The Purānas declare that the sight, the name, or the touch of Gunga takes away all sin, however heinous; that thinking of Gunga when at a distance is sufficient to remove the taint of sin; but that bathing in Gunga has blessings in it, of which no imagination can conceive. At the Tribeni they bathe and make pooja.

THE HOLY ACHIBUT.

This tree grows in, or is enclosed within the walls of the fort, in such a manner that you cannot see it from any place. They take you into a room, which was formerly one of an hummām, or steam bath. This room is called the Achibut chamber, and there, with the eye of faith, the pilgrims behold the everlasting tree; which they believe has been there from the beginning of time, and will remain there to all eternity. They showed me a crack in the roof, and said, "Do you not see the branch of the

tree has cracked the roof in three places?" I certainly saw three cracks, but whether from a tree or ivy I cannot say; not a leaf was visible. The door of this chamber has been blocked up, on account of a native in the collector's office wishing to put up his idol there; the man is a worshipper of Parisnāth, the god of the *heretical* Hindoos. No orthodox Hindoo will worship in a temple where there is an image of Parisnāth; and as this man had raised an altar in the Achibut chamber, and wished to place his idol thereon, it caused a great commotion; to quell which, the Commandant of the fort bricked up the door, and has never allowed the people entrance since that time.

There are about four hundred heretical Hindoos at Prāg; I did not know until to-day such a caste existed.

The sacred Achibut is the bér, or great banyan tree, the Ficus Indica; the burgot of the Mahrattas; the Portuguese arbor de rayz, *i.e.* the rooting-tree. It is sacred to Vishnoo, who was born on its leaves. It is called the rooting tree, from the circumstance that it propagates itself by letting a kind of gummy string fall from its branches, which takes root, grows large, and by this means the branches often spread to a vast circuit, affording the most delightful shade in a hot climate; it is one of the largest and most majestic trees in the world.

At the gate of the magazine is a very fine young bér tree. Although sacred to Vishnoo, the preserver, nevertheless, it is said that "a demon resides under a bér tree.[1]" The goblin attached to this tree is reported to be exceedingly obstinate. Demons or goblins are said to be attached to different places; as to Musans, or places where the dead are burned; and to various trees and shrubs.

There is a remarkable passage in the Brahma Purāna, respecting the Achibut.

"Let the man who is afflicted with a grievous and incurable disease enter a burning fire, or procure his death by starvation, or by plunging into unfathomable waters, or by precipitating himself from an eminence, or by ascending to Paradise by a

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 47.

respectful pilgrimage to the Himalaya mountains; whoever relinquishes life under these circumstances,—by precipitating himself from the sacred bér tree at Prāg (Allahabad), or his time being come destroys himself; that high-minded person shall receive a great reward in the future state, and shall not be considered a suicide; even although he may have been a great sinner, he shall meet with supreme bliss in Paradise."

The pooja of the Achibut takes place on the 9th of June (jet ke pondrah tarik). All bér trees are holy; no Hindoo will cut them.

On the outside of the magazine is a subterraneous passage, called Pātal Pooree; it is built of stone. From the entrance, you pass down a long stone passage, the walls of which on both sides are covered with idols; you arrive at a chamber, supported by pillars; in this place there are forms of Mahadēo, that are worshipped.

When the Achibut chamber was blocked up, the Brahmans set up the stump of a bér tree in the Pātal Pooree, and declared that it was a branch of the real Achibut, that had penetrated through the walls.

They certainly have established it firmly in that situation, making good the proverb, "Its roots have already reached to Pātal[1]" (the infernal regions). The morning I visited the Pātal Pooree, I saw this stump, which must have been freshly worshipped, as the earth at its base was covered with oil, ghee, boiled rice, and flowers. The passage itself, and the chamber also, were oily, dark, very hot, and slippery: we saw it by lamp-light; the chirāgh (lamp) was carried by a portly Brahman, who has charge of the place, and makes much money during the time of the fair. The resident Hindoos of Prāg, who know the trick the Brahmans have played, do not pooja the false Achibut. In this place is the mysterious passage which they say leads underground to Delhi; devotees were making pooja before it.

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 48.

THE TEMPLES OF BHARDOAJMUN.

The third holy spot visited by the devotees are some mhuts, Hindoo temples, about two miles from the fort, near the circuit Bungalow. This spot was formerly the abode of Bhardoajmun, a fakir, and here he displayed his red flag from a bamboo.? This Bhardoajmun was a very holy man; after his departure, or after his ashes had been consigned to Gunga-jee, some temples were raised on the spot, and dedicated to Mahadēo, the great god. There are three principal mhuts, in one of which is a white marble image or form of Mahadēo, with four faces, very well executed. In the second is an image in stone of the old fakir himself, about fifteen inches high, to which divine honours are paid. There are, counting all the small mhuts, some nine or ten temples, under the shade of very fine tamarind trees, which are very picturesque. The eyes of the images are covered with thin silver plates, and the eyes themselves are about five times larger than the natural size; in one of the temples the face of the idol was covered or made of a thin plate of gold.

One of the temples is dedicated to Varaha, an avatār or incarnation of Vishnoo; and represents a man with a boar's head, on whose tusks rests a crescent, containing in its concavity an epitome of the earth, which had been immerged in the ocean as a punishment for its iniquities,—the story of the deluge. Vishnoo, in the form of a boar, dived into the abyss, and restored the earth on the points of his tusks. This is the first temple I have seen dedicated to Varaha: also, for the first time, I here saw a shrine, sacred to Radha Krishnŭ, the wife of a cowherd, whom Krishnŭ carried off from her husband to a forest on the banks of the Jumna, where they resided for some time; she has been deified with the god, and her image is worshipped at his festivals. If a Hindoo be charged with any particular act, of which he wishes to express his abhorrence, he exclaims "Radha Krishnŭ!" Many persons repeat, "Ram, Ram, Ram!" on such occasions, but no one says Seeta Ram; yet, when Krishnŭ's name is to be repeated they always join to it that of his beloved Radha. It has passed into a proverb, "Apne Radha ko yad ker."

As Krishnŭ always thought of Radha, so they say, "Attend to your own Radha[1]," either in anger or laughingly; *i.e.* attend to your own business.

What a noise the people are making! a Hindoo is taking an oath. The man is holding in both hands a lota, a brass drinking vessel, filled with Ganges water, on which is placed a sprig of the sacred tulsī, and by Gunga-jee he swears. I would bet ten to one all he is swearing is false, from the elevation of his voice, and his insisting so strongly on its being true. In the plate, entitled "The Thug's Dice," figure 4 represents a highly ornamented small brass lota, containing the Ganges water, and a sprig of the kālā tulsī on the top of it.

The tulsī or tulasī is a native of India, and there are several sorts of it. The kālā tulsī, purple-stalked basil, (ocymum sanctum,) is more especially worshipped by the Hindoos, and is the most sacred of all the tulsīs. The Malays cultivate this plant with care, for the purpose of strewing on graves; it is highly aromatic.

Suffaid tulsī, white basil, or Indian tea, (ocymum album,) seldom rises more than a foot high; the stem is of a greenish white colour, and woody at the base; the leaves, which are two or three inches long, have an aromatic taste and agreeable smell.

Mummerree, or nazbo, (ocymum pilosum,) ciliated basil: the scent is delicious and powerful; the bruised leaves have an odour resembling that of lemon. The Baghuts (a class of Hindoos who neither eat meat nor drink wine,) wear rosaries made of the root of the tulsī. These plants are all considered sacred. But to return to the man of whose veracity I felt in doubt: Their own proverbs condemn the Hindoos: "What need of economy in telling lies[2]?" and to a man who has an unconquerable habit of lying, they apply a very singular proverb[3].

THE PEEPUL TREE (FICUS RELIGIOSA).

A peepul tree grows on the banks of the Jumna, just in front of our house; the fine old tree moans in the wind, and the

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 49. [2] Ibid. No. 50. [3] Ibid. No. 51.

rustling of the leaves sounds like the falling of rain; this is accounted for by the almost constant trembling of its beautiful and sacred leaves, which is occasioned by the great length and delicacy of the foot stalks; whence it is called Chalada, or the tree with tremulous leaves. The leaves are of a beautiful bright glossy green, heart-shaped, scalloped, and *daggered*; from their stalks, when gathered, a milky juice pours out; on wounding the bark of the trunk this milk is also poured out, with which the natives prepare a kind of birdlime.

There is a remarkable similarity between the Ancient Britons and the Hindoos: on the sixth day of the moon's age, which is called Aranya-Shashti, "women walk in the forests, with a fan in one hand, and eat certain vegetables, in hope of beautiful children. See the account, given by Pliny, of the druidical misletoe, or viscum, which was to be gathered when the moon was six days old, as a preservative from sterility[1]." The Hindoo women eat the fruit of the peepul tree, and believe it to have the same wondrous qualities. There is another similarity between the hill tribes and the Ancient Britons, which will be mentioned hereafter. The peepul is sacred to Vishnoo, one of the Hindoo Triad; they believe a god resides in every leaf, who delights in the music of their rustling and their tremulous motion.

During the festival of the Muharram, the followers of the prophet suspend lamps in the air, and in their houses, made of the skeleton leaves of the peepul tree, on which they paint figures; some of these lamps are beautifully made; no other leaves will form such fine and delicate transparencies; I have tried the large leaf of the teak tree, but could not succeed as well with it as with that of the ficus religiosa. The Chinese paint beautifully on these leaves, first putting a transparent varnish over them. At Schwalbach, in Germany, I purchased skeleton leaves of the plane, in the centre of which the figure of Frederick the Great was preserved in the green of the leaf, whilst all around the skeleton fibres were perfect; how this is accomplished, I know not. The skeleton leaves are very beautiful, and easily prepared[2].

[1] Vide Moor's Pantheon. [2] Appendix, No. 19.

The peepul is universally sacred; the Hindoo women, and the men also, are often seen in the early morning putting flowers in pooja at the foot of the tree, and pouring water on its roots. They place their idols of stone beneath this tree, and the ber (banyan), and worship them constantly; nor will they cut a branch, unless to benefit the tree.

The native panchāyats (courts of justice) are often held beneath it. The accused first invokes the god in his sylvan throne above him, to destroy him and his, (as he himself could crush a leaf in his hand,) if he speak anything but the truth; then gathering and crushing a leaf, he makes his deposition.

The Hindoos suspend lamps in the air on bamboos, in the month Kartiku, in honour of their gods; these lamps are generally formed of ubruk (talc). Sometimes they are formed of clay, pierced through with fretwork, in remarkably pretty patterns. This offering to all the gods in this month procures many benefits, in their belief, to the giver; and the offering of lamps to particular gods, or to Gunga-jee, is also esteemed an act of merit.

Speaking of ubruk reminds me of the many uses to which it is applied. The costumes of native servants, Nāch women and their attendants, the procession of the Muharram, the trades, &c., are painted upon it by native artists, and sold in sets; the best are executed at Benares. By the aid of ubruk, drawings can be very correctly copied; they are speedily done, and look well [1]. We also used ubruk in lieu of glass for the windows of the hummām.

It was a source of great pleasure to me, at Allahabad, to ride out long distances in the early morning, hunting for rare plants and flowers; on my return I took off the impressions in a book of Chinese paper, and added to it the history of the tree or plant, its medicinal virtues, its sacred qualities, and all the legends attached to it, that I could collect [2].

[1] See Appendix, No. 20. [2] Ibid. No. 21.

From the Calcutta John Bull, *July 26th*, 1831.

"The Governor-general has sold the beautiful piece of architecture, called the Mootee Musjid, at Agra, for 125,000 rupees (about £12,500), and it is now being pulled down! The taj has also been offered for sale! but the price required has not been obtained. Two lacs, however, have been offered for it. Should the taj be pulled down, it is rumoured that disturbances may take place amongst the natives."

If this be true, is it not shameful? The present king might as well sell the chapel of Henry the Seventh in Westminster Abbey for the paltry sum of £12,500: for any sum the impropriety of the act would be the same. By what authority does the Governor-general offer the taj for sale? Has he any right to molest the dead? To sell the tomb raised over an empress, which from its extraordinary beauty is the wonder of the world? It is impossible the Court of Directors can sanction the sale of the tomb for the sake of its marble and gems. They say that a Hindoo wishes to buy the taj to carry away the marble, and erect a temple to his own idols at Bindrabund!

The crows are a pest; they will pounce upon meat carried on a plate, and bear it off: they infest the door of the Bawarchī Khānā (cook room), and annoy the servants, who retaliate on a poor kawwā, if they can catch one, by dressing it up in an officer's uniform, and letting it go to frighten the others. The poor bird looks so absurd hopping about. Sometimes they drill a hole through the beak, and passing a wire through it, string thereon five cowries; this bears the poor crow's head to the ground, and must torture it. Such cruelty I have forbidden. The crow is a bird of ill omen.

On a babūl-tree in the grounds are twelve or fifteen beautiful nests pendant from the extremity of slender twigs—the habitations of a little community of Byā birds. I took down three of the nests; they contained two, three, and four little white eggs; the parent birds made a sad lament when the nests were taken. If you take a nest with the young birds in it, the parent bird will follow and feed them. The natives consider it highly improper

to shoot the Byā birds; they are sacred, and so tame. One of my servants has brought me a young bird, it flies to my hand when I call it. There is a pretty fable which says, "The old birds put a fire-fly into their nests every night to act as a lamp." Perhaps they sometimes feed their young on fire-flies, which may be the origin of the story. It is pleasing to imagine the sacred birds swinging in their pretty nests pendant from the extreme end of a branch, the interior lighted by a fire-fly lamp. The Byā bird is the Indian yellow-hammer; the nests I speak of are almost within reach of my hand, and close to the house. For the shape of the nests, see the sketch entitled "The Spring Bow." They are of grass beautifully woven together, and suspended by a long thin tapering end, the entrance hanging downwards. In the nests containing the young, there is no division, the swelling on the side is the part in which the young ones nestle together. Some of the nests appear as if they were cut short off: these are purposely built so, and contain two apartments, which are, I suppose, the places where the parent birds sit and confabulate on the aspect of affairs in general. The birds are very fond of hanging their nests from slender twigs, over a pool of water, as in the sketch, the young birds thus being in greater safety.

The wood of the babūl (acacia Arabica) is extremely hard, and is used by the Brahmans to kindle their sacred fire, by rubbing two pieces of it together, when it is of a proper age, and sufficiently dried. It produces the Indian gum Arabic. The gold earrings made in imitation of the flower of the babūl, worn by Indian women, and by some men also, are beautiful.

My ayha is ill with cholera: there is no hope of her recovery. The disease came across the Jumna, about four miles higher up than our house, and is regularly marching across the country to the Ganges: as it proceeds no fresh cases occur in the villages it leaves behind.

The old peepul moans and rustles in the wind so much, that deceived by the sound, we have often gone into the verandah joyously exclaiming "There is the rain!" To our sorrow it was only the leaves of the tree agitated by the wind.

In such a climate and during the hot winds, you cannot imagine how delightful the noise of the wind (like rain) in the old peepul appeared to us, or the lullaby it formed. It is a holy tree, every leaf being the seat of a god. They do not listen to the music of its rustling with greater pleasure than I experience; indeed, my *penchant* for the tree is so great, I am half inclined to believe in its miraculous powers.

August 31*st*.—The ice has lasted four months and fifteen days, which we consider particularly fortunate. It was opened the 15th of April.

Oct.—We are collecting grass and making hay for use during the hot winds. The people cut the grass in the jungles, and bring it home on camels. We have one stack of hay just finished, and one of straw.

"Bring me the silver tankard." "I have it not, I know not where it is," said the khidmatgār. The plate-chest was searched, it was gone.

It was the parting gift of a friend; we would not have lost it for fifty times its value. The servants held a panchāyat, and examined the man who had charge of the plate. When it was over, he came to me, saying, "I had charge of the tankard—it is gone—the keys were in my hands; allow me to remain in your service; cut four rupees a month from my pay, and let another silver cup be made." The old man lived with us many years, and only quitted us when he thought his age entitled him to retire on the money he had earned honestly and fairly in service.

My tame squirrel has acquired a vile habit of getting up the windows and eating all the flies; if he would kill the musquitoes, it would be a very good employment, but he prefers the great fat flies—a little brute. The little squirrel is the only animal unaffected by the heat; he is as impudent as ever, and as cunning as possible.

Oct. 24*th*.—A slight earthquake has just taken place—this instant. I did not know what was the matter; there was a rumbling noise for some time, as if a carriage were driving over the roof of the house. My chair shook under me, and the

table on which I am writing shook also. I became very sick and giddy, so much so, that I fancied I had fallen ill suddenly. When the noise and trembling ceased, I found I was quite well, and the giddy sickness went off. I never felt the earth quake before. Every one in the house was sensible of it. At the Circuit bungalow, nearly three miles off, it was felt as much as on the banks of the Jumna.

In a native family, if a person be ill, one of the relations takes a small earthen pan, filled with water, flowers, and rice, and places it in the middle of the road or street, in front of the house of the sick person, believing that if any one *en passant* should touch the offering, either by chance or design, the illness would quit the sufferer and cleave to the person who had touched the flowers or the little pan containing the offering. A native carefully steps aside and avoids coming in contact with the flowers.

To-day, a man was punished for perjury in this manner ; he was mounted on a donkey, with his face to the tail of the animal ; one half of his face was painted black, the other white, and around his neck was hung a necklace of old shoes and old bones. Surrounded by a mob of natives, with hideous music and shouts, he was paraded by the police all through the town ! An excellent punishment.

Our farming operations commenced last September. On the banks of the Ganges, near the fort, we planted thirty beeghas with oats, and expect a crop sufficient to feed our horses and sheep, with plenty of straw to cut into bhoosa. The oats are not so large and heavy as those of England, nevertheless, very good. During the hot weather, we give our horses half oats half gram (chana) ; in the cold season, oats and carrots ; the latter are remarkably fine, we purchase them by the beeghā. A beeghā, or bīghā, is a quantity of land, containing twenty katthās, or 120 feet square.

In Calcutta, oats are procurable in abundance, and are usually to be had at those stations where there are race-horses ; but they are not generally cultivated, and where they are a novelty the natives speak of them as "wheat gone mad." At Allahabad,

the gentlemen at the station cultivate large quantities on the river side.

I have just taken a sketch of a dwarf, a Hindoo, called Bhoodder Ram; he is fifty years of age, is married, and has a tall son, aged twelve years.

Bhoodder Ram measures three feet one inch and seven-eighths of an inch in height; his face bears the stamp of more than his age; his body is like a child's; he is a native of Gyah. His brother, a tall man, accompanied him; the dwarf rode on a little pony. I asked him, "How old is your wife?" He answered, "She is tall, and like your sirdar-bearer,—as old as he is; and her face resembles his as nearly as nineteen is equal to twenty!" The dwarf is of low caste; he makes a great deal of money by asking charity, and travelling about the country.

I questioned him as to whom he made pooja to: he said, "God has made me little, and I go about asking charity; I was never taught how to make pooja to any god." He wears a turban of gold and silver tinsel; but some foolish people, instead of allowing him to wear an Hindoo dress, have decked him out in the blue cloth frock and linen trowsers of an European child; a crimson scarf is thrown over his shoulders, and in his ears are gold hoops.

A man from Cabul passed me this morning, leading a beautiful high caste camel, with two humps on its back: the animal was very handsome, its hair remarkably long. I wished to sketch it, but the Arab was too great a gentleman to come out of his way for a rupee. The animals in general use have only one hump; they are, in fact, dromedaries, although generally called camels. The dokaha (camelus bactrianus), the real camel, has two humps or elevations on the back.

Nov. 7th.—We took the hounds to Papamhow, and soon found a jackal in the grounds: he took shelter in a field of joār or jwār, millet (andropogon sorghum), from which he could not again be started. Hounds in this country are extremely expensive; it is scarcely possible to keep them alive. Out of eight couple brought from England and added to the pack at Allahabad a few months ago, only three couple are alive. We

rode over the grounds: how deserted they looked! the flowers dead, the fountain dry.

> "'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
> And chase the sultriness of day;
> As springing high, the silver dew
> In whirls fantastically flew,
> And spread luxurious coolness round
> The air, and verdure on the ground."

"Demons take possession of an empty house[1];" the place is a wilderness. The old Brahman, who lives at a picturesque temple in the grounds by the side of the Ganges, did not remember me; he spoke in the warmest terms of the agent for gunpowder to the Government, who formerly lived here; and said he prayed to Mahadēo to send him back to Papamhow, as the natives had never had so good a master, either before or since.

A fair is annually held in these grounds, at which period the old Brahman reaps a plentiful harvest of paisā. The people who attend the fair make pooja at his little temple. The old man had an idiot son, who, having a great dislike to clothes, constantly tore all his attire to pieces; in the sketch, entitled Adansonia Digitata, he is represented in his usual attitude, with both arms stretched out, remonstrating (after his fashion) with his father, on the impropriety of wearing clothes. The poor boy was speechless, but not dumb, for he could utter the most horrible sounds: and when enraged at his father's attempting to clothe him, he would howl, make angry gestures, and tear off the obnoxious attire. During the time of the fair, the groups of natives, of horses, and odd-looking conveyances are very picturesque beneath the spreading branches of the great Adansonia trees.

Our friend was not only agent for gunpowder, but also, by the order of Government, he had established a manufactory for rockets at Papamhow, in consequence of the congreve rockets sent from England having proved unserviceable. He was obliged

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 52.

to make many experiments, to suit the composition to our burning climate, and to test the result of exposure to the sun. When the trials were to be made, and the rockets proved, I often went down upon the white sands in the bed of the river, to see the experiments.

The Ganges is from forty to forty-five feet deeper during the rains than during the dry season; and banks of the finest white sand, of immense extent, are left dry for many months in the bed of the river when the rains have passed away. The sands extended three or four miles, and being without cultivation or inhabitants, were exactly suited to the purpose. When the rockets were laid upon the sands, and fired, it was beautiful to see them rushing along, leaving a train of fire and smoke behind them; the roar of the large rockets was very fine,—quite magnificent.

When the rockets were fired from an iron tube at an elevation, it was surprising to see them ranging through the air for a mile and a half or two miles before they came to the sands, where, a certain distance being marked by range pegs at every fifty yards, the extent of their ranges was accurately ascertained: one of the large rockets ranged 3700 yards, upwards of two miles. I should think they would prove most formidable weapons in warfare.

Nov. 14th.—Some natives have just brought a lynx to the door,—such a savage beast! it was caught in the grounds of the circuit Bungalow; the first animal of the sort I have beheld. At Papamhow we found a wolf, and had a long chase, until the hounds lost him in an immense plantation of sugar-cane, from which there were too few dogs to dislodge him.

15*th.*—This is delightful weather; we ride from six to eight, A. M., and take a drive at four in the evening, returning to dinner at six, at which time a coal fire is agreeable. I am in stronger health than I ever before enjoyed in India, which I attribute to the cold weather and great exercise.

CHAPTER XXI.

LIFE IN THE ZENANA.

Devotees at the Great Fair—Wild Ducks—Quail shooting—Price of English Hounds—Col. Gardner—Life in the Zenāna—The Grass Cutter—Dūb Grass—The Gram-grinder—The Charkhī—Jack fruit—Duty of a Sā'īs—Arrangement of a Turban—The young Princes of Lucnow—Archery—Indian Bows and Arrows—Whistling Arrows—The Bows, Arrows, and War Hatchet of the Coles—The Pellet Bow—Witchcraft practised with a charmed Bow.

1832. *Feb. 2nd.*—I went to the Burā Mela, the great annual fair on the sands of the Ganges, and purchased bows and arrows, some curious Indian ornaments, and a few fine pearls. On the sands were a number of devotees, of whom the most holy person had made a vow, that for fourteen years he would spend every night up to his neck in the Ganges; nine years he has kept his vow: at sunset he enters the river, is taken out at sunrise, rubbed into warmth, and placed by a fire; he was sitting, when I saw him, by a great log of burning wood; is apparently about thirty years of age, very fat and jovial, and does not appear to suffer in the slightest degree from his penance. Another religious mendicant lies all day on his back on the ground, his face encrusted with the mud of the Ganges. The Hindoos throw flowers over them, and feed them, paying the holy men divine honours.

The fair this year is thinly attended, the people not amounting to a lākh, in consequence of the very heavy rain which fell throughout December last, and prevented many of those from attending who had to come from a very great distance.

25th.—I went with my husband into tents near Alumchund, for the sake of shooting; and used to accompany him on an

elephant, or on my little black horse, to mark the game. Quail were in abundance, and particularly fine; common grey partridge, plentiful; a few black partridges, most beautiful birds; and some hares. Instead of dogs, we took twenty men with us, armed with long bamboos, to beat up the game; as for dogs in such high plantations, they are useless and invisible.

March 14th.—During the cold weather we collect wild ducks, and keep them for the hot winds. We have just finished a new brick house for the birds, consisting of a sleeping apartment, with a tank in front, in which they have a fine supply of running water; the whole surrounded by lattice work, covered with an immense climber, the gāo pāt, or elephant creeper, of which the large velvet-like leaves shade the birds from prying eyes[1]. Unfortunately, by some mischance or other, a jackal got into the place at night, and killed fifty out of one hundred: very unlucky, as the season for collecting them is nearly over, and we require wild ducks and teal during the hot winds, when beef and mutton are disagreeable, even to see on table; fowls, turkeys, rabbits, wild fowl, game, and fish, are the only things to tempt one's appetite in the grilling season, when curries and anchovies are in requisition.

Speaking of wild ducks; we used to send out men into the jungle to catch them, which was performed in a singular manner. The man, when he got near water on which the wild fowl were floating, would wade into the stream up to his neck with a kedgeree pot upon his head; beneath this mask of pottery the birds would allow him to approach them without taking alarm, they being used to the sight of these thiliyas (earthen pots), which are constantly to be seen floating down the stream, thrown away by the natives. When close to a bird, the man puts up his hand, catches its legs, pulls it instantly under water, and fastens it to his girdle. Having caught a few, he quits the river, and secures them in a basket. The wild ducks are in beautiful condition, and very fine when first brought in. They pine and waste away in con-

[1] Convolvulus speciosus, (Linn.) Broad-leaved bindweed.

finement for the first fortnight; then resigning themselves with all due philosophy to their fate, they devour barley with great glee, and swim about in the tank, eating principally at night. They must be surrounded by mats to keep them quiet and composed: in a short time they again become fat, and are most excellent. As soon as the rains commence, the wild ducks lose all their flavour; it is then better to open the door and let the survivors escape. They are good for nothing if kept for the next season. The teal are as good, if not superior to the wild ducks.

Quail shooting is now to be enjoyed; my husband and his companion bring home forty brace and upwards daily. The quail take shelter in the khets (fields, plantations) of jwār, millet, (andropogon sorghum,) and bājrā (panicum spicatum), from which it is difficult to dislodge them, and in which dogs are useless. The birds are driven out by some twenty-five or forty beaters, natives, armed with long latīs (male bamboos), with which they beat the high stems of the plants, and drive them out. Quail are sold twenty-five per rupee; if kept in cages, in darkness, and fed with kungnee-seed (panicum Italicum), they are excellent in the hot winds: when first caught, they are in high condition.

We hunt jackals in the grounds at Papamhow; and sometimes have a canter after a wolf in the ravines. The gentlemen have a pack of hounds: ten English imported dogs were added to the pack last year. It is disheartening to see those fine dogs die daily. The price now asked in Calcutta for English hounds is considered too high, even by us Indians, being fifty guineas a couple! Of the ten bought last year, two only are alive. Perhaps accidents have occurred; from ignorance at the time, that castor-oil, when not cold-drawn, is certain death to dogs. The natives have a great objection to using castor-oil medicinally when the seeds have been heated before putting them into the mill.

March 19*th*.—The arrival of Colonel Gardner pleased us greatly: his boats were anchored in the Jumna, under our bank. He came down from Lucnow to visit the quarries, in order to build a bridge for the King of Oude; and after having

spent nine days with us, he departed for Benares. He is a great favourite at present, both with the king and the minister at Lucnow; and if he is allowed to retain the jagīr he now holds, upon the same terms for a few years, he will be a rich man. He deserves it all; we found him the same kind, mild, gentlemanly, polished, entertaining companion I have before described him. He was looking ill; but now that his fatigues are over, and he is once more at rest, he will soon recover. I requested him to inform me how native ladies amuse themselves within a zenāna, and he gave me the following account:—

"They have ponies to ride upon within the four walls of the zenāna grounds. Archery is a favourite amusement; my son, James Gardner, who is a very fine marksman, was taught by a woman.

"A silver swing is the great object of ambition; and it is *the fashion* to swing in the rains, when it is thought charming to come in dripping wet. The swings are hung between two high posts in the garden.

"Fashion is as much regarded by the Musulmāne ladies as by the English; they will not do this or that, because it is not the fashion.

"It is general amongst the higher and the middle classes of females in Hindostān to be able to read the Kuran in Arabic (it is not allowed to be translated), and the Commentary in Persian.

"The ladies are very fond of eating fresh whole roasted coffee. When a number of women are sitting on the ground, all eating the dry roasted coffee, the noise puts me in mind of a flock of sheep at the gram trough.

"The most correct hour for dinner is eleven or twelve at night: they smoke their hooqŭs all through the night, and sleep during the day.

"Nothing can exceed the quarrels that go on in the zenāna, or the complaints the begams make against each other. A common complaint is 'Such an one has been practising witchcraft against me.' If the husband make a present to one wife, even if it be only a basket of mangoes, he must make the same

Aug. 14th.—Last week we were at a ball given by the officers of the 6th Native Infantry to the station; in spite of the heat, the people appeared to enjoy dancing very much, and kept it up until very late. A ball-room in India, with all the windows open, and the pankhās in full play, is not half so oppressive as a ball-room in London: the heat of pure air is much better than the heat of a number of persons, all crowded together and breathing the same atmosphere over and over again. Balls up the country take place principally during the hot winds and rains; they make a variety at a quiet station. During the cold months the people are dispersed on duty in divers parts of the district.

I amuse myself turning profiles in rous wood on my lathe; the likenesses of Buonaparte and the Duke of Wellington are good, because it is less difficult to turn a strong profile. I look at the drawing whilst turning the wood; when finished it is cut open, and the profile, if properly done, is exact.

Snakes are in abundance: I caught a small venomous whip-snake in my dressing-room to-day, and put it into the bottle of horrors. A lady stepped upon the head of one a short time ago; the reptile curled round her leg; when she raised her foot in a fright, it glided off, and was found half killed in the next room.

A great fire has taken place in the Fort in Calcutta; an immense quantity of stores have been destroyed in the magazine, report says to the amount of ten lakh. Some suppose the fire may have been occasioned by the cutting system having rendered the natives revengeful.

Sept. 2nd.—A number of beautiful butterflies have been caught for me in the garden; they are attracted by the lucerne grass, as well as the flowers. Some are very rich in colour, and very delicate. Amongst the insects collected, the most curious are the locusts, and the leaf-grasshopper—a marvellous insect! an immense grasshopper, with two wings exactly like narrow leaves, of a beautiful spring green, and two wings beneath them of the most delicate gauze. One might imagine two narrow leaves had been fastened on as wings to a grasshopper!

On the 11th of this month, the sāhib was appointed collector

at Allahabad: the comfort of holding a fixed situation is great, and we rejoice exceedingly.*[1]*

Our great Bengal Lion Rajah Rammohun Roy appears to have created no small sensation on the other side of the water. He is one of the few well-educated natives we possess, and is, decidedly, a very remarkable person. He holds his title of Rajah from the king of Delhi, the great Mogul, whose ambassador he is to the British Court in a suit versus John Company.

Extract from a homeward-bound letter.

"The Mem sāhiba's present *fureur*, for she always has one darling passion for the time, is making a collection of butterflies and *coleopteræ;* she is deeply read in *taxidermy*, and we have, besides, many other prepared subjects, such as tigers, and hyenas' skulls, alligator's skeleton whole; a delightful little pet in spirits of wine, a young crocodile, skin and all. Then there is 'The Bottle of Horrors!' containing cobra de capello, scorpions, lizards, millepieds, centpieds, grillus monstrosus, and I know not what. Mephistopheles himself would be affrighted; and I, the Faust of this Margaret, am sitting in a quiet unconcern, smoking my cigar, as happy as if I was one of the party in the bottle, the daily object of admiration!"

NARRATIVE OF OOMEID THUG.—(August 10th, 1832.)

The following is a narrative of the Thugs, translated from the 'Indian Gazette,' and the 'Agra Ukbar,' dated 10th October, 1832.

"In the month of Koar, I do not recollect the year, I, with five others, went to Lochun Singh, jamadar in Muoza Seeapore, Purguna Bethoor. This village was about twelve cos from Kusooapore, the place where we lived. Having assembled a gang of thirty-one men, including the jamadar, we set off towards Lucnow. The braying of an ass and the sound of a peacock necessarily arresting our ears, we took them for good omens, and breakfasted under a tree. On the same day we fell in with three travellers of the Rajpoot caste, proceeding from Lucnow to Etawa. We put up for the night together, agreeing

to travel together the next morning. While it was dark, we took our journey in company with the travellers; and as we passed a well, finding the opportunity friendly to our purpose, we fell upon and killed the travellers; and throwing their bodies into the well, we went forward. Our booty amounted to 200 rupees in cash, and some other property, which we divided, and took the road to Cawnpore. On the road we met two travellers proceeding from Jeypore to Lucnow; we travelled back with them to the village whence we had started; and having remained there for the night, we set off the next morning while it was dark with the travellers. Meeting with a well on the road, we asked the travellers to rest awhile and smoke; and while smoking they were struck with nooses, and strangled. We threw the bodies into the wells. The spoil, amounting to rupees in cash 250, and other property, we divided. After this occurrence Lochun, jamadar, hearing that his wife was delivered of a son, proposed our going to our homes for a time, and we accordingly dispersed."

SECOND ENTERPRISE OF OOMEID THUG.

"About a year ago, in the month of Phagoon, I left my home in Kussooapoor, in company with twenty-two other Thugs, and hearing the sound of an owl, which we regarded as a good omen, we sat down to breakfast, and then took the road to Etawa. Alighting at an inn (sarae) in the night, we found a traveller there, proceeding from Kalpee to Jypoor. My son Gunesh (who was afterwards sentenced to be hung) gained him over to our party, and we set off together the next morning; and travelling towards Agra, we halted at night in the sarae of Juswuntnugar: leaving which place, we stopped near a tank, and in the act of helping some tobacco to the traveller, he was strangled with a noose. His body we threw into the tank. The booty consisted of one brass *lota* and one *thalee*, some clothes, and fifteen rupees in cash: these we divided. We arrived next at Huteepoor, and put up in the inn there. Here we fell in with five travellers, proceeding from Jeypoor to Lucnow; of them, two were of the *Koormee* caste, two *Aheers*,

and one *Kuhar*. We persuaded them that we were likewise travellers, and were on our way to Lucnow. They readily joined us; and thus, next morning, we started together; and as we were passing by a well, we asked the travellers to rest awhile, and smoke tobacco; and while smoking, we strangled them with nooses, and threw their bodies into the well. The booty, consisting of 100 rupees in cash, and some clothes and utensils, we divided.

"We then went to Sersa Gung, seven *cos* from Huteepoor, in the way to Mynpooree, and put up in an inn. Here we met two travellers, journeying from Juodhpoor to Byswara. As our custom was, we soon persuaded them to join our party; we started in the morning, and as we reached a well, we stopped there on the pretence of smoking, and strangled the two travellers with nooses. Their property, amounting to sixty rupees in cash, and their clothes, &c., we divided. Travelling five cos more, we came to the inn of Mukhan: here two *Buggals* arrested our attention; they were travellers, journeying from Jeypoor to Lucnow. From their eluding all inquiries, we naturally concluded that they had money in specie with them; we were not mistaken: they started by sunrise, and we followed them. When they reached near a tank, we found the opportunity friendly to our purpose, and with nooses strangled them. In haste, we threw the bodies into the tank, it being broad daylight, and departed. On examining the booty, we found the bags we had taken contained one thousand five hundred rupees; with this money we came to Agra. We then left Agra, and halting at Bhurtpoor, took the road to Jeypoor; on our way, we were joined by a party of twelve Thugs, and passing Jeypoor, we reached the village of Dosa. Here we saw three men, who were travelling from Juodhpoor to Lucnow; we found no difficulty in prevailing on them to join us, and in the night we killed and buried them. The booty amounted to sixty rupees in cash, and some utensils and clothes. We met four more travellers in a village hard by; they were proceeding to Benares; we invited them to warm themselves by the fire we had lighted, and while warming themselves we strangled them with nooses, and their

bodies we buried. Our spoil amounted to thirty rupees in cash, and some utensils and clothes. Some miles from this place, in a village, the name of which I do not recollect, we halted: here we found three travellers going from Nusseerabad to Cawnpore; at night we fell upon and killed them; their bodies we buried in the same place. We found on them sixty rupees in cash, and some utensils and clothes. One cos from this place, under a *burgut* tree, we met with three *Buggals*, who joined us; and as we set off by dawn, we killed the *Buggals* by a *jhaoo* (tamarisk) field; we despoiled them of fifty rupees in cash, and some clothes, &c.; the bodies were afterwards buried.

"On our return, near to Jeypoor, by a tank, we obtained another prey in a person proceeding to Cawnpore; we gained upon him by soft, tender expressions, and then at night strangled him with a noose; his property amounted to ten rupees in cash, and two bullocks."

I could not omit inserting the above narrative, on account of the quiet coolness with which the Thug Oomeid relates the murders committed by himself and his gang.

Oct. 25th.—The sale of the property of a friend took place to-day. Many valuable works in octavo sold for two-pence a volume! The furniture went at about one fourth of its value. We took the opportunity of getting rid of extra sofas and chairs; much furniture is a great inconvenience in this climate; it harbours musquitoes.

Through the stupidity of our servants, some animal got into the quail-house last night, and killed seventy-nine fat quail; very provoking,—but as this is the season for them it is not of much consequence, we can replace them; had it been during the hot winds, when no quail are to be procured, it would have been a great loss in the eating department.

All my finery coming from England has been totally lost, about twenty days' journey from this place, by the swamping of the boat; all my presents gone "at one fell swoop," leaving me *sans pompons, sans souliers, sans everything;* my pen is bad, my knife blunt, and my new penknife is feeding the fish at the bottom of the Ganges, off Monghir.

Nov. 8th.—Last night we dined at Mr. F——'s; a Capt. W——, who is rather a curiosity, was of the party; he brought us a letter of introduction from Col. Gardner. He is the brother of Sir H. W——, the late ambassador in Persia; he wears a native dress, with a long beard that hangs half way down his breast; and his imitation of native style is good. He commenced his travels in 1829, passing through Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Persia, and so on to Allahabad, and will return *viâ* Constantinople; he is a captain in the navy.

This morning, it being a holiday with the Hindoos, and a great bathing-day at the junction of the rivers, we agreed to meet Capt. W—— on the spot before sunrise, to witness the tamāshā. He, having started before us, rode down to the bathing-place, and getting into a quicksand on the banks of the river, had a roll in the mud. Mr. B—— and I rode down to meet him, and coming on a daldal (quicksand), my horse sank into it up to his tail, struggling violently, and beating up and down like a boat in a short sea; I rolled off, or rather Mr. B—— pulled me from the horse, which, with great exertion and difficulty, at length scrambled out. Mr. B——'s grey Cabul horse refused to pass the daldal; he snorted, beat the ground with his forefeet, and stood firm, evidently alarmed. Remounting my horse Trelawny, we pursued our way to the Triveni, where we met Capt. W——, and laughed at our misfortunes. This is the first time my horse and I have parted company; I used to boast of never having quitted my saddle.

Capt. W—— went to the bathing-place, to see the junction of the three rivers, the Gunga, the Jumna, and the Saraswati; the two first are above ground, the third joins them underground,—at least, so say the pious Hindoos. Capt. W—— keeps a journal; if he publish it, I fear he will immortalize this quicksand adventure, and say, "being unable to discover the river Saraswati above ground, we were searching for it in the regions below."

Nov. 13th.—We were out riding about 5 A.M.; the sky was cloudy, with a rainy appearance, and we saw a great number of meteors falling in every direction; at first I did not know what

they were; afterwards I counted eight; two of them fell, leaving a stream of blue light for a second, and then vanished. I never before observed these meteors.

The followers of the Prophet assert, that falling stars are believed by the idolaters to be on account of the birth or death of some great man; but are in reality weapons thrown at the devils. While the friends of Muhammud were sitting with him one night, a very bright star shot; and his Highness said, "What did you say in the days of ignorance when a star shot like this?" They said, "God and his messenger know best; we used to say, A great man was born to-night, and a great man died." Then his Majesty said, "You mistook; because the shooting of these stars are neither for the life nor death of any person; but when our Cherisher orders a work, the bearers of the imperial throne sing hallelujahs; and the inhabitants of the regions who are near the bearers repeat it, till it reaches the lowest regions. After that, the angels which are near the bearers of the imperial throne say, 'What did the Cherisher order?' Then they are informed; and so it is handed from one region to another, till the information reaches the people of the lowest region. Then the devils steal it, and carry it to their friends, that is, magicians; and these stars are thrown at these devils; not for the birth or death of any person. Then the things which the magicians tell, having heard from the devils, are true; but these magicians tell lies, and exaggerate in what they hear." Kutadah said, "God has created stars for three uses; one of them, as a cause of ornament of the regions; the second, to stone the devil with; the third, to direct people going through forests, and on the sea. Therefore, whoever shall explain them otherwise does wrong, and loses his time, and speaks from his own invention, and embellishes [1]."

An officer in the sixteenth lancers, at Cawnpore, thus describes some meteors he saw on the 12th of this month. "On going to field exercise this morning, soon after daybreak, the air presented a very singular phenomenon, being as it were filled with

[1] Mishcat ul Masabih.

innumerable meteors, descending like vivid streaks of fire. These continued for about half-an-hour, and one passed so near me as to frighten my horse."

Nov. 22nd.—Two days ago there was an immense flight of locusts; we caught a great number. The natives turned out, and with hideous noises, waving flags and sticks, drove them from settling on their plantations.

The jamadar has just brought in a curious pigeon; it has four legs; the pair in front have four toes like all pigeons' feet, the other pair are placed behind, they are smaller, and each foot has only two toes; all the four legs hang down, after the fashion in which pigeons wear their legs.

What strange people these natives are! A traveller who came here this morning complained to my husband that his coachman and sā'īs had robbed and beaten him. The coachman said, "The traveller was going a short cut to the bazār by a road in your grounds you had ordered to be stopped; we turned him back, therefore we had a quarrel." The traveller, to spite them, hung himself on a tree opposite the stables, and was cut down by the guard. Natives are fond of hanging themselves for spite when they are *sure of being cut down!* It is better to let them please themselves, if you do they will seldom kill themselves in reality; a good caning in such circumstances would be of great service.

A man has brought a heron's plume for sale; the natives put them into jewelled ornaments on their turbans, called jika, and also on the heads of their horses. These feathers are extremely expensive in Paris; I was asked two hundred francs for a small plume.

The pine-apple shaped figure on the Cashmere shawls is the representation of the jewelled jika worn in front of the turban; the plume rises from it.

Speaking of the guard, who cut down the traveller who hung himself, I must remark, we had a guard of twelve sipahīs and a hawāldār; a sentry in front of the guard-room kept the time by striking the hours on a gong; *non mi recordo*, how I became possessed of the following scientific description of the Ghurī, which I insert on account of its excellence.

"The Brahmanical method of computing time, which is generally followed all over India, is this :—

"60 Nimeshu, or twinklings of the human eye, are considered equal to one Pal.

"60 Pals equal to one Ghurī.

"60 Ghurīs to one day and night.

"60 Days and nights one Ritu.

"6 Ritu (seasons of two calendar months each) one solar year.

"60 Solar years one cycle.

"And during that period they believe that a complete revolution of terrestrial circumstances takes place. The only method of measuring the ghurī is by the simple clepsydra, formed of a brass cup, perforated with a single hole in the bottom, and placed in a vessel of water: the cup floats on the water, filling and sinking by degrees; when full the cup sinks, and the hour is completed. The cup is merely of brass or copper, beaten out very thin, without any marks or gradations upon it. When the cup sinks, the hour is struck upon a gong, which is generally hung upon three bamboos. The ghurī, or copper cup, floats usually in a vessel of coarse red pottery filled with water, called a nān."

In the plate entitled "The Thug's Dice," figure 1 represents a sipahī, with the stick in his hand, watching the brass cup, which is just on the point of sinking; the moment it disappears, he will strike the gong; a spare cup is on the ground, by the side of the nān, or large earthen vessel that holds the water.

I have received a present that pleases me greatly, a sitar, a musical instrument, in general use all over India; it was made at Lucnow from a hollow gourd, and is very beautifully put together. It has four strings; the first is of steel wire, the two next are of brass wire, and the fourth and smallest of steel. It is played with the first finger of the right hand alone, on which is placed a little steel wire frame, called a misrāb, with which the strings are struck; the left hand stops the notes on the frets, but you only stop the notes on the first string; the other three strings produce a sort of pedal sound as the misrāb passes over them, from the manner in which they are tuned. The instrument is most elegantly formed.

The ektara, a one-stringed instrument, as the name implies, is used by wandering minstrels. A man of this description, the veritable Paganini of the East, appeared before me the other day; he was an Hindoo mendicant, carrying an ektara, which was formed of a gourd; and on its one string he played in a strange and peculiar style. From the upper end of the ektara two peacock's feathers were displayed. The man's attire was a rope around his waist, and a bit of cloth; a black blanket hung over his shoulder; on his forehead, breast, and arms were the sectarial marks, and the brahmanical thread was over his shoulder; three necklaces and one bracelet completed the costume. His hair fell to his shoulders, and, like all natives, he wore a moustache. My friends laugh at me when I play on the sitar, and ask, "Why do you not put a peacock's feather at the end of it?"

Dec. 1*st.*—We have become great farmers, having sown our crop of oats, and are building outhouses to receive some thirty-four dwarf cows and oxen (gynees), which are to be fed up for the table, and produced after some eight months' stuffing. The gynee club consists of eight members, and it gives us better food than we could procure from the bazăr: "Whose dog am I that I should eat from the bazăr?"[2]

A little distance from the stacks the unmuzzled bullocks are treading out the corn: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." This patriarchal method breaks and renders the straw soft and friable; the corn is winnowed by taking it up in a basket and pouring it out; the grain falls to the ground, while the west wind blows the chaff into a heap beyond. The corn is deposited in a large pit, which has been duly prepared by having had the walls well dried and hardened from a fire burning in it for many days. These pits are carefully concealed by the natives, and their armies have people, called soonghees or smellers, whose business it is to find out these underground and secret granaries.

Our friend Col. Gardner is still at Lucnow, which, in all probability, will speedily be taken into the hands of the British government for *its better protection!* The King has lately

dismissed a man of great talent, who was his prime minister, and put in a fool by way of a change.[3] The consequence is already felt in the accounts of the royal treasury. It is said it is impossible to collect the revenue without force, and that where that has been used, his Majesty's forces have been beaten.

A friend writes from England, "I shall always regret having quitted India without having seen Col. Gardner and the Taj."

He is a very remarkable man; his age nearly seventy, I believe. I had a long letter from him two days since, full of all the playfulness of youth, and of all kindness. I never met so entertaining or so instructive a companion; his life, if he would publish it, would be indeed a legacy, and shame our modern biography.

20th.—For the first time this year it has been cold enough to collect ice; during my early ride this morning I saw the coolies gathering it into the pits.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GREAT FAIR AT ALLAHABAD.

"TALKING TO A MAN WHO IS IN ECSTACY (OF A RELIGIOUS NATURE PRACTISED OR FEIGNED BY FAKIRS) IS LIKE BEATING CURDS WITH A PESTLE[1]."

Booths at the Fair—Diamonds, Pearls, Shawls, Sable, Coral—The Triveni—Suicide—Religious Mendicants—The sacred Ginī—Consecration of an Idol—Household Gods—Rosaries—Pilgrims, Carriers of Holy Water—Snakes—Arrival of Lady Wm. Bentinck—Visit to the Fair—Description of the Frontispiece—Chamelee, the Brahmanical Bull.

1833, *Jan.*—The burā melā at Prāg, or the great fair at Allahabad, is held annually on the sands of the Ganges below the ramparts of the Fort, extending from the Mahratta Bund to the extreme point of the sacred junction of the rivers.*[1]* The booths extend the whole distance, composed of mud walls, covered with mats, or thatched. This fair lasts about two months, and attracts merchants from all parts of India, Calcutta, Delhi, Lucnow, Jeypore, &c. Very good diamonds, pearls, coral, shawls, cloth, woollens, China, furs, &c., are to be purchased. Numerous booths display brass and copper vessels, glittering in the sun with many brazen idols: others are filled with Benares' toys for children. Bows and arrows are displayed, also native caps made of sable, the crowns of which are of the richest gold and silver embroidery.

The pearl merchants offer long strings of large pearls for sale, amongst which some few are fine, round, and of a good colour.

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 56.

The natives value size, but are not very particular as to colour; they do not care to have them perfectly round, and do not object to an uneven surface. They will allow a purchaser to select the best at pleasure from long strings.

The deep red coral is valued by the natives much more than the pink. I bought some very fine pink coral at the fair: the beads were immense; the price of the largest, eleven rupees per tola; *i. e.* eleven rupees for one rupee weight of coral. The smallest, six or four rupees per tola; it was remarkably fine. Some years afterwards the Brija Bā'ī, a Mahratta lady, a friend of mine, called on me; she observed the long string of fine pink coral around my neck, and said, "I am astonished a mem sāhiba should wear coral; we only decorate our horses with it; that is pink coral, the colour is not good; look at my horse." I went to the verandah; her horse was adorned with a necklace of fine deep red coral. She was quite right, and I made over mine to my grey steed.

Some of the prettiest things sold at the Melā are the tīkas, an ornament for the forehead for native women. The tīka is of different sizes and patterns; in gold or silver for the wealthy, tinsel for the poorer classes; and of various shapes. The prettiest are of silver, a little hollow cup like a dew-drop cut in halves: the ornament is stuck with an adhesive mixture on the forehead, just in the centre between the eyebrows. Some tīkas are larger, resembling the *ferronière* worn by European ladies.

The Allahabad hukāks are famous for their imitation in glass of precious stones. I purchased a number of native ornaments in imitation of the jewellery worn by native ladies, which were remarkably well made, and cost only a few rupees. I also bought strings of mock pearls brought from China, that are scarcely to be distinguished from real pearls, either in colour or weight.

The toys the rich natives give their children, consisting in imitations of all sorts of animals, are remarkably pretty; they are made in silver, and enamelled: others are made of ivory very beautifully carved; and for the poorer classes they are of pewter, moulded into the most marvellous shapes.

At this time of the year lākhs and lākhs of natives come to bathe at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna; they unite at the extremity of a neck of land, or rather sand, that runs out just below the Fort. On this holy spot the Brahmans and religious mendicants assemble in thousands. Each fakīr pitches a bamboo, from the end of which his fiag is displayed, to which those of the same persuasion resort. Here they make pooja, shave, give money to the fakīr, and bathe at the junction. The clothes of the bathers are put upon charpāīs to be taken care of, for so many pāisa. Every native, however poor he may be, pays tribute of one rupee to Government before he is allowed to bathe.

Two boats, by order of Government, are in attendance at this point to prevent persons from drowning themselves or their children. The mere act of bathing in the waters of the Gunga, on a particular day, removes ten sins, however enormous, committed in ten previous births. How much greater must be the efficacy at the junction of the Gunga and Yamuna, which the Saraswati, the third sacred river, is supposed to join underground! The benefits arising from bathing at the lucky moment of the conjunction of the moon with a particular star is very great, or at the time of eclipse of the sun or moon.

The holy waters are convenient for washing away a man's sins, and as efficacious as a pope's bull for this purpose. Groups of natives stand in the river whilst their Brahman reads to them, awaiting the happy moment at which to dip into the sacred and triple waves. They fast until the bathing is over. Suicide committed at the junction is meritorious in persons of a certain caste, but a *sin* for a Brahman!

The holy men prefer the loaves and fishes of this world to the immediate moksh or beatitude, without further risk of transmigration, which is awarded to those who die at the sacred junction.

Bathing will remove sins, gain admittance into heaven, and the devotee will be reborn on earth in an honourable station.

A married woman without children often vows to Gunga to cast her first-born into the river: this in former times was often

done at Prāg, it now rarely occurs. If the infant's life is preserved, the mother cannot take it again.

RELIGIOUS MENDICANTS.

The most remarkable people at this Melā are the religious mendicants; they assemble by hundreds, and live within inclosures fenced off by sticks, a little distance from the booths. These people are the monks of the East; there are two orders of them; the Gosāins, or followers of Shivŭ, and the Byragies, disciples of Vishnoo. Any Mahomedan may become a fakīr, and a Hindoo of any caste, a religious mendicant. The ashes of cow-dung are considered purifying: these people are often rubbed over from head to foot with an ashen mixture, and have a strange dirty white, or rather blue appearance. Ganges mud, cow-dung, and ashes of cow-dung, form, I believe, the delectable mixture.

The sectarial marks or symbols are painted on their faces according to their caste, with a red, yellow, white, or brown pigment, also on their breasts and arms. Their only covering is a bit of rag passed between the legs and tied round the waist by a cord or rope.

One man whom I saw this day at the Melā was remarkably picturesque, and attracted my admiration. He was a religious mendicant, a disciple of Shivŭ. In stature he was short, and dreadfully lean, almost a skeleton. His long black hair, matted with cow-dung, was twisted like a turban round his head,—a filthy jŭta[1]! On his forehead three horizontal lines were drawn with ashes, and a circlet beneath them marked in red sanders—his sectarial mark. If possible, they obtain the ashes from the hearth on which a consecrated fire has been lighted. His left arm he had held erect so long that the skin and flesh had withered, and clung round the bones most frightfully; the nails of the hand which had been kept immoveably clenched, had pierced through the palm, and grew out at the back of the hand like the long claws of a bird of prey. His horrible

[1] Braided locks.

and skeleton-like arm was encircled by a twisted stick, the stem, perhaps, of a thick creeper, the end of which was cut into the shape of the head of the cobra de capello, with its hood displayed, and the twisted withy looked like the body of the reptile wreathed around his horrible arm. His only garment, the skin of a tiger, thrown over his shoulders, and a bit of rag and rope at his waist. He was of a dirty-white or dirty-ashen colour from mud and paint; perhaps in imitation of Shivŭ, who, when he appeared on earth as a naked mendicant of an ashy colour, was recognized as Mahadēo the great god. This man was considered a very holy person. His right hand contained an empty gourd and a small rosary, and two long rosaries were around his neck of the rough beads called mundrăsee. His flag hung from the top of a bamboo, stuck in the ground by the side of a trident, the symbol of his caste, to which hung a sort of drum used by the mendicants. A very small and most beautifully formed little gynee (a dwarf cow) was with the man. She was decorated with crimson cloth, embroidered with cowrie shells, and a plume of peacock's feathers as a jika, rose from the top of her head. A brass bell was on her neck, and around her legs were anklets of the same metal. Numbers of fakīrs come to the sacred junction, each leading one of these little dwarf cows decorated with shells, cowries, coloured worsted tassels, peacock's feathers, and bells. Some are very small, about the size of a large European sheep, very fat and sleek, and are considered so sacred that they will not sell them.

Acts of severity towards the body, practised by religious mendicants, are not done as penances for sin, but as works of extraordinary merit, promising large rewards in a future state. The Byragee is not a penitent, but a proud ascetic. These people bear the character of being thieves and rascals.

Although the Hindoos keep their women parda-nishīn, that is, veiled and secluded behind the curtain, the fakīrs have the privilege of entering any house they please, and even of going into the zenāna; and so great is their influence over the natives, that if a religious mendicant enter a habitation leaving his

slippers at the door, the husband may not enter his own house! They have the character of being great libertines.

On this day I purchased curious old china dishes and brass circular locks of remarkable form. Also some brass idols that are scarce and very valuable. I have a large collection of idols of all sorts and sizes: some have undergone pooja for years, others are new. A native will buy a new brass idol, Gopalu, perhaps, for fourpence (two ānās); he takes it to his gooroo, or priest, who dips it in the Ganges; and having performed pooja with divers ceremonies, the spirit of the god enters the idol, upon which the gooroo receives ten or twelve rupees from the Hindoo, and restores the idol a pukkā god! Before the money was paid or the pooja performed it was nothing. Every Hindoo has some particular god whom he worships especially; he keeps his image tied up in a little bag, sometimes in his kamarband (cloth round the waist), at times in his turban, and sometimes stuck into the thatch of the roof of his house. It accompanies him wherever he goes: these little lares are seldom more than an inch, or two inches in height. When a man bathes, he takes his little god out of some corner of his attire, bathes the idol, and replaces it most carefully: to lose it is a sign of ill luck[1].

The rosary is made use of in Persia and India by Muhammadans as well as Hindoos, and appears with both to answer the same purpose. A bead is dropped through the finger and thumb at the contemplation of certain names and attributes of God, who has many appellations. The Brahmans are constantly seen with rosaries in their hands. It is remarkable that Christians, Hindoos, and Muhammadans, people so distant and distinct, should use rosaries for the same purpose.

Moor mentions,—"The thousand names of Vishnŭ and Siva are strung together in verse, and are repeated on certain occasions by Brahmans, as a sort of Litany, accompanied sometimes by the rosary; as each name is mentally recited, with the attention abstractedly fixed on the attribute, or character, that

[1] Fig. 4, in the plate entitled "Jugunnathu," is a sketch of the idol Gopalu.

such name excites the idea of, a bead is dropped through the finger and thumb: such operation is supposed to assist and promote abstraction, an attainment that enthusiastic Hindoos think exceedingly efficacious."

I have a short rosary which I obtained from a fakīr in Bengal with five or six small idols that had been worshipped for years: he gave the whole for a few rupees. The rosary consisted of beads of chalcedony, sulimāni stones, coral, amber, cornelian, agate, and other stones, curious and of some value.

The rosaries usually worn by the Byragies are of large rough berries, called mundrāsee; I believe they come from Madras: they are the seeds of a tree, and are sacred. They wear them of different lengths, but the beads are all of the same size. Brahmans wear them, and fakīrs are seldom without one. These long mālās are worn round the neck, falling to the knees, or over the right shoulder, and under the left arm. They exclaim, "Ram, Ram," as they count each bead[1].

Another mālā or rosary, which is reckoned extremely holy, is always made of the wood of some sacred tree. On every bead is carved the name of their warrior god Ram; and they count it, saying at every bead, "Ram, Ram." These are made at Benares, and sold at the Melā at Prāg. They are either black and white, or pink and white. The longest I procured at the fair, contained one hundred and eight beads; the small ones, for the hand, contain only twenty-three[2]. Necklaces are also made of the babūl, and every other sort of sacred wood. The men wear them, and consider them very holy. Other rosaries are formed of the grey nut, the seed of the bonduc-tree. During the fair time, you will see turners sitting on the sands and turning these very minute wooden beads. It is remarkable that they bore the beads at the same time that they turn them, with great rapidity—bored and turned at once. The smaller the bead, the more expensive the necklace; but the utmost price amounts only to two ānās.

I also bought a mālā for a horse, which the natives say possesses great power as a charm; of what it is composed, I know

[1] In the plate entitled "Jugunnathu," No. 9 represents this bead.

[2] Ibid. No. 10.

not: the beads are somewhat of the shape and size of a pigeon's egg, and opaque white, but appear not to be of glass or china. It looks well on the neck of a black horse. The natives tie one bead of this sort upon a horse's fetlock to avert the evil eye and keep off maladies. With a whole mālā the horse must bear a charmed life!

Rosaries are counted for devotion, but oftener for good luck. The rosary counted by the prime minister during breakfast, at the King of Oude's, consisted of pearls of enormous size. No one could be more superstitious than the Nāwab Hakīm Mehndi; doubtless he told his beads for good luck.

Pilgrims, carriers of the holy water, come in gangs from great distances to the Triveni; the processions are most picturesque, and they are very remarkable people. They carry two baskets, suspended by a bamboo over their shoulders, with a canopy above them, gaily decorated with bells and flags; these baskets contain small stumpy bottles of the thinnest green glass, having long necks; they are filled with Ganges water at the junction, and sealed with the seal of a Brahman at the Bene (bathing-place). These people travel all over the country, selling the sacred water at a high price at the distant stations. Some of the bottles are not above two inches high, others contain a quart; they are of all sizes, and the price varies accordingly. The salutation of these people on passing is, "Ram ram," or "Bom bom mahadēo;" a pilgrim of this class is called a Kanwar Wālā. The men come for this water to place it in their houses for religious and medicinal uses, and sometimes perform a journey on the occasion of five or six months; it is also used in the English courts of justice, in administering an oath to an Hindoo.

Jan. 11*th.*—Some natives are at the door with the most beautiful snakes, two of them very large, and striped like tigers; the men carry them twisted round their bodies, and also round their necks, as a young lady wears a boa; the effect is good. The two tiger-striped ones were greatly admired as a well-matched pair; they are not venomous. A fine cobra, with his great hood spread out, made me shrink away as he came towards me, darting out his forked tongue.

There were also two snakes of a dun yellow colour, spotted with white, which appeared in a half torpid state; the men said they were as dangerous as the cobra. They had a biscobra; the poor reptile was quite lame, the people having broken all its four legs, to prevent its running away. They had a large black scorpion, but not so fine a fellow as that in my bottle of horrors.

The melā is very full; such beautiful dresses of real sable as I have seen to-day brought down by the Moguls for sale! Lined with shawl, they would make magnificent dressing-gowns. I have bought a Persian writing-case, and a book beautifully illuminated, and written in Persian and Arabic: the Moguls beguile me of my rupees.

We are going to a ball to-night at Mr. F——'s, given in honour of Lady Wm. Bentinck, who is expected to arrive this evening [2] The natives have reported the failure of Messrs. Mackintosh & Co., in Calcutta; I do not think it is known amongst the Europeans here; the natives always get the first intelligence; I will not mention it, lest it should throw a shade over the gaiety of the party. An officer, who got the lākh, and 60,000 rupees also in the lottery last year, passed down the river to-day, to place it in Government security; it is all gone; a note has been despatched to inform him of the failure, and save him a useless trip of eight hundred miles; he lost twenty-five thousand only a few weeks ago, by Messrs. Alexander's failure. Lachhmī abides not in his house.

12*th.*—The ball went off very well, in spite of Messrs. Mackintosh's failure being known; and people who had lost their all danced as merrily as if the savings of years and years had not been swept away by " one fell swoop!"

20*th.*—It is so cold to-day, I am shivering; the cocoa-nut oil in the lamps is frozen slightly; this weather is fit for England. I must get all the bricklayer's work over before the hot winds, that I may be perfectly quiet during the fiery time of the year.

21*st.*—This being a great Hindoo holiday and bathing day, induced me to pay another visit to the fair. Amongst the tamāshā (sport) at the melā, was a Hindoo beggar, who was

sitting upon thorns, up to his waist in water!—an agreeable amusement. One man played with his right hand on a curious instrument, called a been, while in his left hand he held two pieces of black stone, about the length and thickness of a finger, which he jarred together in the most dexterous manner, producing an effect something like castanets, singing at the same time. The passers by threw cowries, pāisa (copper coins), and rice to the man.

I purchased two musical instruments, called surinda, generally used by the fakīrs, most curious things; Hindoo ornaments, idols, china, and some white marble images from Jeypore.

Amongst other remarkable objects of worship which I beheld at the sacred spot, was one joint of the backbone of some enormous fish or animal; two great staring circular eyes were painted upon it, and the ends of the bone stood out like the stumps of amputated arms; a bit of ghuwā (red cloth) covered the lower part; and this was an image of Juggernath[1]! It had worshippers around it; rice and cowries were the offerings spread before it.

On platforms raised of mud and sand, some ten or twelve missionaries were preaching; every man had his platform to himself, and a crowd of natives surrounded each orator. Seeing one of my own servants, an Hindoo, apparently an attentive listener, I asked the man what he had heard. "How can I tell?" said he; "the English padre is talking." I explained to him the subject of the discourse, and received for answer, "Very well; it is their business to preach, they get pāisa for so doing; what more is to be said?"

A large number of fine marble images having been brought down from Jeypore, for sale at the great fair, I sent a Rajpūt to the owner, and, after much delay and bargaining, became the possessor of the large white marble image of Gŭnéshŭ which adorns the frontispiece. The man had scruples with regard to allowing me to purchase the idol, but sold it willingly to the

[1] This was a rude imitation of the real idol, as represented in No. 1 of the plate entitled "Jugunnathu."

Rajpūt. In this place, I may as well describe the frontispiece. The history of Gŭnéshŭ is fully related in the Introduction ; and the chaunrīs above his head of the tail of the yāk, the cow of Thibet, have been described in the Twenty-second Chapter, page 239.

Ram, the deified hero, with his bow of marvellous power, stands on the left of the shrine ; the image is carved in white marble, painted and gilt, and is twenty-one inches in height ; its history is related in the Ram Leela festival, page 108.

On the right, Krishnŭ the beloved is playing on his pipe ; the figure is of black marble, sixteen inches high ; his life and history will be explained hereafter, in a chapter entitled Radha Krishnŭ.

On the second step of the altar, to the right of Gŭnéshŭ, the first figure, is that of a woman supporting a five-wicked lamp in her hands, which is used in pooja. The figure is of brass, and has a handle to it. The receptacles for oil or ghee are small, and of a mystic shape ; a lamp of this description is called pancharty.

Next to this figure, on the same step, are two little chirāghs (lamps), with small cotton wicks ; they are lighted ; the little cups are of brass. Lamps of this sort are burned before every shrine ; and at the Dewālī, the temples and ghāts are illuminated with thousands of these chirāghs, which are then formed of red pottery.

Next to the lamps is a small lota, for carrying Ganges water, wherewith to bathe the idol.

Near them are two bells, which are used in pooja.

The bell (gant'ha) is essential in holy ceremonies, and is rung at certain times to scare away evil spirits. Bells are much used in and about Hindoo temples, but were rejected by Mahommedans, by order of their prophet, who deemed them relics of superstition. Those used by the Hindoos differ in make according to the deity in whose honour pooja is performed.

The bells are of brass ; the handle of one of them is composed of two images of Hŭnoomān back to back ; the handle of the other represents Hŭnoomān and Garuda, in the same attitude ;

on the top of the handle of another the holy cow is *couchant*.

The spouted vessel (jari) holds lustral water, and is of brass.

Next to the jari are three more lamps; and beyond them is a Nāga Linga Nandī, carved in black marble; it represents Nandī the bull kneeling and supporting a Linga on his back, in the centre of which rise Siva's five heads,—four heads supporting the fifth,—over which protrudes the head of a snake. The exterior is beaded; a snake is within it, the tail of which nearly reaches the end of the figure. The scale is too small to allow of a distinct representation.

On the first step of the altar, at the feet of the black marble image of Krishnŭ, is the bull-mouthed shell, which is considered holy, and often placed on a shrine. Shells as well as flowers are used for adornment.

The white conch shell (Sankh) has been described in the Introduction; the sankh or shŭnkhŭ, a shell conferring victory on whomsoever should sound it, was one of the fourteen articles, usually called fourteen gems, that were obtained at the churning of the sea. Shell ornaments worn by females on the wrist are prescribed by the Shastr. At the hour of death, a female leaves her ornaments to whomsoever she pleases; sometimes to her spiritual guide, or to the family priest. A person not bequeathing something to these people is followed to the next world with anathemas.

Next to the conch is a brazen lota, highly polished and engraved; it is used for Ganges water, oil, or ghee; water is always presented to bathe the idol.

The figure adjoining is a brazen image of Devi, a goddess (the term is generally applied to Doorga), but I know not of what particular goddess this is the representation. In her right hand she bears a mirror; in the left, a small lamp of mystic shape, similar to the boat-like argha. She stands upon a tortoise, which is made to contain Ganges water: the head of the tortoise unscrews, to admit the liquid. The Devi is ornamented with necklaces and bracelets; and in her ears are enormously thick ear-rings: to insert them, it is necessary to elongate the

lobe of the ear; and having cut in it a slit nearly an inch in length, the end of the ear-ring is inserted. These ear-rings are worn by women of the lower orders, made of bamboo, painted and gilt. Some wear them of pewter, ornamented in colours; and some of the richer classes have them of silver, set with precious stones.

Against the edge of the step next to the Devi is a small circular copper-plate, the edges of which are scalloped. In front of it is another little plate made of brass, of which the interior is engraved.

The lustral spoons are called Sruva and Druva, in Sanscrit: by the Mahrattas and other Hindoos, Pulahi and Atchwan; and have different forms according to the rites or objects of adoration. One of the spoons represents Naga the holy serpent, overspreading Gŭnéshŭ; on the other, the Naga overspreads the image of some deity, of whose name I am ignorant; and on another, the spread hood of the snake appears to cover Hŭnoomān.

Next to the spoon is the argha, a vessel shaped like a boat, used by the Hindoos in lustrations; it is of spout-like form, so that liquids may be poured from it. Lustral ceremonies are deemed very important by Brahmans, and are attended to as prescribed in their books, with the most minute particularity. Images are frequently bathed with water, oil, &c.; indeed, there is no end to lustral ceremonies, and spoons and arghas are therefore in extensive use. In marriage, and in funeral ceremonies, as well as in the Sraddha, funeral obsequies in honour of deceased ancestors, an argha is indispensable.

In the centre of the shrine is a brazen image of Gunga the deified river, which was also procured at this great bathing festival. It represents a woman sitting on an alligator, or the sea animal Mŭkŭrŭ. One hand is open in charity, one forbids fear, one bears a water-lily, and the fourth a lota. She is the daughter of Mount Himavŭt. This idol is rare and valuable. Gunga-jee-ke-jy! "Victory to Gunga-jee!"

Other heathen nations appear to have held certain rivers sacred: hence, Naaman the Syrian said, "Are not Abana and

Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?"

The Dŭshŭhŭra festival is held in commemoration of Gunga's descent on earth. Crowds of people assemble from the different towns and villages near the river, especially at the most sacred places, bringing their offerings of fruit, rice, flowers, fresh garlands, cloth, sweetmeats, &c. "O goddess! the owl that lodges in the hollow of a tree on thy banks is exalted beyond measure; while the emperor, whose palace is far from thee, though he may possess a million of stately elephants, and may have the wives of millions of conquered enemies to serve him, is nothing."

The next object is a pair of small cymbals, which are sounded by the priest in time to his chanted prayer.

Beyond them is a large highly-ornamented circular brass dish, containing a peealu or brass drinking cup, in which is either oil or holy water: this cup has figures carved upon it. By its side is a small brass plate, filled with rice, which the devotee takes up in the spoon, and puts upon the head of the idol. Various sacred flowers are also carried in the circular dish, to strew over and before the god. In the early morning you often see the Hindoos, both men and women, going to a shrine with a circular brass dish of this description similarly filled.

The next figure is Hŭnoomān, the monkey god, carrying Ram and Seeta on his shoulders in commemoration of his bringing them in safety from Ceylon.—See p. 110.

Beyond this figure is a conch shell and another bull-mouthed shell; and thus ends the description of the shrine of Gŭnéshŭ in the frontispiece.

In front of my cabinet stands a very large Brahmanical bull, by name Chamēlee, carved in white marble, painted and gilt. A curious Persian writing has just been offered to the Nandī (the bull), which Chamēlee has been graciously pleased to accept and add to the cabinet over which he presides.

The image of the sacred bull in black or white marble is worshipped in the temples of the Hindoos.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NUT LOG.

The Hounds—A Gumuki—The Eade—Trelawny—The Rev. J. Wolff—The Nut Log—Balancing Goat—Sirrākee Grass—A Dividend—Earrings of Jasmine—A Rat given to a Cow—The Mādār—Enamelled Grasshoppers—The Shaddock—The Agra Gun—Corruption of words—Variegated Locusts—Beautiful Flowers.

1833, *Feb.* 1*st.*—The new hounds have just arrived; such little animals by the side of Jan Peter (Trumpeter) and Racer! Out of eight couple there is not a good dog; the gentlemen say three hundred rupees, *i. e.* £30, is a long price for dogs not worth their food, and who would be better out of than in the pack.

At the fair to-day, I purchased a gumuki, a sort of loose bag, the shape of a carpenter's square, large enough to admit the hand at one end, but sewed up at the other. It is made of blue cloth, embroidered with figures of the holy cow. A Hindoo will perform pooja seated on the ground, his right hand passed into a bag of this sort. His hand holds, and he counts most sedulously, a rosary of round beads (mālā), containing in number one hundred and eight, exclusive of connecting beads, differently shaped: the attention is abstractedly fixed on the deity, assisted by the rosary. Sometimes it is composed of amber, sometimes of certain rough berries sacred to the gods. Such rosaries, when used to promote abstraction, are called jap-mālā. During the time, a cloth is bound over his mouth, to prevent the entrance of insects; and he is supposed to be in holy meditation.

Feb. 22*nd.*—To-day is the Eed: it is customary for the Musulmāns to put on very gay new clothes on this day, and to go to prayers at the Jāmma Musjid, the large mosque on the banks of the Jumna. A camel is often sacrificed on the Buckra Eed, on the idea that the animal will be in readiness to carry the person who offers it over the bridge of Sirraat, safe to heaven. The poorer classes will offer a goat (Buckra), or a sheep, lambs, or kids. This festival is to commemorate Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac. The Musulmāns contend it was Ishmael not Isaac who was the offering.

I have lost my companion, my horse Trelawny: he was so quiet, and good-tempered, and good-looking; he was as pretty a boy as Hindoo or Musulmān might look on in the Central Provinces. Poor Trelawny, Jumna-jee rolls over my good steed! He died this morning of inflammation, caused by some internal injury he received when we were plunging together in the quicksands on the banks of the Ganges.

I am reading Captain Mundy's "Sketches in India," a much more amusing journal than I can write. I have no tigers to kill, no hurdwar to visit; nor have I even seen the taj. His journal is very spirited, very correct, and very amusing; I am pleased to hear the praises bestowed upon it in England.[1]

Have you heard of the Rev. Joseph Wolff? He is a German Jew converted to the faith of Christ: "Unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness." He roams about the world in search of the lost tribes of Israel, "preaching Christ, and him crucified," in the churches, and delivering lectures on the subject of the divinity of our Saviour, and his own wanderings. When at Simla, he was with Lord William Bentinck, and preached every Sunday in the presence of the Governor-general, which he would not have been allowed to do had he not been an ordained clergyman. He arrived here three days ago. In the evening he delivered a lecture in the Fort, which was attended by all the inhabitants of Allahabad. Curiosity is, I fear, stronger than religion; for I never before saw the church so crowded.[2]

My husband accompanied me to hear Mr. Wolff. He is a

strange and most curious-looking man; in stature short and thin; and his weak frame appears very unfit to bear the trials and hardships to which he has been, and will be, exposed in his travels. His face is very flat, deeply marked with small-pox; his complexion that of dough, and his hair flaxen. His grey eyes roll and start, and fix themselves, at times, most fearfully; they have a cast in them, which renders their expression still wilder. Being a German, and by birth a Jew, his pronunciation of English is very remarkable; at times it is difficult to understand him: however, his foreign accent only gives originality to his lectures, aided occasionally by vehement gesticulation. His voice is deep and impressive; at times, having given way to great and deep enthusiasm, and having arrested the attention of his hearers, he sinks at once down into some common-place remark, his voice becoming a most curious treble, the effect of which is so startling, one can scarcely refrain from laughter. He understands English very well; his language is excellent, but evidently borrowed more from reading than from conversation. He makes use of words never used in common *parlance*, but always well and forcibly applied. He carries you along with him in his travels, presenting before you the different scenes he has witnessed, and pointing out those customs and manners still in use, which prove the truth of Scripture. His descriptions at times are very forcible, and his account of the lives of St. Augustine and other holy men very interesting.

In the midst of his discourse he said, "It is the custom in Jerusalem, every Friday, for the Jews, the veils over their heads, in mourning and lamentation, to proceed to the ruins of the walls of Jerusalem: for this they pay tribute to the Turks. I will give you an idea of the hymn they sing—the whole congregation:—

"'The Mighty shall build his Temple speedily:
Lord, build, Lord, build, build thy Temple speedily:
In haste, in haste, even in our days,
' Build thy Temple speedily.

He is beloved, he is great, he is glorious, he is sweet!
Lord, build, build thy Temple speedily:
In haste, in haste, even in our days,
Lord, build thy Temple speedily!'"

Having repeated this hymn in English, Mr. Wolff sang it in Hebrew, as the Jews sing it before the wall of the Temple. His voice is fine, and the words are melodious; I give them as written by himself.

HEBREW HYMN.

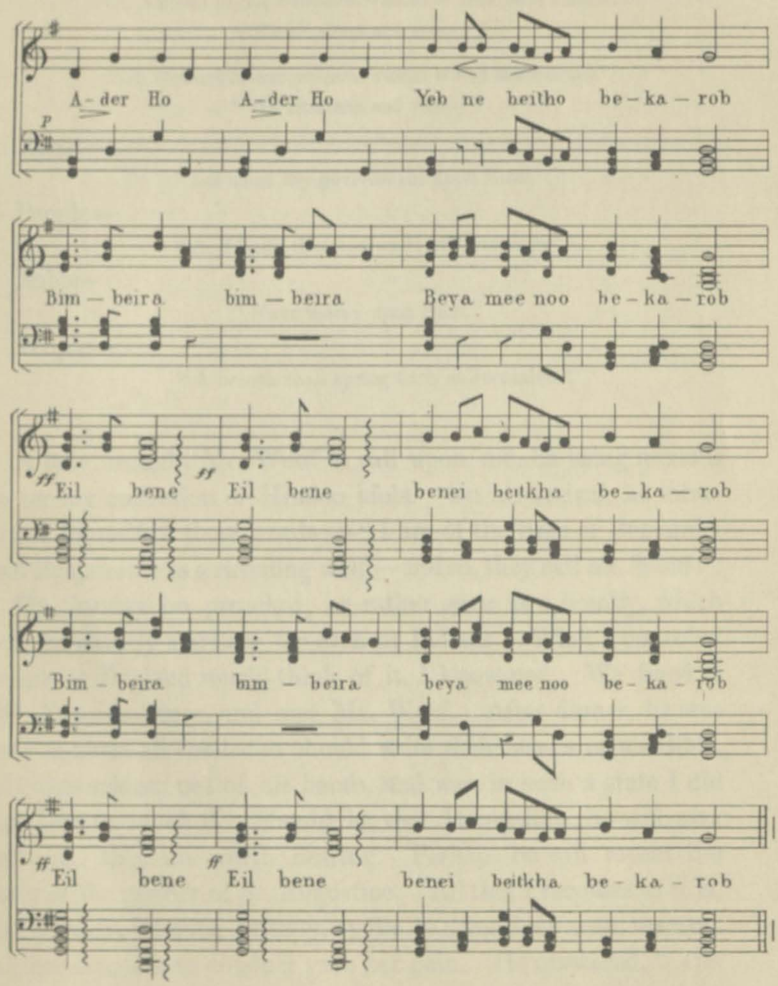
"Ader ho, ader ho, yebne beitho bekarob,
Bimbeira, bimbeira, beyameenoo bekarob.
Eil bene, Eil benei, benei beitkha bekarob
Bimbeira, bimbeira, beyameenoo bekarob
Eil bene, Eil bene, benei beitkha bekarob.

Barokh hoo, gadol hoo, yebne beitho bekarob
Bimbeira, bimbeira, beyamenoo bekarob.
Eil bene, Eil benei, benei beitkha bekarob
Bimbeira, bimbeira, beyameenoo bekarob.
Eil bene, Eil bene, benei beitkha bekarob."

I could not but feel for the man when I thought of the glory of his nation that had passed away, the Temple that had been destroyed, and the Jews wanderers on the face of the earth. Their supplication to the Lord is affecting. "Even in our days build thy Temple speedily." Mr. Wolff repeated the hymn of the Carāites, and then chanted it in Hebrew: it is beautiful and touching. The Rabbi, Simon Ben Nuhai, stood forth from the congregation, and chanted these words:—

The Rabbi—
"On account of our Palace which is destroyed."
And the people answer—
"We sit alone and weep!"
"On account of our Temple which is laid waste."
"We sit alone and weep!"
"On account of Jerusalem which is desolate."
"We sit alone and weep!"
"On account of our Princes who have sinned."
"We sit alone and weep!"

Hebrew Hymn.


A-der Ho A-der Ho Yeb ne beitho be-ka-rob
Bim-beira bim-beira Beya mee noo be-ka-rob
Eil bene Eil bene benei beitkha be-ka-rob
Bim-beira bim-beira beya mee noo be-ka-rob
Eil bene Eil bene benei beitkha be-ka-rob

The Rabbi—

"On account of our Kings who have committed iniquity."

And the people answer—

"We sit alone and weep!"

"On account of our High Priests who have done wickedly."

"We sit alone and weep!"

"On account of our Prophets who have seen false visions."

"We sit alone and weep!"

"On account of our precious stones which are burned."

"We sit alone and weep!"

Rabbi—

"Let shine thy government upon Zion."

People—

"And build thou the walls of Jerusalem."

Rabbi—

"Have mercy upon Zion."

People—

"A branch shall spring forth at Jerusalem!"

A lady brought Mr. Wolff to call upon me, he being anxious to see my collection of Hindoo idols. On his arrival, he introduced himself in these words:—"I am of the tribe of Benjamin, and Benjamin was a ravening wolf,—and so, they call me Wolff!"

On Sunday he preached, or rather gave us a homily, which was sufficiently startling for even us Indians. What you sober people in England would think of it, I know not. We dined at Mr. F——'s house, and met Mr. Wolff. After dinner, he was very anxious all the ladies should write their names in his Bible, which is seldom out of his hands, and was in such a state I did not like to touch it. Should he visit Hampshire, he will give lectures: they are worth hearing. Perhaps he will repeat the story of the mother of St. Augustine. All that I recollect of it is, the mother, weeping bitterly, spoke to some holy man respecting her son, whose conduct gave her pain. He answered, "The child of a mother of so many tears cannot be lost." This child was afterwards St. Augustine. It is very beautiful, "The child of a mother of so many tears cannot be lost!"

I gave Mr. Wolff two Hindoo idols, with which he was much pleased: he interests himself in the Muhammadan religion, but is entirely ignorant respecting the worship of the Hindoos.

THE NUT LOG.

19th.—Yesterday, some wandering gypsies (Nut Log) came to the door; they were a family of tumblers. Nut is the name of a tribe who are generally jugglers, rope-dancers, &c. There was one girl amongst them whose figure was most beautiful, and her attitudes more classic and elegant than any I have ever beheld; Madame Sacci would hide her diminished head before the supple and graceful attitudes of this Indian girl.

A man placed a solid piece of wood, of the shape of an hour-glass, and about eighteen inches in height, on his head; the girl ran up his back, and, standing on one foot on the top of the wood, maintained her balance in the most beautiful attitude, whilst the man ran round and round in a small circle; she then sprang off his head to the ground. After this she again ran up his back, and kneeling on the hour-glass-like wood on his head, allowed him to run in the circle; then she balanced herself on the small of her back, her hands and feet in the air! After that, she stood on her head, her feet straight in the air, the man performing the circle all the time! The drapery worn by the natives falls in the most beautiful folds, and the girl was a fit subject for a statuary: I was delighted.

They placed a brass vessel, with dust in it, behind her back on the ground, whilst she stood erect; she bent backwards, until her forehead touched the dust in the vessel, and took up between her eyelids two bits of iron, that looked like bodkins; the brass pan in which they were laid was only about two inches high from the ground! She threw herself into wonderful attitudes with a sword in her hand. A set of drawings, illustrating all the graceful positions which she assumed would be very interesting; I had never seen any thing of the kind before, and thought of Wilhelm Meister. The Nut Log consisted of five women, one little child, and one man, who performed all these extraordinary feats; another man beat a tōm-tōm to keep

time for them, and accompanied it with his voice; the poor little child performed wonderfully well. She could not have been more than six years old; the other girl was, I should suppose, about eighteen years of age.

Another exhibition worth seeing is an Hindostanī juggler, with his goat, two monkeys, and three bits of wood, like the wood used in England to play the devil and two sticks. The first bit of wood is placed on the ground, the goat ascends it, and balances herself on the top; the man by degrees places another bit of wood on the upper edge of the former; the goat ascends, and retains her balance; the third piece, in like manner, is placed on the top of the former two pieces; the goat ascends from the two former, a monkey is placed on her back, and she still preserves the balance. I have seen this curious performance many times. The man keeps time with a sort of musical instrument, which he holds in his right hand, and sings a wild song to aid the goat; without the song and the measured time, they say the goat could not perform the balance.

When I first came up the country, nothing excited my admiration more than the sirrākee[1] grass in full flower, bending to the wind, and recovering its position so elegantly. This magnificent grass is often sixteen feet high, on which the bloom gracefully waves, like bending feathers.

May 1st.—"Notice was given in the supreme Court, that Messrs. Gould and Campbell would pay a dividend, at the rate of nine gundahs, one cowrie, one cawg, and eighteen teel, in every sicca rupee, on and after the first of June."

A curious dividend,—not quite a farthing in the rupee[2]!

10th.—O! Western shore! on which I have passed so many happy days; what would I not give for your breezes, to carry away this vile Indian languor, and rebrace my nerves? In front of the thermantidote, and under a pankhā, still there appears to be no air to breathe! This easterly wind is killing; I have in general liked the hot winds, and have found my health good during the time; but this heavy, unnatural atmosphere over-

[1] Jungle grass—sarput or sirki—saccharum procerum.

[2] See Appendix, No. 24.

powers me. I see a man crossing the parched and dusty compound, with a lota (brass bowl) and a phleme in his hand, to bleed eleven gynees (dwarf cows), and two horses,—all ill of infectious fever! I must return to my book and my sofa, and dream away the hours.

Shall I ever see again those beautiful scenes which *I now see?* Shall I ascend again that Mont Anvert, and look down upon the Mer-de-glace? Twenty mosquitoes, of which I have just caught one, say, No; but I say, Yes; and I hope once more to behold the lovely vistas in the New Forest, and once again to muse by the sad sea waves on the Western shore.

17*th*.—My ayha was decorated last night with earrings, made of freshly gathered jasmine flowers, strung double on a wire, and hanging down to her shoulders; the scent was so powerful, I could not endure it in the room. Under her chādar they had a good effect; she wore the bela, the double Arabian jasmine (jasminum sambac pleno; jasminum, from the Arabian ysmyn).

The flowers are most overpoweringly sweet, pure white, and double. Native women are extremely fond of decorating themselves with necklaces, earrings, and bracelets, formed of freshly gathered flowers.

The champa is a flowering tree (michelia champaca), sweet-scented michelia. From the bud of the champa flower is taken the pattern of the champa-kullee necklaces the Indian women wear; kullee, a bud.

21*st*.—We have had heavy storms, with hailstones of most surprising magnitude; I wish the wind would change; the new moon has "the old moon in her arms," and if the wind change not now, we shall still have to endure this dreadful weather. The garden is a cake of parched white earth, all split and cracked.

What plagues these servants are! This morning, one of the cows being very ill, I ordered a mixture for her; at sunset it had not been given to her, because, to use the man's own words, "he wished to send a man into the district, to dig up a *certain sort of rat*, which rat, having been mixed up with hot spices, he would give to the cow, and she would be well!"

Very provoking! the animal will die on account of not having

had a proper remedy administered in time. One has to fight against the climate and the servants until one is weary of life.

23rd.—Such a disaster in the quail-house! Through the negligence, or rather stupidity, of the khānsāmān, 160 fat quail have been killed.

June 1st.—The Muharram is over; I am glad of it, it unsettles all the servants so much, and nothing is ever well done whilst they are thinking of the Taziya.

4th.—Last night we drove to the churchyard, to visit the tomb of one of the most charming girls I ever met with, who had departed in her youth and beauty's prime: it was a melancholy visit.

One of the Fitzclarences died at Allahabad, and was buried here, without any name or inscription on the tomb; within the last six months an inscription has been put upon it, by order of Lord William Bentinck.

In the churchyard was a great number of plants of the mādār or ark, (asclepias gigantea,) gigantic swallow-wort. Upon them we found the most beautifully spotted creatures, like enamelled grasshoppers; they appear partial to this plant, the ark; when alive, their spots are most beautiful, in dying, all their brilliancy vanishes. I gathered a quantity of the fine down from the pods of the mādār, and gave it to a gentleman fond of experiments, who says he will weave it as a shawl is woven, and see if it will answer.

19th.—The air is so oppressive, it appears full of dust, so white, so hot! the atmosphere is thick and dull,—no rain! This day last year a fine storm refreshed the earth. The leaves are all falling off the trees, dried up by the sun; numerous trees are dead, burnt up; not a blade of grass! every thing so dusty! I wish the rains would come; this easterly wind, with a thermometer at 91° at noon, is terrible! The pummelo-tree presents a curious appearance; the whole of the leaves are parched, and have fallen from the tree, leaving sixty fine green pummeloes hanging on the naked branches!

The pummelo, called by the natives batavi-nemoo, is the citrus decumana, *orange pampelmouse*, or shaddock; it was

brought from the West Indies by Capt. Shaddock, from whom it derives its name; the fruit grows to the size of a child's head, and is very delicious; it is a native of China and Japan.

25th.—Any thing like the severity of these hot winds we have never experienced; the thermometer to-day 93°! Our khānsāmān, Suddu Khān, has had a stroke of the sun; he went out about two miles and a half, to buy grapes, which at this season are very fine and excellent; returning, he fell down by the churchyard, and was conveyed home: it shows how the natives feel the severity of the weather. Grapes, mangoes, mango-fool, and iced-water are our luxuries. The fields of sugar-cane are all burnt up, the cotton-plants dying for want of rain, and in the mango topes (plantations) half the trees are destroyed.

A swarm of locusts have passed over the cantonments; the natives say they foretel rain; would it were come! The people are dying daily, and the Europeans also at Dinapore are carried off three and four a day.

THE GREAT GUN AT AGRA.

"The utmost offer that has yet been made for the metal of the great gun is sixteen rupees per maund; it is proposed to put it up now for sale by auction, at the Agra-Kotwallee, in the course of next month; the upset price of the lots to be fourteen ānās per seer.

"The destruction of the Agra gun, our readers are aware, has, for some time past, been entrusted to the executive engineer. As stated in the last *Meerut Observer*, an attempt was made first to saw, and afterwards it was intended to break it to pieces. In the mean time, it is lying, like Robinson Crusoe's boat, perfectly impracticable under the fort. Though there is a tradition in the city of its weight being 1600 maunds, it has not been found, on actual measurement, to contain more than 845 mds. 9s., which, at the rate of two lbs. to the seer, would be equal to 30 tons, 3 cwt. 2 qrs. 18 lbs. The analysis of the filings made by the deputy Assay Master in Calcutta was, we understand, as follows:—

	Copper.	Tin.
1	29·7	7·3
2	92·2	7·8
3	88·3	11·7
Mean	91·06	8·94

"The gun, from its size, is naturally regarded by the native population as one of the lions of our city. Of the Hindoos, too, many are accustomed to address their adorations to it, as they do, indeed, to all the arms of war, as the *roop* of Devee, the Indian Hecate. Beyond this, Hindoo tradition has not invested the gun with any character of mythological sanctity. The antiquaries of our city, indeed, say that it was brought here by the Emperor Acbar, perhaps from the fortress of Chittore. We have, however, ourselves been unable to find any mention of it in *tawareek* of that reign, or of any subsequent period. Among its other just claims to be saved from the hands of the *Thatheras*, we must not forget the fact of its having once fired a shot from Agra to Futtehpoor Sicri, a distance of twenty-four miles. A stone ball now marks the spot where it fell to the student in artillery practice, putting him entirely out of conceit of the vaunted power of Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol, which we believe can scarcely carry one-third of that distance. The fellow of the Agra gun is stated to be still embedded in the sands of the Jumna.

"Its destruction seems as unpopular with the natives as it is with the European community. Its doom, however, being, we believe, sealed, we are gratified to think that the proceeds of its sale are to be devoted to the erection of a permanent bridge of boats over the Jumna at this city, the estimate for which, the supposed value of the gun, with an advance of one or two years' ferry tolls, is expected to meet. The future surplus funds derived from the bridge will probably, we hear, be expended in forming a new branch road from Raj-ghaut to Mynpoory, to unite with the grand trunk now making between Allahabad and Delhi, under Captain Drummond. We shall, however, postpone till another opportunity our remarks on this and other

plans to improve the means of communication in this quarter." —*Mofussil Achbar*.

"At five o'clock on Wednesday morning, the Great Gun at this place was burst, other means of breaking it up having proved unsuccessful. The gun was buried about twenty feet deep in the ground, and 1000 lbs. of gunpowder was employed for the explosion. The report was scarcely heard, but the ground was considerably agitated, and a large quantity of the earth was thrown on all sides. As far as we can learn, the chief engineer has at length been completely successful. A large portion of the European community and multitudes of natives were present to witness the novel spectacle. The inhabitants of the city were so alarmed, that a considerable portion abandoned their houses, and that part of the town in the vicinity of the Fort was completely deserted."—*Mofussil Achbar*, *June* 29.

July 18*th*.—Last night, as I was writing a long description of the tēz-pāt, the leaf of the cinnamon-tree, which humbly pickles beef, leaving the honour of crowning heroes to the *laurus nobilis*, the servants set up a hue and cry that one of our sā'īses had been bitten by a snake. I gave the man a tea-spoonful of eau-de-luce, which the khānsāmān calls "Blue-dee-roo," mixed with a little water[3] They had confined the snake in a kedgeree-pot, out of which he jumped into the midst of the servants; how they ran! The sā'īs is not the worse for the fright, the snake not being a poisonous one; but he says the mem sāhiba has burnt up his interior and blistered his mouth with the medicine. I hope you admire the corruption of eau-de-luce—blue-dee-roo! Another beautiful corruption of the wine-coolers is, soup-tureen for sauterne! Here is a list of absurdities:—

Harrico, harry cook.	Butcher, voucher.
Parsley, peter selly.	Prisoner, bridgeman.
Mignionette, major mint.	Champagne, simkin.
Bubble-and-squeak, dublin cook.	Trumpeter, jan peter.
Decree, diggery.	Brigade major, bridget.
Christmas, kiss miss.	Knole cole, old kooby.

An officer in the 16th Lancers told me he was amused the other day by his servant designating the trumpeter a "poh poh walla."

The gardener has just brought in a handful of the most beautiful *scarlet velvet* coloured insects, about the size of two large peas, but flattish, and commonly found on reddish sandy soil, near grass; these insects are used as one of those medicines which native doctors consider efficacious in snake bites: they call them beerbotie; the scientific name is *mutella occidentalis.*

The carpenter, in cutting down the hedge of the garden, found in the babūl and neem-trees such beautiful creatures; they appear to be locusts; the variety and brilliancy of their colours are wonderful. The upper wings are green, lined out with yellow, the under wings scarlet, the body green, yellow, and black: they are most beautifully marked. I have had some prepared with arsenical soap.

Aug. 4th.—I have just received a present of the first number of Colonel Luard's most beautiful views in India; how true they are! his snake-catchers are the very people themselves. Apropos, we caught a young cobra yesterday in my dressing-room; the natives said, "Do not kill it; it is forbidden to kill the snake with the holy mark on the back of its head,"—a mark like a horse-shoe. However, as it was the most venomous sort of snake, I put it quietly into my "Bottle of Horrors." They say snakes come in pairs; we have searched the room and cannot find its companion. It is not pleasant to have so venomous a snake twisting on the Venetian blinds of one's dressing-room.

8th.—Yesterday, at dinner, our friends were praising the fatted quail, and remarking how well we had preserved them. This morning all the remainder are dead, about two hundred; why or wherefore I know not—it is provoking.

We had the most beautiful bouquet on the table last night! an enormous bowl full of flowers, in such luxuriant beauty! some few of which you may find in hot-houses and green-houses at home. With what pleasure I looked at them! and how much amusement taking off the impressions, or practising the *black art*, as we call it, will afford me!

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CHOLERA.

"IT WAS HAMMERED UPON MY FOREHEAD [1]."
i.e. It was my destiny.

"WHERE IS THE USE OF TAKING PRECAUTIONS, SINCE WHAT HAS BEEN PRE-ORDAINED MUST HAPPEN [2]?"

Hindoo Method of frightening away the Cholera recommended to the Faculty—Death of the Darzee—Necromancy—The New Moon—A Bull laden with the Pestilence—Terror of the Natives—The Patān—An Earthquake—Sola Hats—Importation of Ice from America—Flight of Locusts—Steam Navigation—The Civil Service Annuity Fund—The Bāghsira—Rajpūt Encampment—Hail Storm—Delights of the Cold Weather.

1833. *Aug. 8th.*—The same terrible weather continues, the thermometer 90° and 91° all day; not a drop of rain! They prophesy sickness and famine; the air is unwholesome; the Europeans are all suffering with fever and ague and rheumatism. The natives, in a dreadful state, are dying in numbers daily of cholera; two days ago, seventy-six natives in Allahabad were seized with cholera—of these, forty-eight died that day! The illness is so severe that half an hour after the first attack the man generally dies; if he survive one hour it is reckoned a length of time.

A brickmaker, living near our gates, buried four of his family from cholera in one day! Is not this dreadful? The poor people, terror-stricken, are afraid of eating their food, as they say the disease follows a full meal. Since our arrival in India we have never before experienced such severely hot winds, or such unhealthy rains.

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 57. [2] Ibid. No. 58.

"Every country hath its own fashions[1]." The Hindoo women, in the most curious manner, propitiate the goddess who brings all this illness into the bazār: they go out in the evening about 7 P.M., sometimes two or three hundred at a time, carrying each a lota, or brass vessel, filled with sugar, water, cloves, &c. In the first place they make pooja; then, stripping off their chādars, and binding their sole petticoat around their waists, as high above the knee as it can be pulled up, they perform a most frantic sort of dance, forming themselves into a circle, whilst in the centre of the circle about five or six women dance entirely naked, beating their hands together over their heads, and then applying them behind with a great smack, that keeps time with the music, and with the song they scream out all the time, accompanied by native instruments, played by men who stand at a distance; to the sound of which these women dance and sing, looking like frantic creatures. Last night, returning from a drive, passing the Fort, I saw five or six women dancing and whipping themselves after this fashion; fortunately, my companion did not comprehend what they were about. The Hindoo women alone practise this curious method of driving away diseases from the bazār; the Musulmānes never. The men avoid the spot where the ceremony takes place; but here and there, one or two men may be seen looking on, whose presence does not appear to molest the nut-brown dancers in the least; they shriek and sing and smack and scream most marvellously.

The moonshee tells me the panic amongst the natives is so great, that they talk of deserting Allahabad until the cholera has passed away.

My darzee (tailor), a fine healthy young Musulmān, went home at 5 P.M., apparently quite well; he died of cholera at 3 P.M., the next day; he had every care and attention. This evening the under-gardener has been seized; I sent him medicine; he returned it, saying, "I am a Baghut (a Hindoo who neither eats meat nor drinks wine), I cannot take your medicine; it were better that I should die." The cholera came

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 59.

across the Jumna to the city, thence it took its course up *one side* of the road to the Circuit Bungalow, is now in cantonments, and will, I trust, pass on to Papamhow, cross the Ganges, and Allahabad will once more be a healthy place.

"Magic is truth, but the magician is an infidel[1]" My ayha said, "You have told us several times that rain will fall, and your words have been true; perhaps you can tell us when the cholera will quit the city?" I told her, "Rain will fall, in all probability, next Thursday (new moon); and if there be plenty of it, the cholera may quit the city." She is off to the bazār with the joyful tidings.

The Muhammadans believe the prayers of those who consult magicians are not accepted, and that rain is given by the favour of God, not by the influence of the moon. Muhammad forbade consulting fortune-tellers, and gave a curious reason why they sometimes hit on the truth. "Aa'yeshah said, 'People asked the Prophet about fortune-tellers, whether they spoke true or not?' He said, 'You must not believe any thing they say.' The people said, 'O messenger of God! wherefore do you say so? because they sometimes tell true.' Then his Highness said, 'Yes; it may be true sometimes, because one of the genii steals away the truth, and carries it to the magician's ear; and magicians mix a hundred lies with one truth.' 'Aa'yeshaḥ said, 'I heard his Majesty say, 'The angels come down to the region next the world, and mention the works that have been pre-ordained in Heaven; and the devils, who descend to the lowest region, listen to what the angels say, and hear the orders pre-destined in Heaven, and carry them to fortune-tellers; therefore they tell a hundred lies with it from themselves.' 'Whoever goes to a magician, and asks him any thing about the hidden, his prayers will not be approved of for forty nights and days.' Zaid-Vin-Rhalid said, 'His Highness officiated as Imām to us in Hudaibiah, after a fall of rain in the night; and when he had finished prayers, he turned himself to the congregation, and said, 'Do ye know what your Cherisher said?' They said, 'God and his messenger

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 60.

know best.' His Highness said, 'God said, Two descriptions of my servants rose this morning, one of them believers in me, the other infidels; wherefore, those who have said they have been given rain by the favour of God, are believers in me, and deniers of stars; and those who have said, we have been given rain from the influence of the moon, are infidels, and believers in stars.'" "An astrologer is as a magician, and a magician is a necromancer, and a necromancer is an infidel[1]."

Aug. 17th.—The new moon has appeared, but Prāg is unblessed with rain; if it would but fall! Every night the Hindoos pooja their gods; the Musulmāns weary Heaven with prayers, at the Jamma Musjid (great mosque) on the river-side, near our house; —all to no effect. The clouds hang dark and heavily; the thunder rolls at times; you think, "Now the rain must come," but it clears off with scarcely a sprinkling. Amongst the Europeans there is much illness, but no cholera.

22nd.—These natives are curious people; they have twice sent the cholera over the river, to get rid of it at Allahabad. They proceed after this fashion: they take a bull, and after having repeated divers prayers and ceremonies, they drive him across the Ganges into Oude, laden, as they believe, with the cholera. This year this ceremony has been twice performed. When the people drive the bull into the river, he swims across, and lands or attempts to land on the Lucnow side; the Oude people drive the poor beast back again, when he is generally carried down by the current and drowned, as they will not allow him to land on either side.

During the night, my ayha came to me three times for cholera mixture; happily the rain was falling, and I thought it would do much more good than all the medicine; of course I gave her the latter.

Out of sixty deaths there will be forty Hindoos to twenty Musulmāns; more men are carried off than women, eight men to two women; the Musulmāns eat more nourishing food than the Hindoos, and the women are less exposed to the sun than the men.

[1] Mishcat ul Masabih.

Extract from the journal of an officer in the 16th Lancers, at Cawnpore :—

"*Aug.* 20*th.*—A most savage and barbarous act was this day committed on our grand parade; several officers and numbers of sipahīs stood round and witnessed it. A Patān of high caste, and of such great muscular powers as to be a celebrated pehlwān or wrestler, was taken up on suspicion of theft. A barkandāz (native policeman) was sent with the prisoner to his house, that he might eat his dinner; the Patān endeavoured to enter his house, when the barkandāz struck him with his shoe on the mouth (the very grossest insult that can be offered to a native). The prisoner managed to get his hands loose, ran into a sword cutler's (sikligur's), snatched up the first sword that presented itself, and cut down the barkandāz. The Patān then ran through the city, crying, 'Now, who will take me?' When he got on the grand parade he halted, and when told that he could easily escape into the King of Oude's territories,—'for what is the Ganges for such a man as you to swim?'—he answered, 'No; I cannot live after the insult I have received; but I will teach those rascally barkandāz how to insult a Patān.' He was soon surrounded by numbers of the native police, variously armed, but he kept them all for a length of time at defiance; at last, after receiving a great many wounds, and with his left arm nearly severed, he fell, but still continued fighting desperately; a musket was now sent for, and the third shot killed this brave fellow. An officer, who stood by, and saw this brutal murder committed, told me the prisoner cut down and wounded eleven men, and received upwards of forty wounds. This outrage was committed in broad daylight, in front of the sipahī lines. An occurrence of this nature would, I think, make some little stir in England."

The same gentleman mentions, "The natives in the bazār and surrounding villages suffer shockingly from cholera, and you can scarcely go into any of the thoroughfares to the ghāts, without seeing several dead bodies being carried to the Ganges. Large groups of women, preceded by their noisy, inharmonious music, are at all hours proceeding towards the river, to offer up their

supplications to the Gunga. The Brahmans have forbidden any woman to sleep inside her house, and, I believe, last night every Hindū woman in the city slept in the open air."

26th.—I was sitting in my dressing-room, reading, and thinking of retiring to rest, when the khānsāmān ran to the door, and cried out, "Mem Sāhiba, did you feel the earthquake? the dishes and glasses in the almirahs (wardrobes) are all rattling." I heard the rumbling noise, but did not feel the quaking of the earth. About half-past eleven, P.M., a very severe shock came on, with a loud and rumbling noise; it sounded at first as if a four-wheeled carriage had driven up to the door, and then the noise appeared to be just under my feet; my chair and the table shook visibly, the mirror of the dressing-glass swung forwards, and two of the doors nearest my chair opened from the shock. The house shook so much, I felt sick and giddy; I thought I should fall if I were to try to walk; I called out many times to my husband, but he was asleep on the sofa in the next room, and heard me not; not liking it at all, I ran into the next room, and awoke him; as I sat with him on the sofa, it shook very much from another shock, or rather shocks, for there appeared to be many of them; and the table trembled also. My ayha came in from the verandah, and said, "The river is all in motion, in waves, as if a great wind were blowing against the stream." The natives say tiles fell from several houses. A shoeing-horn, that was hanging by a string to the side of my dressing-glass, swung backwards and forwards like the pendulum of a clock. The giddy and sick sensation one experiences during the time of an earthquake is not agreeable; we had one in September, 1831, but it was nothing in comparison to that we have just experienced. Mr. D—— and Mr. C——, who live nearly three miles off, ran out of their bungalows in alarm.

Sept. 5th.—The rain fell in torrents all night; it was delightful to listen to it, sounding as it was caught in the great water jars, which are placed all round the house; now and then a badly made jar cracked with a loud report, and out rushed the water, a proof that most of the jars would be full by morning.

From the flat clean pukkā roof of the house the water falls pure and fresh; from the thatch of a bungalow it would be impure. To-day it is so dark, so damp, so English, not a glimpse of the sun, a heavy atmosphere, and rain still falling delightfully. There is but little cholera now left in the city; this rain will carry it all away.

Our friend Mr. S—— arrived yesterday: he was robbed ere he quitted Jaunpore of almost all he possessed: the thieves carried off all his property from the bungalow, with the exception of his sola topī, a great broad-brimmed white hat, made of the pith of the sola.

The best sola hats are made in Calcutta; they are very light, and an excellent defence from the sun: the root of which the topī is formed is like pith; it is cut into thin layers, which are pasted together to form the hat. At Meerut they cover them with the skin of the pelican, with all its feathers on, which renders it impervious to sun or rain; and the feathers sticking out beyond the rim of the hat give a demented air to the wearer. The pelicans are shot in the Tarāī.

"Sholā (commonly sola), (æschynomene paludosa), the wood of which, being very light and spongy, is used by fishermen for floating their nets. A variety of toys, such as artificial birds and flowers, are made of it. Garlands of those flowers are used in marriage ceremonies. When charred it answers the purpose of tinder[1]."

How dangerous the banks of the river are at this season! Mr. M—— lugāoed his boats under a bank on the Ganges; during the night a great portion of the bank fell in, swamped the dog-boat, and drowned all the dogs. Our friend himself narrowly escaped: his budjerow broke from her moorings, and went off into the middle of the stream.

19*th*.—The weather killingly hot! I can do nothing but read novels and take lessons on the sitar. I wish you could see my instructor, a native, who is sitting on the ground before me, playing difficult variations, contorting his face, and twisting his

[1] Shakespear's Dict.

body into the most laughable attitudes, the man in ecstacies at his own performance!

CONSUMPTION OF ICE.

One of the most striking instances of the enterprise of the merchants of the present age, is the importation of a cargo of ice into India from the distant shores of America; and it is to be hoped, that the experiment having so far succeeded, it will receive sufficient encouragement here to ensure the community in future a constant supply of the luxury. The speculators are Messrs. Tudor, Rogers, and Austin, the first of whom has been engaged for fifteen or twenty years in furnishing supplies of ice to the southern parts of America and the West Indian islands.

The following particulars will furnish an idea of the plan pursued in this traffic, and of the cost incurred in it:—

The ice is cut from the surface of some ponds rented for the purpose in the neighbourhood of Boston, and being properly stowed, is then conveyed to an ice-house in the city, where it remains until transported on board the vessel which has to convey it to its destined market. It is always kept packed in non-conducting materials, such as tan, hay, and pine boards, and the vessel in which it is freighted has an ice-house built within, for the purpose of securing it from the effects of the atmosphere. The expense to the speculators must be very considerable, when they have to meet the charges of rent for the ponds, wages for superintendents and labourers, and agents at the place of sale; erection of ice-houses, transportation of the article from the ponds to the city, thence to the vessel, freight, packing, and landing, and the delivery of the article at the ice-house which has been built for it in Calcutta.

The present cargo has arrived without greater wastage than was at first calculated on, and the packing was so well managed to prevent its being affected by the atmosphere, that the temperature on board during the voyage was not perceptibly altered. This large importation of ice may probably give rise to experi-

ments to ascertain in what way it may be applied to medicinal uses, as it has already elsewhere been resorted to for such purposes; but the chief interest the community generally will take in it, will be the addition it will make to domestic comfort.

Sept. 23*rd*.—Yesterday, at 5 P.M., whilst we were at dinner, a flight of locusts came across the Jumna, from below the fort. The greater part alighted on our compound: those that did not settle on the ground, flew round and round in upper air, while thousands of them descending in streams gave the appearance of a very severe storm of snow falling in large dingy flakes. The air was really darkened; they settled on the thatched roofs of the outhouses, covering them entirely. They were so numerous the whole ground was thickly spread with them. A chaprāsī went out with my butterfly net, and running against the stream of descending locusts, at one attempt caught from twenty to thirty in the net; you may therefore imagine how numerous they were. The bearers ran out, beating brass chilamchees (washhand basons), while others, with frying-pans and pokers, increased the din in order to drive them away, which was not accomplished for half an hour. All the servants, Musalmān and Hindoo, were eager to catch them; the two washermen (dhobees) showed the greatest cleverness in the business; holding a sheet spread out between them, they ran against the flight of descending locusts, caught great numbers, folded the sheet quickly up to secure their prizes, and having deposited them in a jar, spread the sheet for more.

My little terrier Fury caught twenty or thirty, if not more, and ate them raw; it was amusing to see her run at the locusts and catch them so cleverly.

The gentlemen rose from table, and were well repaid for their trouble, never having seen such a marvellous flight of locusts before.

The khānsāmān Suddu Khān said, "In curry they are very good, like prawns, but roasted whole the moment they are caught, they are delicious!" I desired him to bring some to table, but we had not resolution enough to taste them. Little

Fury ate them all most greedily, barking and jumping until she had finished them.

Going for our evening drive, such a smell of roasted locusts issued forth as we passed the stables! The flight consisted of red locusts, but amongst them were some of a bright yellow colour. Brown locusts are the most common; the red as well as the yellow are scarce; the red in dying become nearly quite brown.

It is recorded that Ibn-Abu-Awfi said, "I fought seven battles along with the prophet Mahommud, and we used to eat locusts with his highness."

The khānsāmān prepared many of the bodies with arsenical soap, and filled them with cotton. An enormous death's head moth flew in at the moment, and experienced the same fate. Moths, locusts, great beetles, and cockroaches are prepared like small birds[1].

They say red locusts predict war, the others famine. The latter prediction is likely to prove true; the little rain that fell made the crops spring up, since which time the sun has killed the greater part of the young plants. All grain is very dear, and the people are exclaiming, "We shall die, if the rain does not fall."

Famine, earthquakes, pestilence! What do these portend? Let us not sit in judgment man on man, or declare "The hand of God is on the earth, until one-third of the wicked are swept away from the face of it[2]."

All the three Residencies are agog about steam navigation once again. I think there is a fair chance of success, if the whole of the funds are voted in support of the Bombay scheme, by which communication might be established in fifty days; and if the overland dāk from Bombay was put on a more speedy footing, we might hear from England within two months. Nearly £15,000 has been already subscribed, and the work of collection still goes on: the newspapers are flattering the rich

[1] Appendix, No. 25. [2] Revelation of St. John.

baboos, and dependent and independent Rajahs, and some have given their thousands.

The interference with the Company's charter, that people in England may drink their tea cheaper, which result, however, appears doubtful, and that the surplus population may come out to colonize, and *cholerize*, has done the Service no benefit. Economy is still the rage, and we of the present day have nothing to look to but the pension from our Civil Annuity Fund, after twenty-two years' actual residence, of £1000, for which we are to pay one-half, or 50,000 rupees, when we can hoard up as much. The generality of men's lives after twenty-two years' residence, and twenty-five of service, three years of these being allowed for furlough, which few are able to take, is scarcely worth five years' purchase. Numbers, of course, do not live out their time; and if they have subscribed for twenty-one years and eleven months, the whole goes to the fund, principal and interest.

Nov. 3rd.—There are some most wondrous animals called Gungun Medha, or Bāgh-sira, the latter Hindoo word meaning tiger-headed, from the shape of the animal's horrible head. I was told they could be dug out of the sands on the river-side. I therefore sent the jamadar and a cooly across the river this morning, and they brought back eight or nine of these beasts; their wings curl up in a most singular fashion, and make them appear as if they had four curly tails, all close together; their great jaw-bones are edged like a coarse saw. They are very fierce; they fight, kill each other, and the conqueror eats up his adversary. Their legs and wings are most remarkable. We put two under a wire dish-cover, and they fought fiercely, although, from having been dug up some hours, they were not as active as at first. They bite terribly; it is necessary to seize them by their backs like crabs to avoid a bite

I had some Sarāta lizards dug out of the sands near the Parade ground; they are not half as curious as these tiger-headed beasts, which are in thousands in the sand-banks, their holes six or seven feet deep. A Rajpūt Rana of high degree

has pitched his tents in Alopee Bāgh: nineteen guns were fired in honour of his arrival. This great man has a numerous retinue: to bathe at the sacred junction of the rivers has brought him to Prāg. I drove a young lady through his encampment the other evening; many of his people came out of their tents, and absolutely ran on by the side of our carriage, staring at us as if we were bāgh-siras (grylli monstrosi), or animals as wonderful.

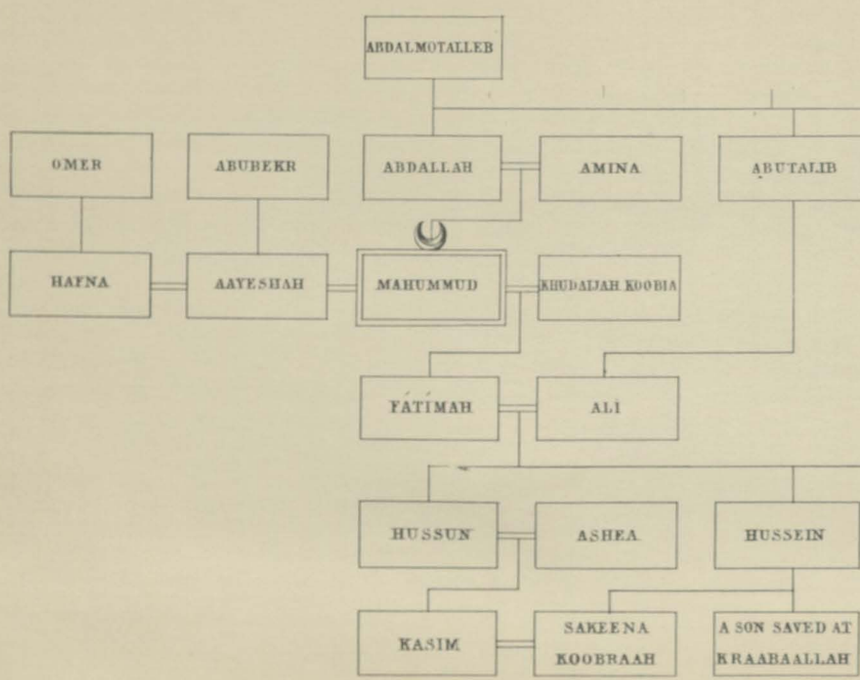
Their astonishment was great, occasioned most likely by the sight of unveiled ladies driving about. Passing through the encampment was a service of danger; it was difficult, in keeping clear of the teeth of the camels, not to run against a number of stalls where cakes and sugar were displayed for sale. No sight do I like better than a native encampment; the groups of strange-looking men, the Arab horses, the camels, elephants, and tents are charming. No country can furnish more or so many picturesque scenes as India.

Dec. 5th.—People talk of wonderful storms of hail. I have just witnessed one so very severe, that had I not seen it, I think I should scarcely have believed it. At ten at night a storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, came on; the hail fell as thick as flakes of snow,—I can scarcely call it hail, the pieces were ice-bolts. I brought in some which measured four inches and a half in circumference, and the ground was covered some inches deep; it appeared as if spread with a white sheet, when by the aid of the lightning one could see through the darkness around. The old peepul-tree groaned most bitterly, the glass windows were all broken, the tobacco-plants cut down, the great leaves from the young banyan-tree were cut off, and the small twigs from the mango and nīm trees covered the ground like a green carpet. It was a fearful storm. The next morning for miles round you saw the effect of the hail, and in the bazār at eight A.M. the children were playing marbles with the hailstones.

31*st.*—I trust we have now become *acclimated*, for we have nearly passed through this year,—the most fruitful in illness and

death I recollect, both among civilians and soldiers,—without much sickness. I have had fever and ague. My husband has suffered from acute rheumatism, and the little pet terrier, Fury, has been delicate, but we are all now re-established. I am on horseback every morning rejoicing in the cold breezes, feeling as strong and full of spirit as the long-tailed grey that carries me; and Fury is chasing squirrels and ferrets, and putting the farm-yard to the rout.

The Imàms the Leaders of the Faithful.



CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MUHARRAM.

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

1834, *May* 19*th*.—The Imāms the Leaders of the Faithful—The Muharram—The Procession — The Banners — The Bând — The Sword-bearer — The Mourners—Dhul Dhul—The Reader—The Fakīr—The Taziya—Tomb of Kasim—Palkī and Trays of Mehndi—Charkh-charkhī Wālā—The Bihīshtī—Camels—Elephants and Charity—The Chameleon—The Ghirgit—An Alligator—The Tiger on his travels—A well-educated Snake—Indian Fevers—Depression of Spirit.

"BISM ILLAH UR RAHMAN UR RAHĪM."

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, THE COMPASSIONATE, THE MERCIFUL."

This is written at the commencement of all Persian books and writings; but at the top of the first page of every letter, purwanah, or short writing, they almost invariably put only ا the letter A or ALIF, which is a symbol of God, and is considered an abbreviation of the whole sentence above. Alif is the first letter in the Arabic and Persian alphabets, and in the representation of numbers it stands for *one;* whence it is also used as a symbol of the Deity; it signifies moreover the first day in the week, or Sunday; and in astronomical descriptions, the sign Taurus of the zodiac.

THE IMĀMS THE LEADERS OF THE FAITHFUL.

Muhammad, the founder of the system of religion which is named after him, descended from the tribe of Ḳoreish, and the family of Hashem, the most illustrious of the Arabs. He was

the grandson of Abdalmotalleb, and the son of Abdallah and Amina. He was born at Mecca, four months after the death of Justinian. He was educated by his uncle, Abutalib, as a merchant, his grandfather, father, and mother having died during his infancy. In his twenty-fifth year he married a wealthy widow, Khudaijah Koobia; and, in the fortieth year of his age, he assumed the title of Prophet, and promulgated the religion of Islam; which asserts, "There is no god but God, and Muhammad is the prophet of God." In the same year, he lost his uncle Abutalib, and his wife Khudaijah, and for this reason that year was called the year of mourning. The prophet fled with his friend Abubekr from Mecca to Medina, to escape from the violence of the Koreishites, who sought his life: this flight fixed the era of the Hegira. After an exile of seven years, Muhammad achieved the conquest of Mecca: he was acknowledged prince and prophet by the Koreish, who embraced Islam, and the idols in the Caaba were destroyed. In the seventh year of the Hegira, Muhammad began to propagate his religion beyond the boundaries of Arabia; and the last great act of his life was a pilgrimage to Mecca, accompanied by his wives, and alsǒ by numerous camels for sacrifice.

He died at the age of sixty-three, and a most interesting account of his last illness and death has been given by his favourite wife Aayeshah, the daughter of his friend Abubekr: this lady was the first veiled female; and by her he had two sons, Ishmael and Ibrahim. He was interred at Medina. The prophet had eighteen wives, one of whom was Hafna, the daughter of his friend and companion Omer.

Fátímah, the daughter of Muhammad and Khudaijah Koobia, married Ali, the nephew of the prophet and the son of his uncle Abutalib.

Fátímah and Ali were the parents of Hussun and Hussein, the first martyrs, from whom the Syuds descend.

Hussun married Ashea, by whom he had a son Kasim, who married Sakeena Koobraah, the daughter of his brother Hussein.

Hussein had another child, a son, who was saved at the battle of Kraabaallah; Abbas was the brother of Hussun and Hussein.

Muhammad was succeeded in the regal and sacerdotal office by his friend and convert Abubekr; who, after a reign of two years, was followed by Omer: the latter, after an interval of twelve years, was succeeded by Othman, the secretary of Muhammad, and twenty-four years after the death of the Prophet, Ali became the Imām.

After the death of Muhammad, his followers divided into two great factions, the one acknowledged Abubekr, the father-in-law of the prophet, as his successor, and were denominated Soonees; the other adhered to Ali, the son-in-law of Muhammad, and were known by the title of the Sheas, who look up to the Imāms as the leaders of the faithful. The Caliphas are the leaders of the Soonees,... .... in Hindostan the Soonees are as ten to one Shea;...*

THE MUHARRAM.

1834, *May* 19*th*.—The mourning festival of the Muhammadans in remembrance of their first martyrs, Hussun and Hussein, lasts ten days; on the last day the Taziya, the model of the tomb of Hussein, is interred.

Yuzeed, ...* the king of Shawm, had a quarrel respecting the succession with the Syuds, the descendants of Muhammad. Ali, the husband of Fátíma, was first murdered by him. He left two sons, Hussun and Hussein. Hussun, his wife Ashea, and his nurse, Be Halima, were poisoned.

To discover the state of affairs at Shawm, Hussein first sent his cousin Moslem, who, with his two sons, quitted Medina for that purpose. He, as well as his sons, were seized and put to death. This event is commemorated with deep sorrow during the mourning festival. Hussein, ignorant of the fate of Moslem, was proceeding from Medina to Shawm, in the hope of being proclaimed the "Imām, the leader of the faithful." He was accompanied by all his family; on the road on the plains of Kraabaallah, they were attacked: they defended themselves with the utmost bravery, until every man found his grave upon the spot. This event occurred on the tenth day of the Arabian

*Two short passages have been omitted from the 1975 reprint.

month Mahurrum. The females and one infant son were taken prisoners and conveyed to Shawm, the residence of Yuzeed, the king. Kasim, the son of Hussun and Ashea, was engaged to Sakeena Koobraah, his cousin, the daughter of Hussein. Hence the night of the Mehndī and the wedding procession of the Muharram.

The ceremony takes place annually on the first day of the moon (Muharram). Their year has twelve moons only, and they do not add a moon every third year, as some persons suppose.

The Imām-bara is expressly built for commemorating the Muharram. In this building the Taziya is placed facing Mecca, with the banners, the sword, the shield, and the bow and arrows supposed to have been used in the battle of Kraabaallah. The most magnificent Taziyas remain in the Imām-bara. The less costly, which are used in the processions on the tenth day, are buried, with funeral rites, in cemeteries named Kraabaallah.

Although the Taziya, the model of their Imām's tomb, at Kraabaallah belongs, by right, only to the Sheas, it is remarkable that many Soonees have Taziyas, and also some Hindoos. My cook, who was a Mug, used to expend sometimes as much as forty rupees on a Taziya of his own; and after having performed all the ceremonies like a good Musúlmān, returned to his original Hindooism, when he had placed his Taziya in the burial-ground, accompanied by rice, corn, flowers, cups of water, &c.

But little or no attention is paid to the models of the Taziya: they are of different forms, and of every variety of material, according to the wealth of the person who sets up this remembrance of Hussein. On the Taziya is placed a small portion of corn, rice, bread, fruits, flowers, and cups of water; this is in accordance with the Musulmān funerals, at which food is invariably conveyed to the tomb with the corpse.

The Taziya displayed by the king of Oude during the Muharram is composed of green glass, with or-molu or brass mouldings. Some are of ivory, ebony, sandal-wood, cedar, &c.,

or of wrought filligree silver: those for the poor are of coloured talc.

In front of the Taziya two standards are erected, between which are laid strings of the fresh flowers of the sweet-scented bela (jasmine); and a chaunrī, made of the tail of the yāk, fixed in a silver handle, is used to fan away the flies.

When the Taziya is placed in the Imām-bara, the face is turned to Mecca. The institution of carrying the Taziya in procession first took place in the A.H. 352, at Bagdad, under Noez-od-Dowla Dhelmé, and is never omitted in Persia.

Hussein, on his favourite horse Dhul Dhul, was pierced by arrows without number; the animal shared the same fate,......

....

.... with the exception of one infant son and the females of the family. ....

....

....

....*

The usual arrangement of the procession is as follows:—In the order of march the elephants first appear, on which men are seated, displaying the consecrated banners, crowned by the spread hand. The banners are of silk, embroidered in gold or silver. The spread hand on the top of them represents five: Muhammad, Fátíma, Ali, Hussun, Hussein; the three fingers, the Caliphas Omer, Osmun, and Abubekr. The Soonees favour the latter; the Sheas uphold Imām Ali. The ends of the banners are fringed with bullion, and they are tied with cords of gold. Then follows the band, which is always in attendance, and is composed of Arab music only.

The jilādār or sword-bearer carries a pole, from which two naked swords, each tipped with a lemon, are suspended from a bow reversed. The arrows are fixed in the centre. The sword-bearer is generally dressed in green, the mourning colour of the Syuds. The standard-bearers and a band of musicians attend him, carrying the banner of Hussun and Hussein.

Some men, the mourners of the procession, bear long black

*Two short passages have been omitted from the 1973 reprint.

poles, on which are fixed very long streamers of black unspun silk, which are intended to represent grief and despair.

The horse Dhul Dhul next appears: in the procession he sometimes bears a Taziya, at other times he is caparisoned as if in readiness for his master. After the Muharram, the animal and all its attire are given to a poor Syud; the bloody horse-cloth and the legs stained red, are supposed to represent the sufferings of the animal. The tail and mane are dyed with mehndī or lakh dye. The horse is attended by a man carrying the afthaadah, which is a sun embroidered on crimson velvet, affixed to the end of a long staff, and carried in an elevated position, in order to shelter a man of rank on horseback from the rays of the sun. Men with chaunrīs attend to whisk away the flies from the horse: assa burdars, men with long silver sticks, and sonta burdars, with short silver tiger-headed staffs, walk at the side, and harkāras (running footmen) are in attendance. An embroidered chatr (umbrella) is supported over the head of the horse.

In the cavalcade is a chaunter or reader; he repeats affecting passages descriptive of the death of Hussein, during which time the procession halts for a few minutes, whilst the Musulmāns give way to the most frantic expressions of grief, beating their breasts with violence, throwing dust upon their heads, and exclaiming "Hussun! Hussein! Hussun! Hussein!"

The Paīk, a Fakīr, is a remarkable person, wearing the bow, arrows, sword, pankhā, and chaunrī of the martyred Imām. Some men in the procession carry censers, suspended by chains, which they wave about, and perfume the air with the incense of a sweet-scented resin; rose-water, for sprinkling, is also carried in long-necked bottles, called gulāb-pash.

Then follows the Taziya, attended by its proprietor, his relatives, and friends; it is surrounded by banners, and covered by a canopy upheld by poles supported by men.

A Taziya of shields and swords, each tipped with a lemon or an orange, is carried in procession, and on it are suspended written petitions to Hussun and Hussein, and it is adorned with strings of freshly-gathered jasmine flowers.

The model of the tomb of Kasim is the next object; it is covered with gold brocade, and a canopy is supported over it, the poles carried by men. The palkee of his bride, Sakeena Koobar, follows the tomb; and her chandol, a sort of palanquin.

Then follow trays of mehndi, carried on the heads of men, with presents, &c., such as are usually sent during the marriage ceremony, with flowers of ubruk.

The charkh-charkhī wālās are numerous; the charkhī is composed of ebony or any hard wood, about the size of a cricket-ball, divided in halves. Each man has a pair; they are beaten in a particular manner on the flat surface, so as to produce the sound of horses galloping; and where some fifty or one hundred men are engaged in the performance the imitation is excellent.

The females during the battle were perishing of thirst; Abbas, the brother of Hussein, and his standard-bearer, made great efforts to procure water for them, in doing which the former was severely wounded.

Hence the bihishtī with his mashk; and, in remembrance of this event, sherbets are also distributed gratis, in red earthen cups, from temporary sheds; abdār khanas, as they call them by the road-side. The awnings of these sheds are reared on poles, and they are lighted by lamps made of ubruk, or of the skeleton leaves of the peepul-tree. The bihishtī bears the standard of Hussun and Hussein.

The camels carrying the tent equipage and luggage of Hussein represent the style of his march from Medina to Kraabaallah. Sometimes, in pictures, a small Taziya is drawn on the back of a camel, and the animal is represented as issuing from a rocky pass.

Bārkandāz attend, and fire their matchlocks singly and at intervals during the march.

Great sums are expended in charity during this mourning festival, and food is always distributed by the richer Taziyadars during the ten days.

The procession is closed by several elephants, and men seated upon them distribute food and money to the poor.

Natives of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, walk on

the tenth day with their heads uncovered, and without slippers, to the Kraabaallah, whatever may be the distance; and they fast until the third watch has passed, refraining from the hooqŭ, or from drinking water. At the Kraabaallah the funeral ceremony is performed, and the Taziya is committed to the grave with a solemnity equal to that which is observed when their dead are deposited in the tomb. The native ladies within the walls of the zenāna keep the fast with the greatest strictness, and observe all the ceremonies of the Muharram.

A religious man will neither ride nor wear shoes during the Muharram; and a pious Musulmān will neither eat nor drink out of a silver or a gold vessel.

"That person who shall drink out of a silver cup or cup of gold, you may say drinks a draught of hell-fire." Muhammud said, "Do not wear silk clothes nor satin, nor drink out of gold or silver vessels, nor eat out of golden dishes; because these are for the infidels in the world, and for you in futurity."

The lamps, which are made of ubruk (talc), or of the skeleton leaves of the peepul-tree, and lighted up in the houses of the faithful at this time, are beautifully made.

One day, on entering the verandah, my darzee (tailor), a Musulmān of the Shea sect, was sitting on the ground, holding a ghirgit (the scaly lizard, a sort of chameleon,) in one hand, while he beat it with a twig, exclaiming with each stroke he gave the poor little beast, "Ever to be accursed, and never sufficiently to be beaten!" The man was very unwilling to give up his captive, or to desist from putting it to torture; the creature was changing colour at every stroke. I made him release it, and asked him why he had beaten and cursed it so vehemently? The man replied, "Blessed be the spider! ever to be accursed, and never sufficiently to be beaten be the ghirgit! When the Imām, on whom be blessings, hid himself in a well from his pursuers, the spider weaved his web across the mouth of the well, to hide him from his enemies; the ghirgit,—the prying, inquisitive beast!—the ghirgit went to the well, he peered over, he stretched his neck this way, he stretched his neck that way (here he imitated the curious motion of the head

natural to the animal); the pursuers were attracted, they observed the ghirgit looking over the well; they imitated his example, they discovered the Imām, they murdered him! Ever to be accursed, never sufficiently to be beaten be the ghirgit!"

Mohammud ordered a chameleon to be killed, and said, "it was a chameleon which blew the fire into which Nimrod threw Abraham." "Whoever shall kill a chameleon at one stroke shall have one hundred good acts written for him; and whoever kills one at two strokes shall have less than one hundred good deeds written for him; and whoever shall kill one by three strokes shall have less written for him than the second."

His Highness forbade the killing of four animals, the ant (before stinging), the bee, the woodpecker, the starling. It is criminal in a Shea, and indeed with Soonees, to kill pigeons, though they are recommended to eat them!

An alligator, seven feet in length, was caught in the Jumna, below our house, a few days ago; I had it prepared with arsenical soap, stuffed, and set out in the verandah, where it grins in hideous beauty, nailed down upon the carpenter's large table, where it will remain until it stiffens into proper form.

My cabinet of curiosities and fondness of horrors ensured many a strange present from absent friends. A small military party were dispatched to capture a mud fort; on reaching the spot no enemy was to be discovered; they entered with all due precaution against ambush; an enormous tiger in a cage was the sole occupant. The tiger was sent down per boat to me,—the first prize of the campaign; on my refusal to accept the animal, he was forwarded to the accoutrement-maker of the officer, in Calcutta, in liquidation of his account! The tiger was sold at length to an American captain for 250 rupees, which just or very nearly paid the expenses of boat-hire, servants, meat, &c., contracted on his the tiger's account. Such changes in his way of life must have puzzled his philosophy; the capture, the Ganges, and sea voyage ending in North America, will give him a queer idea of the best of all possible worlds; but he well deserves it, being a cruel, treacherous, bloodthirsty brute.

My eccentric friend also wrote to say he had at length

procured for me an offering after my own heart, an enormous boa constrictor, perfectly tame, so domestic and sweet tempered, that at meals it would cross the room, displaying, as it advanced with undulating motion, its bright-striped and spotted skin, until, having gained your chair, it would coil its mazy folds around you, and tenderly putting its head over your shoulder, eat from your hand!

I was greatly tempted to accept this unique offering. They tell us mankind have a *natural* antipathy to a snake; an antipathy I never shared. I have killed them as venomous reptiles, but have a great fancy for them as beautiful ones. No child dislikes snakes until it is taught to fear them.

Those Indian fevers! the state to which a man is reduced may be gathered by the following note: "I never could have believed that lowness of temperament would have afflicted me with such mental suffering as the doctor has just brought on me: I wander about in this beautiful clear air and sunshine perfectly disgusted with life. Will the spring of my spirits return? for they are just now in their December. When happy, I seldom write to any one; when doleful, I become communicative. I hope you like to hear from even your selfish friends, and I have not a soul with whom to exchange an idea; consider that I am English, and may hang myself from the pankhā! Man certainly is a gregarious animal, and I could wish just now to be put into a large flock, even with the chance of being killed off every Monday."

"My only portion of the rose is the thorn[1]."

June 1st.—I have scarcely energy enough to write; an easterly wind renders the tattīs useless; the thermometer at 93°! The damp air renders me so heavy and listless, it is an exertion either to eat or drink, and it is almost impossible to sleep, on account of the heat. At 7 P.M. I take a drive through the burning air, and come in parched and faint, eager for the only comfort during the twenty-four hours, a glass of English home-made black-currant wine, well iced, in a tumbler of well iced soda water; the greatest luxury imaginable.

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 61.

I have not heard from home for six months, heart-sick with hope deferred. These tardy ships! Will the steam communication ever be established?

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

> "I could lie down like a tired child,
> And weep away this life of care,
> Which I have borne, and still must bear."

When shall I feel energy enough to mount my horse again? for three months I have been unable to ride. Nothing is going forward, stupid as possible, shut up all day, languid and weary: this India is a vile country!

"The heart knoweth its own sorrows, and no man interfereth with its joys."

Woe is me that I sojourn in this land of pestilence, that I dwell afar from the home of my fathers!

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BRAHMANICAL THREAD.

The Janao—The Fakīr—The Fair—Pooja of the Cow—Cusa Grass—The Flying Fox—Air Plants—Musk Deer—Nāg-panchamī—The Snake—The Pinnace—City of Allahabad—The Pillar in the Fort—Sealing-wax—Butea Frondosa—The Dewālī—The Bower—Climbers and Creepers—The Humming Birds—The Pellet Bow—White Ants—Chintz—The Horseradish Tree—The Ichneumon—The Garden—The Bouquet—Cold Mornings for Hunting—The Moustache.

1834, *June*.—This morning I was on the sofa, fancying myself not quite well, when Ram Din came in with a Brahmanical thread; as soon as I had any thing to amuse me, all my illness vanished; the history thereof is as follows:—The name in common use for what we call the sacred thread is janao; it is not confined merely to Brahmans, for in the Veda called Bhagavat, which relates to Krishnŭ, it is allowed to be worn by three out of the four great tribes into which the Hindoos are divided. The three privileged tribes are the Brahmans, the Chuttri or Rajpūt, and the Khuttri or Vaisya. However, many others now wear the sacred thread who by the Vedas have no right to do so. The janao must be made by the hands of a Brahman; it is worn one month, and then either thrown into the Ganges, or hung upon the sacred peepul-tree, when a fresh one is made. After six years old, a boy may receive the janao, from which time he must observe all the rules respecting eating and drinking, according to the custom of his tribe.

The janao is composed of three threads, each measuring, as the Hindoos say, four less than one hundred—that is, ninety-six—

hāt: one hāt is the length measured twice round the breadth of the hand, or one cubit. These three threads are twisted together, and folded into three, then twisted again, making it to consist of nine threads; these are again folded into three, without twisting, and each end fastened with a knot.

It is put over the left shoulder next the skin, and hangs down the right thigh as far as the fingers can reach; two of these threads are worn by a Brahman. After a certain age, if a boy be not invested with the janao, he becomes an outcast.

There are four great tribes amongst the Hindoos, which are subdivided into *innumerable* classes; in the second tribe there are, they say, upwards of five hundred subdivisions!

1st tribe, Brahmans or priests; however, many Brahmans are not priests.

2nd tribe, Chuttri,—Rajpūts, Rajahs, and warriors.

3rd tribe, Vaisya or merchants,—artizans, cultivators, &c.

4th tribe, called Soodra,—mechanics, artizans, and labourers: the natural duty of the Soodra is servitude.

Ram Din tells me he more especially worships Krishnŭ: he also makes pooja to Radha, also to Rām; the former the love, the second the warrior god and brother of Krishnŭ. On his forehead, as the mark of his worship, he paints three perpendicular lines, the centre of white, the two others of red clay. Ram Din is of the second tribe, a Rajpūt.

It is scarcely possible to write, the natives are making such a noise overhead, repairing the flat roof of the house, which is made of flag-stones, supported by large beams of wood; over that brick-dust and lime, mixed with water, is laid a foot in depth, which they are now beating down with little wooden mallets, holding one in each hand.

"The sight of a beggar is a request personified[1]." On the plain near the fort, just before you come to the Mahratta Bund, a fakīr had taken up his abode, where abode there was none. Ascetics of the orthodox sect, in the last stage of exaltation, put aside clothing altogether. This man's only *garment* was a chatr

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 62.

(an umbrella made of basket-work), his long hair, matted with cow-dung and ashes, hung in stiff, straight locks nearly to his waist; his body was smeared all over with ashes; he was always on the same spot, sitting doubled up on the ground, and when suffering from illness, a bit of tattered blanket was thrown over his shoulders.

Night and day the fakīr was to be seen, a solitary wretched being, scarcely human in appearance. The passers-by threw cowries and grains of boiled rice to him; sometimes a woman would come and kindle a few bits of charcoal, and then quit him; the hot winds, the rains, the bitter frosty nights of the cold weather, were unheeded; nothing appeared to disturb the devotee. Was his frame insensible to the power of the elements? When I first saw him he had occupied that spot for twelve years, and I know he never quitted it for five years afterwards, until he was consigned to the Ganges on his decease. One night, some thieves demanded rupees of the holy man; he pleaded poverty. "I have killed such a poor man as you, and have got nine mŭns of fat out of him [1]," said one of the fellows. They beat and tortured the poor wretch until he revealed his secret hoards: he showed them a spot on the plain; they dug up some ghāras (coarse earthen vessels), which contained two thousand rupees! Content with their plunder, they quitted the holy man. The next morning he went to the General Commandant of the garrison, and told his tale, ending by producing seven hundred rupees, which the thieves had not discovered, and requesting the General to place it in security for him! His request having been granted, the fakīr returned to the plain, where he and his chatr remained until his spirit was summoned to the presence of Yamu, the judge of the dead. The police did not molest him in the out-of-the-way spot he had chosen for his retreat; they would not have allowed him to roam about the station.

Speaking of this fakīr reminds me I forgot to mention, that, when I visited the fair early in February last, I rode there before sunrise, and was greatly amused. Hundreds of Hindoos

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 63.

were undergoing penance, not for their sins, but for copper coins; some were lying on their backs upon thorns, each with a child upon his breast, asking charity; one man was standing upon one leg, in meditation; he began his penance at sunrise, and ended it at sunset.

We rode down to the water's edge, and saw the Hindoos doing pooja to living cows. One man, the shawl over whose shoulders was tied to the end of the chādar, worn over the head by a woman, came to a cow, the woman following him; he took hold of the cow's tail in his hand, holding in it at the same time the sacred cusa-grass; the woman did the same; the Brahman muttered a prayer, which the man repeated; he then, followed by the woman, walked round the cow many times turning to the left, which having done a certain number of times, he whispered into the cow's right ear; the woman came to the same ear, and also whispered to the cow; which ceremony being accomplished, they were sent into the river to bathe at the junction. The rites I witnessed, are, I believe, a portion of the marriage ceremonies of the Hindūs. The cusa-grass is the poa cynosurides; almost every poem in Sanscrit contains allusions to the holiness of this grass. Some of the leaves taper to a most acute point; it is an Hindoo saying, speaking of a very sharp-minded man, "his intellects are as acute as the point of a cusa leaf."

Some of the marble images at the fair were very fine ones; the price demanded was three hundred rupees, or £30 a-piece.

I received a present this morning of a flying fox, an enormous bat with leathern wings; I had previously thought such creatures were mere fables; the one presented to me is a prepared specimen. The next day, I sent some sipahīs to shoot flying foxes; they found a number in a large tree, and killed two of them; they are such savage, but intelligent-looking animals, curious and wonderful, but disgusting creatures.

During the cold weather I gathered a handful of a very sweet-smelling air-plant on the Mahratta Bund; taking it home, I threw it on the top of a biar-tree (zizyphus jujuba) to see if it would really grow in the air; it died away, as I thought, and I forgot it; the other day, by chance, glancing at the biar-tree, I

saw my air-plant in high beauty, covering about two yards of the top of the tree, and hanging in long light green strings, like sea-weed, down towards the ground. The natives call it amur bel, the undying climber, and ākās bel, air creeper; the flowers are white, small, bell-shaped, and five-cleft; the plant leafless; the running stalks greenish yellow, shining, and spreading over the top of a tree like a sheet thrown over it; the scent very fragrant. The ākās nīm is a parasite, growing on nīm-trees: the ākās pussun is the cuscuta reflexa, dodder, or air-plant.

Last month we were unlucky in the farm-yard; forty-seven fat sheep and well-fatted lambs died of small-pox; a very great loss, as to fatten sheep on gram for two or three years makes them very expensive; it is remarkable that none of the goats, although living in the same house, were attacked.

This morning three musk-deer, prepared and stuffed, were shown to me; they are a present for Runjeet Singh, and are now *en route* from Nepal. The men had also a number of musk-bags for the Lion of the Punjab. The hair of the musk-deer is curious stuff, like hog's bristles; and their two tusks are like those of the walrus. Buffon gives an admirable description of this animal. Some time ago a musk-bag was given me as a curiosity; the scent is extremely powerful. The musk-deer is rare and very valuable.

Aug. 9th.—This is a holiday, the nāg-panchamī, on which day the Hindūs worship a snake, to procure blessings on their children; of course, none of the carpenters or the other workmen have made their appearance. The other day, a gentleman, who is staying with us, went into his bathing-room to take a bath; the evening was very dark, and, as he lifted a ghāra (an earthen vessel), to pour the water over his head, he heard a hissing sound among the waterpots, and, calling for a light, saw a great cobra de capello. "Look at that snake!" said he to his bearer, in a tone of surprise. "Yes, sāhib," replied the Hindoo, with the utmost apathy, "he has been there a great many days, and gives us much trouble!"

Sept. 11th.—We purchased a very fine pinnace, that an officer had brought up the river, and named her the Seagull. She is as

large as a very good yacht; it will be pleasant to visit those ghāts on the Ganges and Jumna, during the cold weather, that are under the sāhib's control. The vessel is a fine one, and the natives say, "She goes before the wind like an arrow from a bow."

The city of Allahabad, considered as a native one, is handsome: there are but few pukka houses. The rich merchants in the East make no display, and generally live under bamboo and straw. The roads through the city are very good, with rows of fine trees on each side; the drives around are numerous and excellent. There is also a very handsome sarā'e (caravansary), and a bā'olī, a large well, worthy a visit. The tomb and garden of Sultan Khusrau are fine; a description of them will be given hereafter. The fort was built by Akbar in 1581, at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna. Within the fort, near the principal gateway, an enormous pillar is prostrate; the unknown characters inscribed upon it are a marvel and a mystery to the learned, who as yet have been unable to translate them. The bazār at Allahabad is famous for old coins.

Having been requested to contribute to a fancy fair for charitable purposes, I had some sealing-wax made in the verandah, under my own eye; the lākh was brought to me in little cakes from the bazār, enclosed in leaves of the palās or dhāk (butea frondosa), fastened together with wooden pins like long thorns. Many articles are wrapped up in this way in lieu of using paper; and packets of the leaves freshly gathered are to be seen in the shops ready for use. The lākh is the produce of an insect (chermes lacca), in which its eggs are deposited; it is found on the dhāk, the peepul, the banyan, and the biar, as well as on several other trees. The wood and leaves of the dhāk are used in religious ceremonies; the bark is given with ginger in snake bites, and the calyx of the fruit is made into jelly, which has a pleasant acid taste. When the bark is wounded a red juice issues, which soon hardens into a ruby-coloured, brittle, astringent gum; a solution of it in water is of a deep red colour; the addition of a little sal martis changes it into a good durable ink. An infusion of the flowers dyes cotton, which has been steeped previously in a solution of alum, a

beautiful bright yellow; a little alkali added changes it to a deep reddish orange. The flowers are papilionaceous, of a deep red, shaded orange and silver, and very numerous. Another species, a large twining shrub, is the butea superba. The leaves are large and fine, and give beautiful impressions when taken off with the preparation of lamp-black and oil. The Chupra lākh is the best for sealing-wax, to which we merely added the colouring. It is very hard and brittle, and will not melt with the heat of the climate. The seal of a letter, stamped on English wax, in which there is always a large portion of resin, often arrives merely one lump of wax, the crest, or whatever impression may have been on the seal, totally obliterated; and the adhering of one seal to another *en route* is often the cause that letters are torn open ere they reach their destination.

Ainslie mentions, "Scarlet was, till of late years, produced exclusively with the colouring matter of the cochineal insect; but it would appear that a more beautiful and lasting colour can be obtained by using the lākh insect."

Oct. 7th.—Yesterday being the Hindoo festival of the Dewalī, a great illumination was made for my amusement; our house, the gardens, the well, the pinnace on the river below the bank of the garden, the old peepul-tree, and my bower, were lighted up with hundreds of little lamps. My bower on the banks of the Jumna-jee, which is quite as beautiful as the "bower of roses by Bendameer's stream," must be described.

It was canopied by the most luxuriant creepers and climbers of all sorts. The ishk-pechā, the "Twinings of Love [1]," overspread it in profusion; as the slender stems catch upon each other, and twine over an arbour, the leaves, falling back, lie over one another *en masse*, spreading over a broad surface in the manner in which the feathers of the tail of a peacock spread over one another, and trail upon the ground; the ruby red and starlike flowers start from amidst the rich green of its delicate leaves as bright as sunshine. This climber, the most beautiful and luxuriant imaginable, bears also the name of kamalāta, "Love's

[1] Ipomæa quamoclit.

Creeper." Some have flowers of snowy hue, with a delicate fragrance; and one, breathing after sunset, the odour of cloves!

The doodēya[1], so called because it gives forth a milky juice, also denominated chābuk churree, from the resemblance of its long slender shoots to a whip, displayed over the bower its beautiful and bell-shaped flowers; it also bears the name of swallow-wort, from the fancied resemblance of its seed-vessels to a swallow flying.

In wondrous profusion, the gāo-pāt, the elephant climber, spread its enormous leaves over the bower; the under part of the leaf is white, and soft as velvet; the natives say it is like the tongue of a cow, whence it derives its name gāo-pāt[2]. In the early morning, or at sunset, it was delightful to watch the humming-birds as they fluttered over and dived into its bell-shaped flowers, seeking nectar; or to see them glancing over the crimson stars of the ishk-pechā. The bower was the favourite resort of the most beautiful butterflies,—those insect queens of Eastern Spring,—not only for the sake of the climbers, but for the blossoms of the Lucerne grass that grew around the spot. Observing one day there were but few butterflies, I asked the reason of the jāmadār? he replied, "The want of rain has killed the flowers, and the death of the flowers has killed the butterflies."

From the topmost branches of the surrounding trees, the moon-flower[3] hung its chaste and delicate blossoms, drooping and apparently withered; but as the night came on they raised their languid heads, and bloomed in beauty.

"The Nymphæa[4] dwells in the water, and the moon in the sky, but he that resides in the heart of another is always present with him[5]." The Nymphæa expands its flowers in the night, and thence is feigned to be in love with the moon. The water-

[1] Asclepias rosea.
[2] Ipomæa speciosa, or convolvolus speciosus; broad-leaved bindweed.
[3] Convolvolus grandiflora.
[4] Water-lily.
[5] Oriental Proverbs, No. 64.

lily as it floats on the stream, luxuriating in the warmth of the moonbeams, has a powerful rival in the burā luta, the beautiful moon-flower, whose luxuriant blossoms of snowy whiteness expand during the night.

The sorrowful nyctanthes, the harsingahar, is it not also a lover of the moon, its flowers expanding, and pouring forth fragrance only in the night? Gay and beautiful climber, whence your name of arbor tristis? Is it because you blossom but to die? With the first beams of the rising sun your night flowers are shed upon the earth to wither and decay.

The flowers of the harsingahar, which are luxuriously abundant, are collected by perfumers and dyers; the orange-coloured stem of the white corolla is the part used by the latter. The flowers are sold in the bazār, at one and a half or two rupees the sēr. It is one of the most beautiful climbers I have seen.

My humming-birds were sacred; no one dared molest them, not even a rover with a pellet-bow was allowed a shot at my favourites.

Speaking of a pellet-bow, I have seen small birds and butterflies shot with it. One day a gentleman, seeing a pigeon flying across the garden, just above my spaniel's head, brought it down with a pellet. The dog looked up, opened his mouth, and caught the stunned bird as it fell upon him. Ever afterwards, he was constantly in the garden watching the pigeons with his mouth wide open, expecting they also would fall into it!

The bower, which was supported on bamboo posts, was constantly falling in from the havoc occasioned by the white ants. I sent for a hackery (cart) load of the flower-stems of the aloe, and substituted the stems for the bamboos: in consequence, the white ants gave up the work of destruction, having an antipathy to the bitterness of the aloe. It is said the aloe flowers only once in a century; what may be its vagaries in a colder climate I know not; the hedges here are full of the plant, which flowers annually.

I wish I had tried the teeth of the white ants by putting up

pillars of stone. An orthodox method of killing these little underminers is by strewing sugar on the places frequented by them: the large black ants, the sworn enemies of the white ants, being attracted by the sugar, quickly appear, and destroy the white ones. The white ants are sappers and miners; they will come up through the floor into the foot of a wardrobe, make their way through the centre of it into the drawers, and feast on the contents. I once opened a wardrobe which had been filled with tablecloths and napkins: no outward sign of mischief was there; but the linen was one mass of dirt, and utterly destroyed. The most remarkable thing is, the little beasts always move under cover, and form for themselves a hollow way, through which they move unseen, and do their work of destruction at leisure. The hollow way they form is not unlike pipe maccaroni in size, and its colour is that of mud. I never saw them in Calcutta; up the country they are a perfect nuisance. The queen ant is a curious creature; one was shown me that had been dug out of an ants' nest: it was nearly four inches long by two in width, and looked something like a bit of blubber. The white ants are the vilest little animals on the face of the earth; they eat their way through walls, through beams of wood, and are most marvellously troublesome. They attack the roots of trees and plants, and kill them in a day or two. To drive them away it is advisable to have the plants watered with hing (assafœtida) steeped in water. If a box be allowed to stand a week upon the floor without being moved, it is likely at the end of that time, when you take it up, the bottom may fall out, destroyed by the white ants. Carpets, mats, chintz, such as we put on the floors, all share, more or less, the same fate. I never saw a white ant until I came to India. They resemble the little white maggots in a cheese, with a black dot for a head, and a pair of pincers fixed upon it.

The Calcutta matting is little used for rooms in the Upper Provinces, as it is soon destroyed by the ants; in lieu thereof, gaily-coloured chintz, manufactured by the natives after the patterns of Brussels carpets, is put down in the rooms, and gives them a handsome appearance, but it is not so cool as the

matting. A cloth (called sallam), dyed with indigo, ought to be put down under the chintz to keep off the white ants, which dislike the smell of the indigo.

The following passage, showing the ideas of the Muhammadans respecting ants, is remarkable:—

"An ant bit a prophet, and he ordered the ant-hill to be burnt, which was done. Then God sent a voice to the prophet, saying, 'Have you burnt, on account of one biting you, a whole multitude of those that remembered God, and repeated his name?'"

By the side of the bower are two trees, the roots of which, dug up and scraped, have exactly the appearance and taste of horseradish, and are used on table for the same purpose. The tree grows very quickly; the flowers are elegant, but the wood is only useful for dying a blue colour: the sahjana, hyperanthera moringa, horseradish-tree.

The ichneumons, mungūs, or newalā, were numerous in the garden, lurking in the water-courses; they committed much havoc occasionally in the poultry-yard. A mungūs and a snake will often have a battle royal; if the mungūs be bitten, he will run off, eat a particular plant, and return to the charge. He is generally the conqueror. Never having seen this, I will not vouch for the fact; the natives declare it to be true. The name of the plant has escaped my memory. The newalā may be easily tamed if caught young: I never attempted to keep one in the house, on account of the dogs. The moon-flower is supposed to have virtue in snake bites. I know of no remedy but eau-de-luce applied internally and externally.

I must not quit the garden without mentioning my favourite plants. The kulga, amaranthus tricolor, a most beautiful species of sāg, bearing at the top a head or cluster of leaves of three colours, red, yellow, and green, which have the appearance of the flower: it is very ornamental, and used as spinach (sāg). If the head be broken off, similar clusters form below.

There is another plant, amaranthus gangeticus (lal sāg), or red spinach, which is most excellent; when on table its ruby

colour is beautiful, and its agreeable acidity renders it preferable to any other kind of spinach.

The koonch, or goonja (abrus precatorius), is an elegant little plant, of which there is only one species; the seeds, which are smooth, hard, and of a glowing scarlet colour, form the retti weight of the Hindostanī bazārs. The seeds are strung and worn as beads for ornament, and also as rosaries, hence the specific name precatorius.

The rāmturáī, or binda (hibiscus longifolius), adorned the kitchen garden; its corolla is of a beautiful sulphur colour, the interior purple. The pods, when plain boiled, and eaten when quite hot, are excellent; the French use them in soups, and pickle them as capers.

Perhaps a touch of superstition induced me to be careful of a very fine specimen of the salvia Bengalensis, which grew near the bower; or perhaps the well-known verse,

"Cur moriatur homo, cui salvia crescit in horto?"

showing the estimation in which it was held in former days, contributed to the care with which it was preserved. The gardener calls it sistee, perhaps a corruption of sage; and on account of the strong scent of its leaves, it is also called (velāitie kāfūr-ke-pāt), the leaf of the English camphor.

I had a curious plant, which I was told was an air-plant; the natives called it pĕr-pāt, or rus-putta: if a leaf dropped on the ground, a little root would strike out on each side of it, and thus a fresh plant would be formed. I buried several leaves, and they took root in that manner. The botanical name of the plant is unknown to me.

The hibiscus mutabilis flourished in great perfection: the flowers of this rose hibiscus change their hue in the course of a few hours.

The lajwantee, the sensitive plant, grew in profusion, covered with its tuft-like blossoms, and shrinking from the touch. Near it were some very fine specimens of Bourbon cotton, which flourished admirably; this gossypium differs from the herbaceum, because the down which lines the capsules which contain the

seeds is of a brown colour, whereas the down of the common cotton plant, grown in the fields in India, is beautifully white.

A small quantity of the bhuta (zea mays) was in the garden: when the corn had formed, just before it hardened, whilst it was soft, and green, and milky, it was brought to table fried until brown, and eaten with pepper and salt; a most excellent vegetable. It is called common Indian corn; but it appears to me it was very little used for making bread in the Up Country, as I never saw any thing generally used but wheat for the unleavened cakes, which constitute the bread of the natives.

We have the burā shim (dolichus), horse-eye bean; the pods are cut and dressed like French beans, but are inferior; the bean itself is large.

The rut aloe (dioscorea sativa) was not only a most useful vegetable when potatoes were losing their excellence, but the beautiful leaves of this climber were in themselves an ornament. The roots grow to a great size; those the most valued for culinary purposes are a much smaller sort, which, when broken, are perfectly white and milk-like in appearance.

Perhaps one of the best things in the garden was the patūā, the Indian hibiscus; the corolla is sulphur-coloured and reddish purple; the fruit, of a bright red colour, is excellent in tarts; and when made into a jelly, has something of the appearance and, taste of fresh damson cheese; but the patūā jelly is transparent, and its hue brilliant. In the West Indies it is called red sorrel. The bark of the hibiscus cannabinus (hemp-leaved hibiscus), as well as that of the sabdariffa is made into cordage.

Tambācu, Virginian tobacco (nicotiana tabacum), also flourished with us; but that for the hooqŭ was usually procured from Chunar, a place celebrated for the excellence of its tobacco.

Every morning it is the custom of the Mālee (gardener) to appear at breakfast time to present a dālī (a basket of vegetables) and a bouquet of flowers. Amongst the latter many were novelties to an European.

The āgāst (æschynomene grandiflora) was remarkable; the

corolla of a most brilliant rose colour; but on some of the trees the flowers were white.

The amultas (cassia fistula) was there, with its long, beautiful, pendant, yellow, and fragrant flowers. The tree is sometimes fifty feet in height, and remarkable for the fruit, which is a brownish-coloured pod, about the thickness of a thumb, and some two feet or more in length; it is divided into numerous cells, upwards of forty, each containing one smooth, oval, shining seed. This pod is called by the natives "Bunda-ke-lāt," the monkey's staff; the seeds are used medicinally, and the pods are for sale in every bazār.

One of the most beautiful of shrubs is the gooltura or gooli-turah (Poinciana pulcherrima), *fleur de Paradis;* from the extreme beauty of this flower Burmann gave it the appellation of "crista pavonis flore elegantissimo variegato."

The pomegranate-tree, anār (punica granatum), was abundant; the following description gives a perfect idea of it:—

"The finest fruit is brought from Persia and Cabul: there are two sorts, the sweet and acid pomegranate. Sherbet is made with the fruit; the tree is singularly beautiful, and much cultivated in India. The leaves are of a rich dark green, very glossy, and the tree is adorned at the same time with every variety of bud, bloom, and fruit, in the several stages of vegetation, from the first bud to the ripe fruit in rich luxuriance, and this in succession nearly throughout the year. The bright scarlet colour of the buds and blossoms, which seldom varies in its shade, contrasts beautifully with the glossy dark green of the foliage. There is a medicinal benefit to be derived from every part of this tree, from the root upwards, even to the falling blossoms, which are carefully collected. The rind of the fruit is dried and sold as a medicine, and each part of this tree possesses a distinct medicinal property. The pomegranate was introduced into India from Persia." As a medicine, a decoction of the roots, or of the rind, was of great use in the farm-yard and in the kennel.

Sometimes a small specimen of the kȳá-pootie-tree was brought to me (melaleuca kȳá-pootie). I regarded it with

interest on account of its fragrant oil. There are three varieties of this tree: from the leaf of the smaller, by distillation, the fragrant essential oil is obtained, called by the ignorant cajeput. Mr. Crawford observes in his History of the Indian Archipelago: "The kȳá'-pootie-trees are gigantic myrtles; the largest sort is a mountain tree, and grows in extensive continuous forests. The smaller, which yields the oil, thrives near the sea-coast, and has got its name from its colour, kāyu-puti, which signifies *white wood*, and hence its appellation arbor alba." The oil is distilled from leaves which have been previously infused in water and left to ferment for a night. The oil I procured in India was limpid, transparent, and of a brilliant emerald green, extremely powerful, and the scent delicious; the bruised leaves also emit a powerful odour.

"The mistress of the night," the polyanthes tuberosa, was in profusion in the garden. It is used in pooja: the natives call it gōl-shub-boo, from shub, night; and boo, scent; because it gives forth its odours during the night.

The kudum (nauclea orientalis) is one of the holiest trees in the opinion of the Hindoos. The flowers have an odour very agreeable in the open air, which the ancient Indians compared to the scent of new wine; and hence they call the plant Halyprya, or beloved of Halim; that is, by the third Ráma, who was the Bacchus of India. The corolla of the kudum-tree is of a pale yellow, and very fragrant; the flowers are borne in round heads, perfectly globular, and covered uniformly with gold-coloured florets. One species, nauclea gambir, is said to yield the gamboge gum of the bazār.

Of all the flowers brought to me, the perfume of the ketgi, keura, or keora (pandanus odoratissimus), was the most overpowering. From the flower of this green-spined screw-tree, arrak and atr are made: the tough fibres of the roots are used by basket-makers, and the roots themselves are used by the Malays as cords. The flowers of the male plant yield the most overpowering fragrance, which is esteemed very highly by the natives.

An atr is also prepared from the mulsari or múlasrí (mimo-

sops elengi). Children eat the fruit of this tree: the flowers are agreeably fragrant in the open air, but the perfume is too strong for an apartment. In the Puranas this tree is called bacula, and placed amongst the flowers of the Hindoo Paradise.

Another remarkable plant was the martynia proboscidea horn-capsuled martynia, called by the natives the insect seed, from the resemblance of the capsule to a horned beetle, if there be a beetle with two curled horns.

Oct.—I have just returned from taking a sketch of the Circuit bungalow; it reminds me of very many pleasant mornings, although to an English ear it may not give an idea of pleasure to rise at three A.M., to take coffee by candlelight, or by the light of the mist in the verandah!—The buggy waiting, the lamps lighted, and the horse covered with a blanket, to keep him from taking a chill.—A drab coat with many capes, a shawl beneath, and another round the neck, a drive of two or three miles by lamp-light. Just as you come up to the dogs, a gentleman comes forward to assist the mem sāhiba from the buggy, saying, "Very cold! very cold! one could not be more delightfully cold in England—half-frozen!" Those fine dogs, Jānpeter, Racer, Merrylass, and the rest of them emerge from the palanquin carriage in which they have been brought to Papamhow, much tāmashā! many jackals! Then the canter through the plantations of Urrah, wet with dew—dew so heavy that the sā'īs wrings out the skirt of the mem sāhiba's habit; nevertheless, the lady and the black pony are very happy. Master General carries his rider in most *jemmy* style; a gallant grey by his side takes beautiful leaps, and the mem sāhiba and her black horse scramble up and down ravines, over which the others leap, and by little *detours* and knowledge of the country, find much amusement in the course of the morning.

All natives, from the highest to the lowest, sport the moustache, and pride themselves upon its blackness. My old khānsāmān, Suddu Khan, whose hair, beard, and moustache were perfectly white, came before me one morning, and making sālām, requested me to allow him some hours' leave of absence to dye his hair. In the evening he was in attendance at table;

his hair, beard, and moustache in the most perfect order, and jet black! The 16th Lancers, on their arrival in India, wore no moustache; after the lapse of many years, the order that allowed them the decoration arrived in India, and was hailed with delight by the whole corps. The natives regarded them with much greater respect in consequence, and the young dandies of Delhi could no longer twirl their moustachoes, and think themselves finer fellows than the Lancers. As a warlike appendage it was absolutely necessary; a man without moustachoes being reckoned nā-mard, unmanly. Having been often consulted on the important subject of the best dye, I subjoin a recipe which was given me in the Zenāna[1]. A dandified native generally travels with a handkerchief bound under his chin, and tied on the top of his turban, that the beauty and precision of his beard may not be disarranged on the journey.

[1] See Appendix, No. 28.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE TĀJ.

"RESOLUTION OVERCOMES GREAT DIFFICULTIES[1]."

"You will require the patience of an angel, or of a whole heaven of angels, to reach Agra in a pinnace. I was a month in a boat that I built for the very purpose of threading this Meander, to which that of Troy was a nālā, as straight as an arrow. I fear your voyage will be much protracted, but as for the wind, you are sure to have it favourable two or three times a day, let it blow from what quarter it will, for you will have your course during the twenty-four hours to every point of the compass, and these cold days too! Here am I shivering in the warmest room in my house!"

W. L. G——, Khasgunge.

The Seagull — The Patelī — Chapātīs — Sujawan Deota—Burriaree Rocks — Thieves—Parbosa—Temple of Parisnāth—Darogahs—Utility of a Pellet-bow —The Cane River—The Leak—A Storm—Kalpee—Belaspoor—Alligators in their own Wildernesses—River Shells—Passage through the Rocks—A Pilot—Badowra—Fossil-bones—The Chumbal River—Bhurrage—Burning the Dead—A Woman drowned—Cutting through a Sandbank on a Chain Cable—A Leak—White Ants — Picturesque Scenes—A Tufān—The Mem Sāhiba's Speech—River Dogs—Presents of Sweetmeats.

Dec. 1834.—To look forward to the cold season is always a great pleasure in India; and to plan some expedition for that period is an amusement during the hot winds and rains. We had often determined to visit the Tāj Mahul at Agra—the wonder of the world.

Our beautiful pinnace was now in the Jumna, anchored just below the house, but the height of the banks and the lowness

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 65.

of the river only allowed us to see the top of her masts. My husband proposed that I should go up the Jumna in her, as far as Agra, and anchor off the Tāj; and promised, if he could get leave of absence, to join me there, to view all that is so well worth seeing at that remarkable place. Accordingly, the pinnace was prepared for the voyage, and a patelī was procured as a cook-boat. Books, drawing materials, and every thing that could render a voyage up the river agreeable, were put on board.

Dec. 9th.—I quitted Prāg: the Seagull spread her sails to the breeze, and, in spite of the power of the stream, we made good way against it: at night we *lugāoed* off Phoolpoor, *i. e.* made fast to the bank, as is always the custom, the river not being navigable during the darkness.

10*th.*—Saw the first crocodile to-day basking on a sandbank; a great long-nosed fellow, a very Indian looking personage, of whom I felt the greatest fear, as at the moment my little terrier Fury, who was running on the shore with the dāndees, seeing me on deck, swam off to the pinnace. I was much pleased when a dāndee caught her in his arms and put her on the cook-boat.

On the commencement of a voyage the men adorn the bows of the vessel with hārs, (chaplets of fresh flowers,) and ask for money: on days of pooja, and at the end of the voyage, the same ceremony is repeated, and half-way on the voyage they usually petition for a present, a few rupees for good luck.

I must describe the Seagull:—She was built in Calcutta to go to Chittagong, and has a deep keel, therefore unfit for river work, unless during the rains: two-masted, copper-bottomed, and brig-rigged. She requires water up to a man's waist; her crew consist of twenty-two men, one sarang, who commands her, four khalāsīs, who hold the next rank, one gal'haiya, fore-castle man (from galahi, a forecastle), fourteen dāndees, one cook and his mate, all Musalmāns; total twenty-two. The crew, particularly good men, came from Calcutta with the pinnace; they cook their own food and eat and sleep on board. My food and that of my servants is prepared in the cook-boat. The food of the dāndees usually consists of curry and

rice, or thin cakes of flour (unleavened bread) called chapātīs: the latter they bake on a tawā (iron plate) over the fire, on the bank, and eat whilst hot. It is amusing to see how dexterously they pat these cakes into form, between both hands, chucking them each time into the air: they are usually half an inch in thickness, and the size of a dessert plate.

When these common chapātīs are made thin, and allowed to blow out on the fire until they are perfectly hollow, they are delicious food, if eaten quite hot. Thus made they are much better than those generally put on the table of the sāhib loge (gentry), which are made of fine flower and milk.

Being unable to find a boat for hire that would answer as a cook-boat, the jamadār purchased a patelī, a small boat built after the fashion of a large flat-bottomed patailā, for which he gave eighty rupees; and we proceeded to fit it up, by building a large house upon it of mats and bamboo, thickly thatched with straw. This house was for the cook, the servants, and the farm-yard. On the top of it was a platform of bamboos, on which the dāndees (sailors) could live and sleep. The crew consisted of seven men, Hindoos; therefore they always cooked their food on shore in the evening, it being contrary to the rules of their religion to eat on board. The sheep, goats, fowls, provisions, wine, &c. were all in the cook-boat, and a space was divided off for the dhobee (washerman). The number of servants it is necessary to take with one on a river voyage in India is marvellous. We had also a little boat called a dinghee, which was towed astern the pinnace.

This morning we passed Sujawan Deota, a rock rising out of the river, crowned with a temple, a remarkably picturesque spot, and adorned with trees. A pinnace is towed by one thick towing line, called a goon, carried by ten men. Native boats containing merchandize are generally towed by small lines, each man having his own line to himself. The wind having become contrary, the men were obliged to tow her; the goon broke, the vessel swerved round, and was carried some distance down the stream; however, she was brought up without damage, and we moored off Sehoree.

11*th.*—In passing the Burriaree rocks I felt a strange sort of anxious delight in the danger of the passage, there being only room for one vessel to pass through. The serang, a Calcutta man, had never been up the Jumna; and as we cut through the narrow pass I stood on deck watching ahead for a sunken rock. Had there been too little water, with what a crash we should have gone on the rocks! The river is full of them; they show their black heads a foot or two above the stream that rushes down fiercely around or over them: just now we ran directly upon one. The vessel swerved right round, but was brought up again soon after.

We track or sail from 6 A.M., and moor the boats at 7 P.M. On anchoring off Deeya I received two matchlocks, sent to me by my husband, on account of his having heard that many salt-boats on the Jumna have been plundered lately; the matchlocks are to be fired off of an evening when the watch is set, to show we are on our guard. At night a chaprāsī and two dāndees hold their watch, armed, on deck; and two chaukidārs (watchmen) from the nearest village keep watch on shore. My little fine-eared terrier is on board, and I sleep without a thought of robbery or danger. If you take a guard from the nearest village, you are pretty safe; if not, perhaps the chaukidārs themselves will rob you, in revenge for your not employing them.

PARISNĀTH.

12*th.*—The passage off Mhow was difficult,—rocks and sands. We were on a sandbank several times. The temple of Parisnāth at Pabosa was to me a very interesting object. At Allahabad I procured a small white marble image of this god, and while considering whom it might represent, the moonshee came into the room. The man is a high-church Hindoo: on seeing the image, he instantly covered his eyes and turned away, expressing his disapprobation. "That is the idol Parisnāth," said he, "a man of the pure faith may not look upon it, and will not worship in a temple desecrated by its presence." There are about four hundred heretical Hindoos at Prāg. The image is

represented in a sitting posture, not unlike the attitude of the Budha idol of Ava, but from which it differs in the position of the right hand.

Colonel Tod says, "The 23rd of the Jain Apostles was Parswanath—Parswa the god. There is a column in Cheetore dedicated to Parswanath, Budhist, or Jain."

I imagine the white marble images in my possession are the same as those mentioned in the "Annals and Antiquities of Rajah'stan." I have before given, in p. 214, an account of the disturbance occasioned at Allahabad from an attempt made by a man to place an image of Parisnāth in the Achibut chamber. Moored tho pinnace off Surawal.

13*th*.—Aground off Kuttree, again off Shahpoor, and, for the third time, off Jumnapoor: lugāoed off Mowhie.

13*th*.—Aground on a sunken rock off Toolseepoor, again off Dampour. During the rains the river is deep; but at this time of the year it is late to undertake a voyage to Agra, and I think it not impossible it may be impracticable to take the pinnace so far up the river. Nevertheless, we have come on very well, with occasional difficulties, such as going over sunken rocks at times, bump, bump, under the vessel. I have felt half afraid of seeing their black heads through the floor of the cabin. We have grounded on sandbanks four and five times a day in avoiding the rocks. The Jumna is full of them, and the navigation dangerous on that account. The contrary wind has generally obliged us to track, as our course lies right in the teeth of the west wind, which is strong, and generally blows pretty steadily at this time of the year. There is one consolation, the river winds and twists so much, the wind must be fair somewhere or other.

Every twelve miles a dārogha comes on board to make salām to the mem sāhiba, and to ask her orders. I send letters to Prāg by this means; the dārogha gives them to our own chaprāsīs, who run with them from station to station. There is no dāk (post) in these parts. The dāroghas bring fish, eggs, kids, any thing of which I am in need; and I pay for them, although they are brought as presents, it being against the orders of Government

to receive the gift even of a cabbage or beet-root from a native. The tracking ground was fine; moored off Bhowna.

15*th.*—Strong west wind, very cold: the river broad and deep; the thermometer at 9 A.M. 60°. The darzee in the after-cabin is at work on a silk gown: the weather is just cold enough to render warm attire necessary. The other day I was on deck in a green velvet travelling cap, with an Indian shawl, put on after the fashion of the men, amusing myself with firing with a pellet-bow at some cotton boats *en passant* for tamāshā. Some natives came on board to make salām, and looked much surprised at seeing a ghulel (a pellet-bow) in feminine hands. The cotton boats would not get out of the way, therefore I pelted the manjhīs, (masters, or steersmen) of the vessels, to hasten the movements of the great unwieldy lubberly craft. Of whom can I talk but of myself in this my solitude on the Jumna-jee? Now for the telescope to look out for the picturesque.

17*th.*—Wind strong, cold, and westerly: the stream broad and deep, anchored off Jerowlee in a jungle: just the place for a sportsman. A quantity of underwood and small trees amongst the ravines and cliffs afford shelter for the game. Here you find nil-gā'ī, peacocks, partridge, and quail. Several peacocks were quietly feeding on the cliffs; others roosting on the trees. At this place they told me there is a bura kund, which is, I believe, a well, or spring, or basin of water, especially consecrated to some holy purpose or person; but I did not visit the spot.

20*th.*—Passed Chilla Tara Ghāt and the Cane River, in which agates, cornelians, calcedony, &c., are found. The day was pleasant, the water deep, but there being but little wind we were obliged to track. Moored off Arouwl, at which place the patelī got upon the rocks.

21*st.*—A strong east wind: we had a fine sail, but went aground off Bindour: moored at Serowlee.

22*nd.*—After a very pleasant day, and pretty good sailing, we lugāoed off Humeerpore: during the night we were kept on the *qui vive* by a very severe storm, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and very heavy rain.

23rd.—A wretched day; cold, damp, and miserable, a most powerful wind directly against us. To add to the discomfort, we sprang a leak, which gave sixty buckets of water in twenty-four hours. The leak was found under the rudder. We had to take down a part of the aft-cabin, and to take up some boards before we could get at it: and when found, we had nothing on board fit to stop it. At last it was effectually stopped with towels, torn up and forced in tight, and stiff clay beaten down over that. I thought this might last until our arrival at Kalpee, where proper repairs might take place: moored off Bowlee.

25th.—Christmas Day was ushered in by rain and hail, the wind high and contrary. At noon the wind decreased, and we got on better, tracking along the banks, with fourteen men on the goon (track-rope). At seven in the evening, just as we had moored, a storm came on, accompanied with the most brilliant forked lightning; and the most violent wind, blowing a gale, united with the strong stream, bearing full down against us. It was really fearful. After a time the vivid and forked lightning became sheeted, and the rain fell, like a second deluge, in torrents. The peals of thunder shook the cabin windows, and all the panes of glass rattled. We had lugāoed off a dry nālā (the bed of a stream); the torrents of rain filled the nālā with water, which poured down against the side of the pinnace with great force and noise. Fearing we should be driven from our moorings by the force of the current, I ran on deck to see if the men were on the alert. It was quite dark: some were on shore taking up the lāwhāsees by which she was secured to the bank; the rest were on deck, trying with their long bamboos to shove her out of the power of the current from the nālā. Having succeeded in this, we were more comfortable. It was out of the question to take rest during such a storm, while there was a chance of being driven from our moorings; and being quite alone was also unpleasant. At length the gale abated, and I was glad to hear only the rain for the rest of the night. Daylight closed my weary eyes: on awaking refreshed from a quiet slumber, I

found the Seagull far from Ekouna, near which place we had passed so anxious a night.

26th.—Moored off Kalpee, famous for its crystalized sugar. Here a large budget of letters was brought to me. I remained the whole day at the station to procure provisions and answer the letters. Nor did I forget to purchase tools and every thing necessary for the repair of the leak in the vessel, although we forbore to remove the towels and clay, as she now only made half a bucket in twenty-four hours.

28th.—North-west wind very cold: the river most difficult to navigate in parts; rocky, sandy, shallow. Anchored off Palpoor; found a quantity of river shells; they are not very pretty, but some are curious.

29th.—We were in the midst of great sandbanks, in a complete wilderness; the stream was strong and deep, the tracking-ground good; here and there the rocks appeared above water under the high cliffs. Off Belaspoor, on one sandbank, I saw ten crocodiles basking in the sun, all close together; some turtle and great white birds were on a rock near them; on the river's edge were three enormous alligators, large savage monsters, lying with their enormous mouths wide open, eyeing the boats. The men on board shouted with all their might; the alligators took no notice of the shout; the crocodiles, more timid than the former, ran into the water, and disappeared immediately. These are the first alligators I have seen in their own domains; they are very savage, and will attack men; the crocodiles will not, if it be possible to avoid them. I would willingly have taken the voyage for this one sight of alligators and crocodiles in their native wildernesses; the scene was so unusual, so wild, so savage. At sunset, anchored off Gheetamow, and found some shells during my evening ramble.

At the sale of the effects of the late Col. Gough, in Calcutta, was the head of a magar (alligator) of incredible size, caught in the Megna; which, though deficient in not having an under-jaw, was a good weight for a man to carry, stooping to it with both hands. The creeks of a bend of the Sunderbunds, not far

below Calcutta, are the places frequented, I hear, by the patriarchs of their race.

The next day we entered a most difficult part of the river; it was impossible to tell in which direction to steer the vessel; rocks on every side; the river full of them; a most powerful stream rushing between the rocks; to add to the danger, we had a strong westerly wind directly in our teeth, which, united to the force of the stream, made us fear the goon might break; in which case we should have been forced most violently against the rocks. We accomplished only one mile in four hours and a half! I desired the sarang to anchor the vessel, and let the men have some rest; they had been fagging, up to their waists in water, all the time, and I wished the wind to abate ere we attempted to proceed further. After the dāndees had dined, we pushed off again. At Kurunka a pilot came on board, which pleased me very much, as it was impossible to tell on which side of the rocks the passage might be: the pilot took us up with great difficulty through the rocks to the land-mark off the bungalow at Badoura; there he requested leave to anchor until the wind might abate; he was afraid to try the stream, it being still stronger higher up. Of course I consented; after which, accompanied by the pilot, I walked some three miles to collect fossil bones; these bones were discovered by the sappers and miners on the river-side, at the little village of Badoura; the bones are petrified, but to what animal they belonged is unknown; some cart-loads of them have been taken to Allahabad, to be shown to the scientific; I brought back five or six of the bones we found at the place. A short time ago this part of the river was impassable; the Company sent sappers and miners, who, having surrounded each rock with a fence that kept out the water, blew them up, and made a passage down the centre of the river; of course this was a work of time; the fences were then removed, and the stream flowed unconfined. Large boats can now go up and down in safety, if they know the passage. The next morning the pilot accompanied us as far as Merapoor, when he made his salām, and returned to the sappers' and miners' bungalow. The river now became good and clear; we

encountered no more difficulties, and moored quietly off Seholee at six in the evening.

1835, *Jan.* 1*st.*—New Year's Day was as disagreeable as Christmas Day; cold, frosty; a wind in our teeth; rocks and crocodiles. My pet terrier was taken ill; with difficulty she was brought through the attack; poor little Poppus,—she has a dozen names, all of endearment. Passed Juggermunpoor, where the fair for horses is held.

2*nd.*—A fair wind brought us to the Chumbal river. The fort and Hindoo temple of Bhurrage are very picturesque objects. This is one of the most difficult passes on the river, on account of the sand banks, and the power of the stream from the junction of the Jumna and Chumbal. I am directed not to stop a moment for any thing but letters on my way to Agra; on my return I shall go on shore (D. V.), and visit all the picturesque places I now behold merely *en passant.* The Chumbal is a beautiful river; never was a stream more brilliant or more clear; the water, where it unites with the Jumna, is of a bright pellucid green.

From the force of the united streams we had great difficulty in passing the junction; the wind dropped, and we could not move the pinnace on the towing-rope; we sent a hawser in the dinghee to the opposite shore, and then, with the united force of the crews of both vessels, hauled the pinnace across the junction into the quiet waters of the Jumna; it was 6 P.M. ere this was effected. Whilst the people anchored, and got the cook-boat over, I walked to a beautiful Hindoo temple, close to the river's edge. The fort beyond put me in mind of Conway Castle; the towers are somewhat similar: on my return I must stop and sketch it. A wealthy native has sent to petition *an audience;* he is anxious to make salām to the mem sāhiba. I have declined seeing him, as we must start at daybreak; but have told him on my return I shall stay a day or two at this picturesque place, and shall then be happy to receive his visit.

Nothing is so shocking, so disgusting, as the practice of burning bodies; generally only half-burning them, and throwing them into the river. What a horrible sight I saw to-day!

crowds of vultures, storks, crows, and pariah dogs from the village glutting over a dreadful meal; they fiercely stripped the flesh from the swollen body of the half-burned dead, which the stream had thrown on a sand bank; and howled and shrieked as they fought over and for their fearful meal!

How little the natives think of death! This morning, when I was on deck, the body of a woman floated by the pinnace, within the reach of a bamboo; she was apparently dead, her long black hair spread on the stream; by the style of the red dress, she was a Hindoo; she must have fallen, or have been thrown into the river. I desired the men to pull the body to the vessel's side, and see if she might not be saved. They refused to touch it even with a bamboo; nobody seemed to think any thing about it, further than to prevent the body touching the vessel, should the stream bring it close to the side. One man coolly said, "I suppose she fell into the river when getting up water in her gharā" (earthen vessel)!

How easily a murdered man might be disposed of! On account of the expense of fuel, the poorer Hindoos only slightly burn the bodies of the dead, and then cast them into the river; by attiring the corpse after the fashion of a body to be burned, and throwing it into the stream, it would never attract attention; any native would say, "Do not touch it, do not touch it; it is merely a burnt body."

This life on the river, however solitary, is to me very agreeable; and I would proceed beyond Agra to Delhi, but that I should think there cannot be water enough for the pinnace; with a fair wind there is much to enjoy in the changing scene, but tracking against a contrary one is tiresome work.

3rd.—A most unpleasant day; we were aground many times, contending against the stream and a powerful wind. The new goon broke, and we were at last fixed most firmly and unpleasantly on a bank of sand; in that position, finding it impossible to extricate the pinnace, we remained all night.

4th.—We were obliged to cut our way through the sandbank to the opposite shore, a distance of about a quarter of a mile; this took twelve hours to accomplish; the anchor was

carried to a distance with a chain cable, and there dropped; and the pinnace was pulled by main force through the sand, where there was not water enough to float her. When out of it, we came upon a stream that ran like a torrent, aided by a most powerful and contrary wind. To remain where we were was dangerous; the men carried a thick cable in the dinghee to the shore, made it fast, and were pulling the vessel across; when half-way, just as we thought ourselves in safety, the cable broke, the pinnace whirled round and round like a bubble on the waters, and was carried with fearful velocity down the stream. The sarang lost all power over the vessel, but, at last, her progress was stopped by being brought up fast on a sandbank. By dint of hard work we once more got the cable fastened to the opposite shore, and carried her safely to the other side; where, to my great delight, we anchored, to await the decrease of the wind, that howled through the ropes as though it would tear them from the masts.

Thinking the vessel must have received a violent strain under all the force she had endured, we opened the hold, and found she had sprung a leak, that bubbled up at a frightful rate; the leak was under planks it was impossible to remove, unless by sawing off two feet from three large planks, if we could procure a saw; such a thing could not be found. I thought of a razor, the orthodox weapon wherewith to saw through six-inch boards, and get out of prison; no one would bring forward a razor. At length I remembered the very small fine saw I make use of for cutting the soap-stone, and, by very tender and gentle usage, we at length cut off the ends of the planks, and laid open the head of the leak, under the rudder, below water-mark. Here the rats and white ants had been very busy, and had worked away undisturbed at a principal beam, so that you could run your fingers some inches into it. With a very gentle hand the tow was stuffed in, but as we stopped the leak in one part, it sprang up in another; all day long we worked incessantly, and at night, in despair, filled it up with stiff clay. I went to rest, but my sleep was disturbed by dreams of water hissing in mine ears, and that we were going down stern foremost.

During the night I called up the men three times to bale the vessel; she gave up quantities of water. We anchored off Mulgong.

5th.—Detained by the strong and contrary wind; the leak still gave up water, but in a less quantity; and it was agreed to leave it in its present condition until we could get to Etaweh. I was not quite comfortable, knowing the state of the rotten wood, and the holes the rats had made, through which the water had bubbled up so fast. The next day, not one drop of water came from the leak, and the vessel being quite right afterwards, I determined not to have her examined until our arrival at Agra, and could never understand why she did not leak.

9th.—Ever since the 4th we have had the most violent and contrary winds all day; obliged generally to anchor for two hours at noon, it being impossible to stem the stream, and struggle against the wind; most disagreeable work; I am quite tired and sick of it. Thus far I have borne all with the patience of a Hindoo, the wish to behold the Tāj carrying me on. It is so cold, my hand shakes, I can scarcely guide my pen; the thermometer 50° at 10 A.M., with this bitter and strong wind. I dare not light a fire, as I take cold quitting it to go on deck; all the glass windows are closed,—I have on a pair of Indian shawls, snow boots, and a velvet cap,—still my face and head throb with rheumatism. When on deck, at mid-day, I wear a sola topī, to defend me from the sun.

This river is very picturesque; high cliffs, well covered with wood, rising abruptly from the water: here and there a Hindoo temple, with a great peepul-tree spreading its fine green branches around it: a ruined native fort: clusters of native huts: beautiful stone ghāts jutting into the river: the effect greatly increased by the native women, in their picturesque drapery, carrying their vessels for water up and down the cliffs, poised on their heads. Fishermen are seen with their large nets; and droves of goats and small cows, buffaloes, and peacocks come to the river-side to feed. But the most picturesque of all are the different sorts of native vessels; I am quite charmed with the boats.[2] Oh that I were a painter, who could do justice to the

scenery ! My pinnace, a beautiful vessel, so unlike any thing else here, must add beauty to the river, especially when under sail.

Aground on a sandbank again ! with such a wind and stream it is not pleasant—hardly safe. What a noise ! attempting to force her off the bank ; it is terribly hard work ; the men, up to their waists in water, are shoving the vessel with their backs, whilst the wind and stream throw her back again. Some call on Allah for aid, some on Gunga, some on Jumna-jee, every man shouting at the height of his voice. What a squall ! the vessel lies over frightfully. I wish the wind would abate ! forced sideways down on the sandbank by the wind and stream, it is not pleasant. There ! there is a howl that ought to succeed in forcing her off, in spite of the tufān ; such clouds of fine sand blowing about in every direction ! Now the vessel rocks, now we are off once more,—back we are again ! I fancy the wind and stream will have their own way. Patience, mem sāhiba, you are only eight miles from Etaweh : when you may get over those eight miles may be a difficult calculation. The men are fagging, up to their breasts in the river ; I must go on deck, and make a speech. What a scene ! I may now consider myself really in the wilderness, such watery *waists* are spread before me !

THE MEM SĀHIBA'S SPEECH.

"Ari ! Ari ! what a day is this ! Ahi Khudā ! what a wind is here ! Is not this a tufān ? Such an ill-starred river never, never did I see ! Every moment, every moment, we are on a sand-bank. Come, my children, let her remain ; it is the will of God,—what can we do ? Eat your food, and when the gale lulls we may get off. Perhaps, by the blessing of God, in twelve months' time we may reach Etaweh."

After this specimen of eloquence, literally translated from the Hindostanee in which it was spoken, the dāndees gladly wrapped their blankets round them, and crept into corners out of the wind, to eat chabenī, the parched grain of Indian corn, maize. Could you but see the men whom I term my children ! they are just what in my youth I ever pictured to myself cannibals must be : so wild and strange-looking, their long, black, shaggy hair

matted over their heads, and hanging down to their shoulders; their bodies of dark brown, entirely naked, with the exception of a cloth round the waist, which passes between the limbs. They jump overboard, and swim ashore with a rope between their teeth, and their towing-stick in one hand, just like dogs, —river dogs; the water is their element more than the land. If they want any clothes on shore they carry them on the top of their heads, and swim to the bank in that fashion. The mem sāhiba's river dogs; they do not drink strong waters; and when I wish to delight them very much, I give them two or three rupees' worth of sweetmeats, cakes of sugar and ghee made in the bazār; like great babies, they are charmed with their *meetai*, as they call it, and work away willingly for a mem sāhiba who makes presents of sweetmeats and kids.

Saw the first wolf to-day; I wish we were at Etaweh,—to anchor here is detestable: if we were there I should be reading my letters, and getting in supplies for Agra. How I long to reach the goal of my pilgrimage, and to make my salām to the "Tāj beebee ke rauza," the mausoleum of the lady of the Tāj!

CHAPTER XXIX.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE TĀJ.

"HE WHO HAS NOT PATIENCE POSSESSES NOT PHILOSOPHY [1]."

"Whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering."

Etaweh—Moonlight Ride—The Wolves—Bird-catchers—Peacocks—The Bar of Sand—The Good Luck of the Mem Sāhiba—Narangee Ghāt—Betaizor—The Silk-cotton Tree—Fields of the Cotton Plant—The Chakwā Chukwaee—Eloquence of a Dhobee—Aladīnpoor—Noon, or Loon—Modelling in Khuree—Cotton Boats—The Ulāk—Vessels on the River—Plantations of the Castor Oil Plant—Cutting through a Sandbank—First Sight of the Tāj—Porcupines—Bissowna—Quitted the Pinnace—Arrival at Agra.

1835, *Jan.* 10*th.*—Ours is the slowest possible progress; the wind seems engaged to meet us at every turn of our route. At 3 P.M. we lugāoed at Etaweh; while I was admiring the ghāts, to my great delight, a handful of letters and parcels of many kinds were brought to me. In the evening, the chaprāsī in charge of my riding horses, with the sā'īses and grass-cutters who had marched from Allahabad to meet me, arrived at the ghāt. The grey neighed furiously, as if in welcome; how glad I was to see them!

In a minute I was on the little black horse; away we went, the black so glad to have a canter, the mem sāhiba so happy to give him one: through deep ravines, over a road through the dry bed of a torrent, up steep cliffs; away we went like creatures

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 66.

possessed; the horse and rider were a happy pair. After a canter of about four miles it became dark, or rather moonlight, and I turned my horse towards the river, guided by the sight of a great cliff, some 150 or 200 feet high, beneath which we had anchored. I lost my way, but turned down a bridle road in the bed of a ravine, which of course led somewhere to the river. I rode under a cliff so high and overhanging, I felt afraid to speak; at last we got out of the cold and dark ravine, and came directly upon the pinnace. I had met, during my ride, two gentlemen in a buggy; one of them, after having arrived at his own house, returned to look for me, thinking I might turn down by mistake the very road I had gone, which at night was very unsafe, on account of the wolves; but he did not overtake me.

The next morning he called on me, and brought me a letter from a relative; therefore we were soon acquainted, and agreed to have a canter, when the sun should go down. He told me, on his way down, the police had brought him a basket, containing half the mangled body of a child; the wolves had seized the poor child, and had devoured the other half the night before, in the ravines. It was fortunate I did not encounter a gang of them under the dark cliff, where the black horse could scarcely pick his way over the stones.

11*th*.—I rode with Mr. G—— through the ravines and the Civil Station, and saw many beautiful and picturesque spots. We returned to the pinnace; he came on board, and we had a long conference. It was not to be marvelled at that the mem sāhiba talked a great deal, when it is considered she had not spoken one word of English for thirty-three days; then she did talk!—ye gods! how she did talk! Mr. G—— offered to send armed men with me if I felt afraid, but I declined taking them; and he promised to forward my letters by horsemen every day, to meet the pinnace. Nothing can be greater than the kindness one meets with from utter strangers in India. He gave my husband and me an invitation to pay him a visit on our way back, which I accepted for the absent sāhib.

I was amused by an officer's coming down to the river, which he crossed; he then mounted a camel, and his servant another;

he carried nothing with him but some bedding, that served as a saddle, and a violin! In this fashion he had come down from Sabbatoo, and was going, *viâ* Jubbulpore, across to Bombay! thence to sail for England. How charmingly independent! It is unusual for a gentleman to ride a camel; those who *understand* the motion, a long swinging trot, say it is pleasant; others complain it makes the back ache, and brings on a pain in the liver. At Etaweh every thing was to be had that I wished for; peacocks, partridges, fowls, pigeons, beef, were brought for sale; atr of roses, peacocks' feathers, milk, bread, green tea, sauces; in short, food of every sort. I read and answered my letters, and retired to rest perfectly fagged.

12*th.*—At daybreak the pinnace started once more for Agra,—once more resumed her pilgrimage; it is seventy-two miles by the road from Etaweh; how far it may be by this twisting and winding river remains to be proved. For some days two bird-catchers (chirī-mārs) have followed the pinnace, and have supplied me with peacocks; to-day they brought a hen and three young ones; they also brought their nets and the snares with them, which I had seen them use on shore. The springes are beautifully made of buffalo-horn and catgut. I bought one hundred and six springes for catching peacocks, cyrus, wild ducks, &c., for four rupees, and shall set them in the first jungle we meet. I set them immediately in the cabin, and caught my own two dogs: it was laughable to see the dismay of the dogs, nor could I help laughing at my own folly in being such a child. My head began to throb bitterly, and I spent the rest of the day ill in bed.

15*th.*—At 8 A.M. the thermometer was 46°, at 1 P.M. 66°, a great difference in five hours. The peacocks, in the evening, were calling from the cliffs, and came down to feed by the river-side, looking beautiful; there were four male birds on one spot, quite fearless, not taking any notice of the men on the goon. Anchored at Purrier.

16*th.*—A good day's tracking; no obstacles; good water, *i.e.* deep water; anchored late at Dedowlee ke Nuggra.

17*th.*—Found a bar of sand directly across the river; about

fourteen enormous boats all aground; numbers of vessels arriving hourly; every one going aground, as close as they could lie together; in the midst of the bar was one vessel which had been there four days. The sarang of the pinnace came to me and said, "Until that salt-boat gets off we cannot move; in all probability, we shall be utterly unable to cross the bar." The whole day, in the dinghee, did the men sound the river; in the evening I went with them, to see and satisfy myself of the impossibility of crossing; even the dinghee grounded; where, then, could the pinnace find water?

I determined to send on the servants, the baggage, and food in the flat-bottomed cook-boat, to Agra; to write for a dāk for myself, and to remain quietly in the pinnace, until its arrival; went to bed, out of spirits at the unlucky accident of the bar across the river. In the morning, hearing a great noise, I went on deck; the salt-boat was gone, all the vessels but one were off, and the crew were preparing to pull the pinnace by main force through the bar of sand; remembering the leak, I viewed these preparations with anxiety; that leak being only stopped with mud and towels. They pulled her into the place from which the salt-boat had at last extricated herself; a little more exertion, and the pretty Seagull slipped and slid out of the sandbank into deep water. Such a shout as arose from the crew! "We shall see the Tāj beebee ke Rauza: it is our destiny; the mem sāhiba's kismat (fate) is good: to be sure, what a number of rupees has not the mem sāhiba spent on the pinnace! Her luck is good; this her pilgrimage will be accomplished; and the sāhib will be pleased also!"

And the mem sāhiba was pleased; for we had got over a bar in half an hour, that, the night before, we calculated might take two or three days to cross, with great risk to the vessel. I had determined to give up attempting to take the Seagull further, not liking the chance of straining the timbers so severely, the vessel not being a newly-built one. "Once more upon the waters!" Thank God, we are not upon the sand!

An acquaintance, the Hon. Mrs. R——, has just arrived at Allahabad from England; nothing could exceed her astonishment

when she heard I had gone up the Jumna alone, on a pilgrimage of perhaps two months or more to see the Tāj, not forced to make the voyage from necessity. I have books, and employments of various sorts, to beguile the loneliness; and the adventures I meet with, give variety and interest to the monotony of life on the river. Could I follow my own inclinations, I would proceed to Delhi, thence to the Hills, and on to the source of the Jumna; this would really be a good undertaking. "Capt. Skinner's Travels," which I have just read, have given me the most ardent desire to go to the source of the Jumna.

18th.—Stags, of the chicara sort, with small straight horns, come down to drink by the river-side; wild geese and cyrus are in flocks on the sandbanks. A slight but favourable breeze has sprung up, we are going gently and pleasantly before it. Nārāngee ghāt,—what a beautiful scene! The river was turned from its channel by the Rajah Buddun Sing, and directed through a pass, cut straight through a very high cliff: the cut is sharp and steep; the cliffs abrupt and bold; some trees; native huts; a temple in the distance; numbers of boats floating down the stream, through the pass; the pinnace and patelī, in full sail, going up it; ferry-boats and passengers; cows and buffaloes swimming the ferry; a little beyond, before the white temple, on a sandbank, are six great crocodiles, basking in the sun. Am I not pleased? One of the fairest views I have seen: what a contrast to yesterday, when my eyes only encountered the sandbank, and the fixture of a salt-boat, our particular enemy! Anchored at Hurrier; fagged and ill from over-exertion.

19th.—We arrived at the city of Betaizor, which is built across the bed where the Jumna formerly flowed. The Rajah Buddun Sing built this ghāt, and very beautiful it is; a perfect crowd of beautiful Hindoo temples clustered together, each a picture in itself, and the whole reflected in the bright pure waters of the Jumna. I stopped there for an hour, to sketch the ghāt, and walked on the sands opposite, charmed with the scene,—the high cliffs, the trees; no Europeans are there,—a place is spoiled by European residence. In the evening we

anchored off the little village of Kheil: rambling on the river's bank, I saw five peacocks in the shimoul (the silk-cotton tree), and called Jinghoo Bearer, who ran off to fetch a matchlock, which he loaded with *two* bullets; the birds were so unmolested, they showed no fear when I went under the tree with the dogs, and only flew away when Jinghoo fired at them; the report aroused two more peacocks from the next tree; a flock of wild geese, and another of wild ducks, sprang up from the sands; and the solitary chakwā screamed āw! āw! The shimoul is a fine high-spreading tree, the flower a brilliant one; and the pod contains a sort of silky down, with which mattresses and pillows are often stuffed. The natives object to pillows stuffed with silk-cotton, saying it makes the head ache. The large silk-cotton tree (bombax ceiba) is the seat of the gods who superintend districts and villages; these gods, although minor deities, are greatly feared. Punchaits, or native courts of justice, are held beneath the shimoul, under the eye of the deity in the branches. There are fields of kāpās, the common white cotton plant, (gossypium herbaceum,) on the side of the river; the cotton has just been gathered; a few pods, bursting with snowy down, are hanging here and there, the leavings of the cotton harvest: the plant is an annual. In my garden at Prāg are numerous specimens of the Bourbon cotton, remarkably fine, the down of which is of a brown colour.

I have met hundreds of enormous boats, laden with cotton, going down to Calcutta, and other parts of the country; they are most remarkably picturesque. I said the report startled the solitary chakwā. The chakwā is a large sort of reddish-brown wild duck (anas cæsarca), very remarkable in its habits. You never see more than two of these birds together; during the day they are never separate,—models of constancy; during the night they are invariably apart, always divided by the stream; the female bird flies to the other side of the river at night, remains there all solitary, and in the morning returns to her mate, who during the livelong night has been sitting alone and crying āw! āw! The male calls āw! some ten or twelve times successively; at length the female gives a single response, "nā'īch!" Leaving

the people, some cooking and some eating their dinners, I rambled on alone, as was my custom, to some distance from the boats, listening to and thinking of the chakwā. The first man who finished his meal was the dhobee, a Hindoo, and he started forth to find me. I questioned him respecting the birds, and he spake as follows: "When the beautiful Seeta was stolen away from the god Rām, he wandered all over the world seeking his love. He asked of the chakwā and his mate, 'Where is Seeta, where is my love, have you seen her?' The chakwā made answer, 'I am eating, and attending to my own concerns; trouble me not, what do I know of Seeta?' Rām, angry at these words, replied, 'Every night henceforth your love shall be taken from you and divided by a stream; you shall bemoan her loss the livelong night; during the day she shall be restored.'

"He asked of the stars, 'Where is Seeta?' the silent stars hid their beams. He asked of the forest, 'Where is my beloved?' the forest moaned and sighed, and could give him no intelligence. He asked of the antelope, 'Where is she whom I seek, the lost, the beloved?' The antelope replied, 'My mate is gone, my heart is bowed with grief, my own cares oppress me. Her whom you seek mine eyes have not beheld.'"

It is true the birds invariably live after this fashion: they are great favourites of mine, the chakwās; and I never hear their cry but I think of Seeta Rām.

21*st*.—The wind westerly and bitterly cold. Loon or noon, from which salt is made, is in large quantities on the river-side. We lugāoed at Aladīnpoor, the village of Ullah-o-deen, or Aladdin, as you call it; and I can think of nothing but his wonderful lamp. I walked through the village; the moment the people caught sight of me and the chaprāsīs, away they ran and hid themselves. In the middle of the village we found some young men sitting on the ground round a fire, warming their hands over the blaze: they did not show any fear, like the rest of the villagers, and I talked to them for some time. They pointed out their fields of the castor-oil plant, all nipped by the frost. I requested them to let me buy a

couple of kids to give to the dāndees, a kid feast would warm them such a cold evening. This morning I saw men brushing what is called noon off the clayey banks of the river: they steep it in water, then boil it, when a very good salt is produced. We sometimes use it at table. A poor man in this way brushes up a little noon, and makes enough for his own consumption, which is of great advantage to him. The natives consume salt in large quantities.

All day long I sit absorbed in modelling little temples, or ghāts, or some folly or another, in khuree, a sort of soap-stone. I can scarcely put it aside, it fascinates me so much. I cannot quit my soap-stone. Any thing I see, I try to imitate; and am now at work on a model of the bā'olī (great well) at Allahabad. Captain K—— gave me a tomb he had modelled in soap-stone, and some tools. I copied it, and have since modelled a temple on a ghāt and the bā'olī aforesaid; the stone is easily cut with a saw, or with a knife, and may be delicately carved. That bought in the bazār at Allahabad, weighing two or three sēr, is generally of a darkish colour, because the men who bring it from the Up Country often use it to form their chūlees (cooking places) on the road; it becomes discoloured by the heat. A relative sent me some khuree (soap-stone) from a copper mine hill, near Baghesur on the road to Melun Himalaya, which is remarkably pure and white.

A great deal of the clayey ground on the river's edge that we have passed to-day looks like a badly frosted cake, white from the loon or noon. A little more work at the soap-stone, and then to rest.

23rd.—I could scarcely close my eyes during the night for the cold, and yet my covering consisted of four Indian shawls, a rezaī of quilted cotton, and a French blanket. A little pan of water having been put on deck, at 8 A.M. the ayha brought it to me filled with ice. What fine strong ice they must be making at the pits, where every method to produce evaporation is adopted! I am sitting by the fire for the first time. At 8 A.M. the thermometer was 46°; at 10 A.M. 54°. The dāndees complain bitterly of the cold. Thirteen men on the goon are

fagging, up to their knees in water, against the stream and this cold wind; this twist in the river will, however, allow of half an hour's sail, and the poor creatures may then warm themselves. I will send each man a red Lascar's cap and a black blanket, their Indian bodies feel the cold so bitterly. When the sails are up my spirits rise; this tracking day by day against wind and stream so many hundred miles is tiresome work. My solitude is agreeable, but the tracking detestable. I must go on deck, there is a breeze, and enjoy the variety of having a sail. At Pukkaghur eight peacocks were by the river-side, where they had come for water; on our approach they moved gently away. They roost on the largest trees they can find at night. I have just desired three pints of oil to be given to the dāndees, that they may rub their limbs. The cold wind, and being constantly in and out of the water, makes their skin split, although it is like the hide of the rhinoceros; they do not suffer so much when their legs have been well rubbed with oil. What a noise the men are making! they are all sitting on the deck, whilst a bearer, with a great jar of oil, is doling out a chhattak to each shivering dāndee.

24*th*.—Another trouble! The river is very broad, with three great sandbanks in the centre, and there is scarcely any water among the divided channels. Two great cotton boats are aground in the deepest part. They must be off ere there will be room for the Seagull. Whilst the cook-boat anchors, the washermen will set to work to wash the clothes on the river's edge, and will dry them in the rigging; and the crews of both vessels will unite to cut the pinnace through the sand. Noon: the cotton boats are off; the dinghee is moving about, sounding the passage.

I have had a ramble on the sands, and have found a shell, the shape of the most curious of the fossils we used to find in the cliffs at Christ Church in Hampshire. I have only found three small ones, and must look for more; they are rarely on the sands. Whilst we were waiting for the cotton boats to get off, I sketched them. The boat called an ulāk is beautiful, like a bird upon the waters—graceful and airy—with bamboos in all

directions, which add to the picturesque effect. The natives say there is a soul in every vessel: the spirit of an ulāk must be a fairy, flitting and fanciful. An ulāk will spread her high and graceful sails; her slender mast, a bamboo, will bend to the wind; and she will be out of sight almost ere you have gazed upon her—hidden from you by some steep cliff, crowned with a peepul-tree overshadowing some old Hindoo temple; below may be a ghāt, jutting into the river, with a sandbank before it, on which the crocodiles are basking and the wild ducks feeding, while the sentinel bird keeps a sharp look out, and gives warning to the flock if danger approach them. How many boats I have counted of divers shapes and sizes! there is the pinnace, the pinnace budjerow, the budjerow, the bauleah,—these are all pleasure-boats; the kutcher or kutchuā, the kuttree, the ghurdowl, the ulāk, the pulwar, the burra patāila, the surree or soorree, the ferry-boat, and the dinghee; the beautiful vessels used by the Nawab during the festivals at Moorshedabad, and the snake-boats—nor must I forget the boats hollowed out of a single tree, with their shapeless sterns and bows. One of their methods of painting and ornamenting a ulāk is simple and original. They paint the vessel black; and then, dipping one hand into white paint, lay the palm flat on the vessel; this they repeat, until they have produced a border of white outspread hands. A golden eye is placed at the head, to enable the spirit of the vessel to see her way through the waters.

I walked to a small village, where there was a plantation of castor-oil plants, and of cotton plants. The people were working the finest well I have seen, with the exception of the Persian wheel wells: this employed ten bullocks, and the water came up in five very large skins, which are used as buckets.

25th.—Was there ever any thing so provoking! we are fast in the centre of a sandbank, cutting through it on a chain-cable: it will take the whole day to get through it,—perhaps a day or two. There is a fine favourable wind, the first we have had for ages, and we should be at Agra by sunset, could we cross this vile sandbank. I go on deck every now and then to see

the progress: we advance about *one yard* in an hour! then we leave off work, the stream loosens the sand, and the work begins again, until another yard is accomplished, and then we wait for the stream. It is sadly tiresome work: however, the wind is a warm one, and we have only to contend with the stream and the sandbank.

From 7 A.M. to 3 P.M. we worked away on the bank; at last we cut through into deep water. I was delighted to see a chaprāsī from Agra, with a packet of letters for me. How little did the dear ones in England imagine their letters would find me all alone in my beautiful pinnace, fast stuck in a sand-bank in the middle of the Jumna!

26th.—This morning from the cliff the white marble dome of the Tāj could just be discerned, and we made salām to it with great pleasure. The pinnace anchored below Kutoobpoor, unable to proceed in consequence of another great sandbank, a quarter of a mile broad. The sarang says, "To attempt to cut through this on a chain-cable would draw every bolt and nail out of her frame." The Ghāt Mānjhī is of the same opinion. I have been out in the dinghee sounding, and, fearless as I am, I dare not attempt cutting through such a bank; it would injure the vessel. There are two more sandbanks besides this ahead. It is folly to injure the pinnace, and I have made up my mind to quit her. Is it not provoking, only sixteen miles from Agra, and to be detained here? I have written to the Hon. H. D—— to request him to send down my horses; they must have arrived long ago, and a palanquin: his answer, I must await with due patience. What a pity I am not a shot! I saw three deer yesterday whilst I was amusing myself in an original fashion, digging porcupines out of their holes, or rather trying to do so, for the dogs found the holes; but the men could not get the animals out of them. Picked up a chilamchī full of river-shells. Before us are thirteen large boats aground on this sandbank. In the evening I took a long walk to see the state of another shallow ahead, which they say is worse than the one we are off. Six of the great cotton boats have cut through the sand; perhaps they will deepen the channel, and we shall

be able to pass on to-morrow. There are peacocks in the fields: what a pity my husband is not here, or that I am not a shot!

27*th*.—Not being satisfied to quit the pinnace without having inspected the river myself, I went up to Bissowna in the patelī this morning, and found it would be utter folly to think of taking the Seagull further; besides which, it is impossible. I might upset her, but to get her across a bank half a mile in length is out of the question. The water in the deepest parts is only as high as a man's knee, and she requires it up to the hip-bone. It is very provoking—I am tired of this vile jungle—nothing to look at but the vessels aground; besides which, the noise is eternal, night and day, from the shouts of the men trying to force their boats off the sand into deeper water.

28*th*.—My riding horses having arrived, I quitted the pinnace, desiring the sarang to return to Dharu-ke-Nuggeria, and await further orders.

I sent off the cook-boat and attendants to Agra, and taking my little pet terrier in my arms cantered off on the black horse to meet the palanquin a friend had sent for me. Late at night I arrived at Agra, found a tent that had been pitched for me within the enclosure of the Tāj, in front of the Kālūn Dāwāzā or great gateway, and congratulated myself on having at length accomplished the pilgrimage in a voyage up the Jumna of fifty-one days! Over-exertion brought on illness, and severe pains in my head laid me up for several days.

CHAPTER XXX.

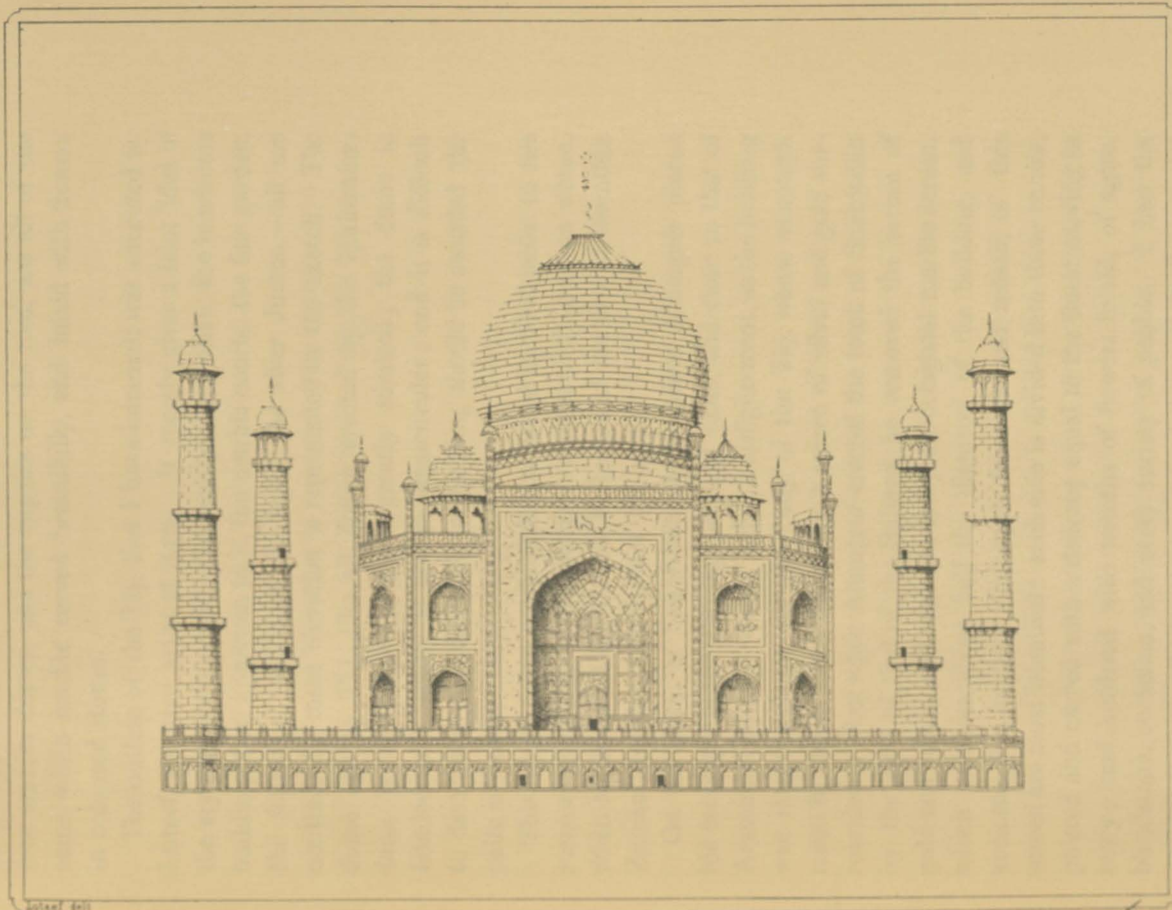
THE TĀJ MAHUL.

"I have paid two visits to Agra since I returned from Lucnow, and thought of you and the sāhib whilst admiring the Tāj. Do not, for the sake of all that is elegant, think of going home without paying it a visit. I shall, with great delight, be your cicerone in these regions: if you put it off much longer (if alive), I shall scarce be able to crawl with old age. Do not think of quitting India; it is a country far preferable to the cold climate, and still colder hearts of Europe."

W. L. G——, Khasgunge.

The Tāj Mahul—Arzumund Bānoo—Shāhjahān—The Screen—The Echo of the Dome—Momtâza Zumâni—Her Sons and Daughters—Asaf-jāh—Noormāhul—Ruins of the second Tāj—Offerings at the Shrine—The wall—The Kālūn Darwāza—The Fountains—Melā of the Eed—The Burj—The Jāmma Khāna—The Masjid—The Bāo'lī—Tomb and Masjid of the Fathī pooree Begam—Tomb of the Akbarābādee Begam—Ground-plan of the Tāj—The Minarets—Stones usėd in the Mosaic—Tomb of the Simundee Begam—The Sitee Khanam—A Farewell to the Tāj.

1835, *Jan.*—I have seen the Tāj Mahul; but how shall I describe its loveliness? its unearthly style of beauty! It is not its magnitude; but its elegance, its proportions, its exquisite workmanship, and the extreme delicacy of the whole, that render it the admiration of the world. The tomb, a fine building of white marble, erected upwards of two centuries ago, is still in a most wonderful state of preservation, as pure and delicate as when first erected. The veins of grey in the marble give it a sort of pearl-like tint, that adds to, rather than diminishes its beauty. It stands on a square terrace of white marble, on each angle of which is a minaret of the same material. The whole is carved externally and internally, and inlaid with ornaments formed of blood-stones, agates, lapis lazuli, &c. &c., representing natural



THE TÂJ MEHUL

فنی پارکس

flowers. The inscriptions over all the arches are in the Arabic character, in black marble, inlaid on white. The dome itself, the four smaller domes, and the cupolas on the roof, are all of the same white marble carved beautifully, and inlaid with flowers in coloured stones.

The outline of the Tāj, that I have annexed, was executed by Luteef, a native artist at Agra. It merely gives a faint idea of the style of architecture; the beauty of the tomb, the handsome buildings that appertain to it, the marble courts, the fine garden, the fountains, the beautiful trees, the river Jumna,—all are omitted, the mere elevation is represented in the sketch. The dome of the Tāj, like all domes erected by the Muhammadans, is egg-shaped, a form greatly admired; the dome in Hindoo architecture is always semicircular; and it is difficult to determine to which style of building should be awarded the palm of beauty.

This magnificent monument was raised by Shāhjahān to the memory of his favourite Sultana Arzumund Bānoo, on whom, when he ascended the throne, he bestowed the title of Momtâza Zumâni (the Most Exalted of the age).

On the death of Shāhjahān, his grandson Alumgeer placed his cenotaph in the Tāj, on the right hand, and close to that of Arzumund Bānoo; this is rather a disfigurement, as the building was intended alone for the Lady of the Tāj, whose cenotaph rests in the centre. Formerly, a screen of silver and gold surrounded it; but when Alumgeer erected the tomb of Shāhjahān by the side of that of the Sultana, he removed the screen of gold and silver, and replaced it by an octagonal marble screen, which occupies about half the diameter of the building, and encloses the tombs. The open fretwork and mosaic of this screen are most beautiful: each side is divided into three panels, pierced and carved with a delicacy equal to the finest carving in ivory; and bordered with wreaths of flowers inlaid, of agate, bloodstone, cornelian, and every variety of pebble. I had the curiosity to count the number contained in one of the flowers, and found there were seventy-two; there are fifty flowers of the same pattern. The cenotaphs themselves are inlaid in the same

manner; I never saw any thing so elegant; the tombs, to be properly appreciated, must be seen, as all the native drawings make them exceedingly gaudy, which they are not. The inscriptions on both are of black marble inlaid on white, ornamented with mosaic flowers of precious stones.

The first glance on entering is imposing in the extreme: the dim religious light, the solemn echoes,—at first I imagined that priests in the chambers above were offering up prayers for the soul of the departed, and the echo was the murmur of the requiem. When many persons spoke together it was like thunder,—such a volume of powerful sounds; the natives compare it to the roar of many elephants. "Whatever you say to a dome it says to you again [1]." A prayer repeated over the tomb is echoed and re-echoed above like the peal of an organ, or the distant and solemn chant in a cathedral.

Each arch has a window, the frames of marble, with little panes of glass, about three inches square. Underneath the cenotaphs is a vaulted apartment, where the remains of the Emperor and the Sultana are buried in two sarcophagi, facsimiles of the cenotaphs above. The crypt is square, and of plain marble; the tombs here are also beautifully inlaid, but sadly defaced in parts by plunderers. The small door by which you enter was formerly of solid silver: it is now formed of rough planks of mango wood.

It is customary with Musulmāns to erect the cenotaph in an apartment over the sarcophagus, as may be seen in all the tombs of their celebrated men. The Musulmāns who visit the Tāj lay offerings of money and flowers, both on the tombs below and the cenotaphs above; they also distribute money in charity, at the tomb, or at the gate, to the fakīrs.

The Sultana Arzumund Bānoo was the daughter of the vizier, Asaf-jāh; she was married twenty years to Shāhjahān, and bore him a child almost every year; she died on the 18th July, 1631, in childbed, about two hours after the birth of a princess. Though she seldom interfered in public affairs, Shāhjahān owed the empire to her influence with her father: nor was he

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 67.

ungrateful; he loved her living, and lamented her when dead Calm, engaging, and mild in her disposition, she engrossed his whole affection; and though he maintained a number of women for state, they were only the slaves of her pleasure. She was such an enthusiast in Deism, that she could scarcely forbear persecuting the Portuguese for their supposed idolatry, and it was only on what concerned that nation she suffered her temper, which was naturally placid, to be ruffled. To express his respect for her memory, the Emperor raised this tomb, which cost in building the amazing sum of £750,000 sterling. The death of the Sultana, in 1631, was followed by public calamities of various kinds. Four sons and four daughters survived her,—Dara, Suja, Aurunzebe, and Morâd: Aurunzebe succeeded to the throne of his father. The daughters were, the Princess Jahânārā (the Ornament of the World), Roshenrāi Begam (or the Princess of the Enlightened Mind), Suria Bânū (or the Splendid Princess), and another, whose name is not recorded. Arzumund Bānoo was the enemy of the Portuguese, then the most powerful European nation in India, in consequence of having accompanied Shāhjahān to one of their settlements, when she was enraged beyond measure against them, for the worship they paid to images.

Such is the account given of the Most Exalted of the Age; but we have no record of her beauty, nor have we reason to suppose that she was beautiful. She was the niece of one of the most celebrated of women, the Sultana of Jahāngeer, whose titles were Mher-ul-nissa (the Sun of Women), Noor-mâhul (the Light of the Empire), and Noor-jahān (Light of the World).

Noorjahān was the sister of the Vizier Asaf-jāh, and aunt to the lady of the Tāj. Many people, seeing the beauty of the building, confuse the two persons, and bestow in their imaginations the beauty of the aunt on the niece. Looking on the tomb of Shāhjahān, one cannot but remember that, either by the dagger or the bow-string, he dispatched all the males of the house of Timūr, so that he himself and his children only remained of the posterity of Baber, who conquered India.

In former times no Musulmān was allowed to enter the Tāj,

but with a bandage over his eyes, which was removed at the grave where he made his offerings. The marble floor was covered with three carpets, on which the feet sank deeply, they were so soft and full. Pardas (screens) of silk, of fine and beautiful materials, were hung between all the arches. Chandeliers of crystal, set with precious stones, hung from the ceiling of the dome. There was also one chandelier of agate and another of silver: these were carried off by the Jāt Suruj Mul, who came from the Deccan and despoiled Agra.

It was the intention of Shāhjahān to have erected a mausoleum for himself, exactly similar to the Tāj, on the opposite side of the river; and the two buildings were to have been united by a bridge of marble across the Jumna. The idea was magnificent; but the death of Shāhjahān took place in 1666, while he was a prisoner, and ere he had time to complete his own monument.

The stones were prepared on the opposite side of the Jumna, and were carried off by the Burtpoor Rajah, and a building at Deeg has been formed of those stones. A part of the foundation of the second Tāj is still standing, just opposite the Tāj Mahul.

An immense space of ground is enclosed by a magnificent wall around the Tāj, and contains a number of elegant buildings, surrounded by fine old trees, and beds of the most beautiful flowers; the wall itself is remarkable, of great height, of red stone, and carved both inside and outside.

The Kālūn Darwāza, or great gateway, is a fine building; the four large and twenty-two smaller domes over the top of the arched entrance are of white marble; the gateway is of red granite, ornamented with white marble, inlaid with precious stones.

From the second story is a fine view of the Tāj itself, to which it is directly opposite. I sat in this superb gateway some time, looking at the durwān's snakes; he keeps, as pets, cobra de capellos, caught in the gardens of the Tāj. There are four rooms in this gateway, in which strangers, who are visitors, sometimes live during the hot weather.

A long line of eighty-four fountains runs up through the centre of the garden from this gateway to the tomb itself, eighty of which are in perfect order. Twenty-two play in the centre of the garden; ten are on the sides of the tomb in the courts before the Masjids, and the rest run up in the line from the gate to the tomb. The water is brought across a fine aqueduct from the Jumna. Of an evening, when the fountains are playing, and the odour of exotic flowers is on the air, the fall of the water has a delightful effect, both on the eye and ear: it is really an Indian paradise.

Feb. 1st.—A fair, the melā of the Eed, was held without the great gateway; crowds of gaily-dressed and most picturesque natives were seen in all directions passing through the avenue of fine trees, and by the side of the fountains to the tomb: they added great beauty to the scene, whilst the eye of taste turned away pained and annoyed by the vile round hats and stiff attire of the European gentlemen, and the equally ugly bonnets and stiff and graceless dresses of the English ladies. Besides the melā at the time of the Eed, a small fair is held every Sunday evening beyond the gates; the fountains play, the band is sent down occasionally, and the people roam about the beautiful garden, in which some of the trees are very large and must be very ancient.

A thunderbolt has broken a piece of marble off the dome of the Tāj. They say during the same storm another bolt fell on the Mootee Masjid, in the Fort, and another on the Jamma Musjid at Delhi.

The gardens are kept in fine order; the produce in fruit is very valuable. A great number of persons are in attendance upon, and in charge of, the tomb, the buildings, and the garden, on account of the Honourable Company, who also keep up the repairs of the Tāj.

At this season the variety of flowers is not very great; during the rains the flowers must be in high perfection. The mālī (gardener) always presents me with a bouquet on my entering the garden, and generally points out to my notice the wall-flower as of my country, and not a native of India.

All the buildings in the gardens on the right are fitted up for the reception of visitors, if strangers: they are too cold at this time of the year, or I would take up my abode in one of the beautiful burj (turrets) next to the river.

The two jāmma khānas are beautiful buildings, on each side of the tomb, of red stone, carved outside, and ornamented with white marble and precious stones. One of them is a masjid: the domes are of white marble; the interior is ornamented with flowers in white chūnā and carved red stone. One of the burj near the masjid contains a fine bā'olī (well). The four burj at each corner of the enclosure are of the most beautiful architecture, light and graceful; they are of the same fine red stone, and the domes are of white marble. From the one generally used as a residence by visitors to the tomb, the view of the Tāj, the gardens, the river, and the Fort of Agra beyond, is very fine. During the rains the river rises, and flows against the outer wall that surrounds the gardens. The view from the river of this frost-work building, the tomb, is beautiful: the fine trees at the back of it, the reflection of its marble walls, and of the two jāmma khānas, with that of the elegant bastions or towers in the stream is very lovely.

The fretwork appearance of the Tāj is produced by the quantity of carving on the white marble, which is also ornamented externally with inlaid Arabic characters, and precious stones worked into flowers, around the arches and the domes. The marble is cleaned every year, and kept in a state of perfect purity and repair. Constant attention is requisite to remove the grass and young trees that shoot forth in any moist crevice: the birds carry the seeds of the peepul-tree to the roofs, and the young trees shoot forth, injuring those buildings that are in repair, while they impart great beauty to ruins.

Beyond the Great Gate, but still within the enclosure of the outer wall of the Tāj, are the tombs of two begams, erected by Shāhjahān. The sarcophagus over the remains of the Fathīpooree Begam is of white marble, carved very beautifully: its pure white marble, without any inlaid work or mosaic, is particularly to be admired. The building which contains it is of

the lightest and most beautiful architecture, and of carved red stone; the dome of plain white marble.

On the other side the enclosure, to correspond with this tomb, is that of the Akbarābādee Begam. The building of red carved stone, the dome of white marble; the floor and the sides of the apartment that contains the sarcophagus are of white marble. The latter is beautifully inlaid with precious stones. On the top of the upper slab is a sort of royal coronet of precious stones, inlaid on the marble.

Both these tombs are in tolerable preservation from being within the enclosure of the walls of the Tāj.

In speaking of the red-stone of which the buildings are formed, let it not be supposed it is of a red, like the flaming and varnished red in the pictures by the native artists. The red granite is of a sober and dingy reddish colour, and looks very handsome in buildings; the stones are very large, and generally beautifully carved; they are of three sorts: the first is of pure red granite, the second mottled with white spots, and the third sort streaked with white; all very handsome in architecture. I brought away a bit of the fallen ornament of red granite from the tomb of the Akbarābādee Begam as a specimen. The same granite is in quantities in the quarries at Futtehpoor Sickri. The buildings in the old city of Agra are of the same material, and some of them, which must be very ancient, are of this highly-carved red freestone.

I laid an offering of rupees and roses on the cenotaph of Arzumund Banoo, which purchased me favour in the eyes of the attendants. They are very civil, and bring me bouquets of beautiful flowers. I have stolen away many times alone to wander during the evening in the beautiful garden which surrounds it. The other day, long after the usual hour, they allowed the fountains to play until I quitted the gardens.

Can you imagine any thing so detestable? European ladies and gentlemen have the band to play on the marble terrace, and dance quadrilles in front of the tomb! It was over the parapet of this terrace a lady fell a few months ago, the depth of twenty feet, to the inlaid pavement below. Her husband beheld this

dreadful accident from the top of the minaret he had just ascended.

I cannot enter the Tāj without feelings of deep devotion: the sacredness of the place, the remembrance of the fallen grandeur of the family of the Emperor, and that of Asaf Jāh, the father of Arzumund Banoo, the solemn echoes, the dim light, the beautiful architecture, the exquisite finish and delicacy of the whole, the deep devotion with which the natives prostrate themselves when they make their offerings of money and flowers at the tomb, all produce deep and sacred feelings; and I could no more jest or indulge in levity beneath the dome of the Tāj, than I could in my prayers.

THE KALUN DARWĀZA.

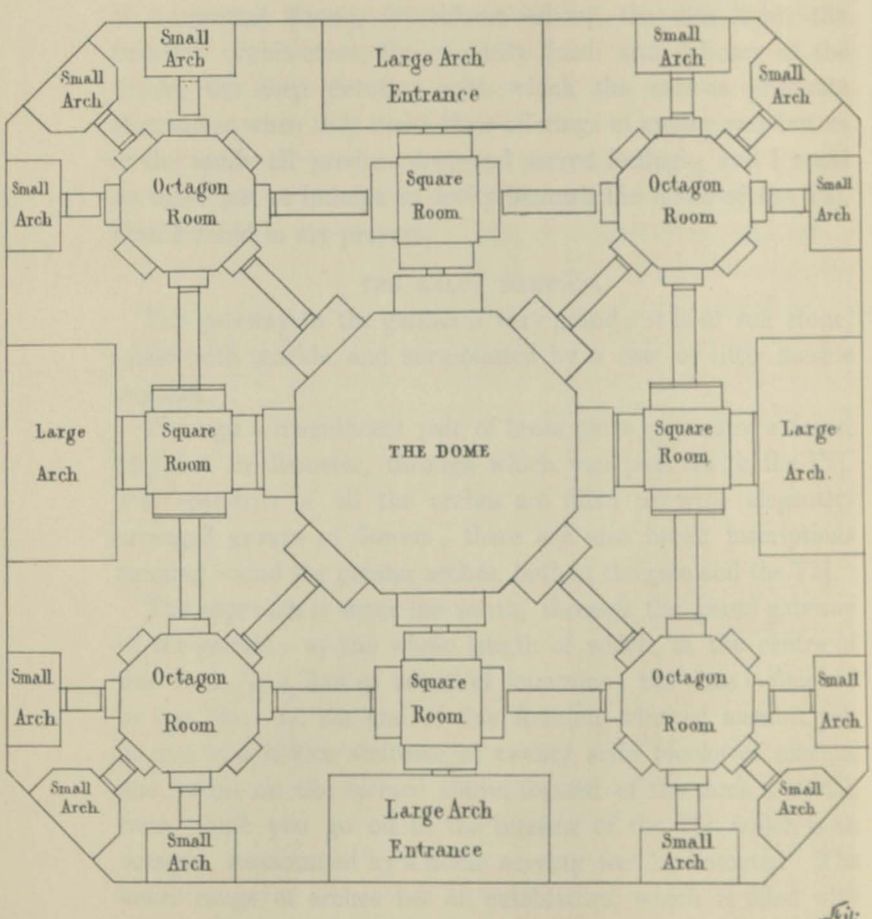
The gateway to the garden is very grand; it is of red stone, inlaid with marble, and surmounted by a row of little marble cupolas.

Through a magnificent pair of brass gates you enter a dome, fifty feet in diameter, through which you pass on to the Tāj. The spandrils of all the arches are filled up with elegantly-arranged groups of flowers; there are also broad inscriptions running round the greater arches, both at the gate and the Tāj.

The approach is from the south, through the grand gateway of the garden; up the whole length of which, in the centre of fine trees, is a line of beautiful fountains; the vista is finished by the Tāj. At the end of this fountain-adorned avenue, you ascend by a hidden staircase of twenty solid blocks of marble, and arrive on the terrace above, formed of the same material, from which you go on to the interior of the Tāj, which is an octagon, surmounted by a dome seventy feet in diameter. The lower range of arches has an entablature, which is filled with extracts from the Kur'ān inlaid in black marble.

GROUND PLAN OF THE TOMB OF THE TĀJ.

The general form of the building is square, with the angles cut off, each front having a large elliptic gothic arch (with a very deep recess) in the centre; and the two wings have each two smaller arches, one above the other, and recessed in the same



Ground Plan of the Tomb of the Tāj.

manner as the larger ones; the obtuse angles are divided in the same way, and appear to belong commonly to each of the four fronts, as you happen to stand opposite them. The whole is surmounted by the great dome, surrounded with four smaller ones. Strangers, when visiting the Tāj, are so much occupied in viewing the centre apartment, which contains the tombs, that they often omit visiting the eight rooms that surround that central apartment; four of which are of square, and four of octagonal form; on the upper floor are eight rooms of a similar description. The ground plan annexed I copied from an original plan, shown to me at the tomb.

It covers an area of two hundred feet square, upon a terrace of white marble, about twenty feet above the one of stone, and three hundred and fifty feet square. At each angle is a minaret upon an octagonal base, eighty feet in circumference: the bottom of the shaft is twenty feet in diameter, so that I should think the minarets are at least one hundred and fifty feet high. The minarets, of white marble, inlaid with precious stones, are specimens of the most beautiful architecture it is possible to imagine. Lastly; the stone or lower terrace extends on each side of the Tāj, and is finished by a mosque on each side, and four beautiful octagonal bastions, surrounded by dark red stone verandahs, covered with elegant marble domes. The whole extent of the lower terrace is, I should say, full nine hundred feet; the pavement is inlaid with black and white marble.

The Tāj was twelve years in building; two lākhs per annum were allowed to keep it in order, and support the establishment of priests and servants. It is situated on the western bank of the Jumna, three miles from the town of Agra; it is nineteen yards square; and the dome about seventy feet in diameter: the stones used in the mosaic are:—

1 Lapis Lazuli.
2 Jasper.
3 Heliotrope.
4 Calcedony agate.
5 Calcedony.
6 Cornelians.
7 Moss agate.
8 Plasma, or quartz, or chlorite.
9 Yellow and striped marbles.
10 Clayslate.
11 Nephrite.
12 Shells—limestone, yellow, and variegated.

A single flower in the screen sometimes contains one hundred stones, exactly fitted, forming a correct representation; many hundred flowers have equal numbers. It is impossible to estimate the cost: the most valuable materials were furnished by the sūbadārs of provinces.

Tavernier, who saw this building commenced and finished, asserts, that it occupied twenty thousand men for twenty-two years. The mausoleum itself, and all the buildings that pertain to it, cost 3,17,48026,—three crore, seventeen lākhs, and forty-eight thousand and twenty-six rupees; or, £3,174,802,—three millions, one hundred and seventy-four thousand, eight hundred and two pounds sterling. Colonel Sleeman, in his "Rambles of an Indian Official," remarks,—"This magnificent building, and the palaces at Agra and Delhi, were, I believe, designed by Austin de Bordeux, a Frenchman of great talent and merit, in whose ability and integrity the Emperor placed much reliance. He was called by the natives Oostan Eesau Nadir ol Asur, the Wonderful of the Age; and, for his office of nuksha nuwees, or plan-drawer, he received a regular salary of one thousand rupees a month, with occasional presents, that made his income very large. He died at Cochin, on his way back from Goa, whither he had been sent by the Emperor; and is supposed to have been poisoned by the Portuguese, who were extremely jealous of his influence at court. Oostan Eesau, in all the Persian accounts, stands among the salaried architects.

Beyond the gate, *outside* the walls, is the tomb of the Simundee Begam, built by Shāhjahān; the place is in ruins. A cowherd feeds his cattle on the marble pavement within the tomb; and sacrilegious hands have picked out all the precious stones with which the white marble sarcophagus was inlaid. The same royal coronet adorns this grave: the masjid, close to it, which is in ruins, is of carved red granite, ornamented with white marble, and surmounted by three white marble domes. The tomb is of red granite, with a white marble dome.

Beyond the outer gate, to the right, is a masjid belonging to the tomb of the Fathīpooree Begam, built of red carved granite, now in ruins: within, a number of young natives were

winding and twisting silk; the bright red and golden-coloured silks gleamed in the light,—a curious contrast to the ruin of sober red granite.

A short distance beyond is the Sitee Khānam, which, as well as the masjid opposite, was built by Shāhjahān; it is of red granite, the dome is also of the same material,—unlike the other tombs, of which the domes are of white marble: the interior is of white marble, and contains the graves of two sisters. The graves are of slightly-carved white marble, with coronets of an inferior sort carved on the upper slab; probably they were attendants or dependents on the Begam.

The erection of the Tāj was the most delicate and elegant tribute, and the highest compliment, ever paid to woman.

And now adieu!—beautiful Tāj,—adieu! In the far, far West I shall rejoice that I have gazed upon your beauty; nor will the memory depart until the lowly tomb of an English gentlewoman closes on my remains.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PLEASANT DAYS IN AGRA.

The Fort—The Mosque of Pearl—The Jahāngeeree Mahul—Mher-ul-Nissa—Selīm Ghar—The Palace in the Fort—The Dewanī Khas—Noor-jahān Burj—Zenāna Masjid—The Shīsha-Mahal—Hall of Audience—The Vault of Secret Murder—The Black Marble Slab—The Throne of Akbar—The Steam Baths—The Worship of the Rising Sun—View from the Bridge of Boats on the Jumna.

1835, *Feb. 3rd.*—I visited the Fort: one I particularly admire; it is perfectly native. An engineer will perhaps say it wants the strength of an European fortification. An admirer of the picturesque, it pleases me better than one more regularly and scientifically built. There are two gateways; the principal one is called the Delhi Gate, and to the second, named after the Rajah Umrāo Sing, is attached a tradition. Akbar demolished the old Fort of Agra, and replaced it in four years by one of red freestone. It contains innumerable buildings of high interest, among which, its brightest ornament, is the

MOOTEE MASJID, THE MOSQUE OF PEARL.

From the gate of entrance you do not expect to see much, the mosque being completely hidden by a high screen of stone. Having passed the gate, you find yourself in a court of marble one hundred and fifty feet square. On the opposite side is the mosque itself; its seven arches of Gothic mould are surmounted by three domes, of oval form, and nine cupolas; the interior is formed of arches, three in depth. The mosque fills up one side of the court; on the right and left are ranges of arcades and

two gateways. It is built entirely of white marble, finely carved; the arches are deeply scalloped, and extremely beautiful. Next to the Tāj, I prefer the Mootee Masjid to any building I have seen. It was built by Shāhjahān, and completed in the year 1656. It is in good repair, but is seldom used as a place of worship. It has no ornamental work in mosaic of precious stones, but is elegant and lovely in its simplicity.

The Jahāngeeree Mahul, or Palace of Jahāngeer, which is in the Fort, was built by Akbar; the whole is of red freestone, richly carved, but greatly in decay. I viewed this palace with the greatest interest, thinking it might be the one in which Jahāngeer confined the beautiful Mher-ul-Nissa, the Sun of Women, for four years, ere she became his favourite sultana. History relates, that Selim, the son of Akbar, in his youth, ere he took the pompous title of Jahāngeer, the Conqueror of the World, beheld and became enamoured of Mher-ul-Nissa, the betrothed of Sher Afgan, a Turkomanian nobleman of high renown, whom she afterwards married. He was a man who had served with great reputation in the wars of Akbar, and was dignified by the title of Sher Afgan, or the Overthrower of the Lion.

The passion which Jahāngeer had repressed returned with redoubled violence when he mounted the throne, and after several ineffectual attempts to take the life of Sher Afgan, he at length succeeded. The brave man, after a noble resistance, fell, six balls having entered his body. The officer who, by the command of the Emperor, had committed this murder, hastened to the house of Sher Afgan, and sent Mher-ul-Nissa, with all imaginable care, to Delhi. The Emperor's mother received her with great tenderness, but Jahāngeer refused to see her; probably remorse had taken possession of his soul. Be that as it may, he gave orders to shut her up in one of the worst apartments of the palace. He would not deign to behold her; and, contrary to his usual munificence to women, he allowed her but fourteen ānās, less than two shillings a day, for the subsistence of herself and some female slaves. This coldness, unless the offspring of remorse, was unaccountable towards

a woman whom he had passionately loved when not in his power.

Mher-ul-Nissa was a woman of haughty spirit, and disappointment preyed upon her mind; she trusted to the amazing power of her own beauty, which, to conquer, required only to be seen; as the Emperor persisted in his refusal to see the widow of Sher Afgan, she had recourse to the following expedient: to raise her own reputation in the palace, and to support herself and her slaves with more decency than the scanty pittance allowed her would admit, she called forth her invention and taste, in working some pieces of admirable tapestry and embroidery, in painting silks with exquisite delicacy, and in inventing female ornaments of every kind; these articles were carried by her slaves to the different apartments of the zenāna, and to the harems of the great officers of state. They were bought with the greatest avidity; nothing was fashionable amongst the ladies of Agra and Delhi but the work of her hands. She accumulated by this means a considerable sum of money, with which she repaired and beautified her apartments, and clothed her slaves in the richest tissues and brocades; whilst she herself affected a very plain and simple dress.

In this situation the widow of Sher Afgan continued for four years, without having once seen the Emperor. Her fame reached his ears from every apartment of the zenāna, and from all quarters: curiosity vanquished his resolution; he resolved to surprise her, and suddenly and unexpectedly entering her apartments, found every thing so elegant and magnificent that he was struck with amazement. But the greatest ornament of the whole was the beautiful Mher-ul-Nissa herself, in a plain dress of white muslin, whilst her slaves were attired in rich brocades. She received the Emperor with the usual salām, touching first the ground, and then her forehead, with her right hand; she was silent, and stood with downcast eyes. Jahāngeer remained equally silent for some time, in admiration of her stature, shape, beauty, grace, and that inexpressible voluptuousness of mien, he found impossible to resist.

On recovering from his confusion, he seated himself; and,

placing her by his side, inquired, "Why this difference between the Sun of Women and her slaves?" She very shrewdly replied, "Those born to servitude must dress as it shall please those whom they serve; these are my servants, and I lighten the burthen of bondage by every indulgence in my power: but I, who am your slave, O Emperor of the World, must dress according to your pleasure, and not my own." In spite of the sarcasm, Jahāngeer, greatly pleased, took her in his arms; and the next day a magnificent festival was ordered to be prepared, for the celebration of his nuptials with the widow of Sher Afgan. Her name was changed by edict into Noor-Mahul, the Light of the Harem. The Emperor's former favourites vanished before her, and during the rest of the reign of Jahāngeer she held the chief power in the empire. Her father was raised to the office of vizier, and her two brothers to the first rank of nobility; one of whom, Asaf-jāh, was the father of the Lady of the Tāj. Although Mher-ul-Nissa was anxious to become the Empress, she was innocent of any participation in the murder of her husband, Sher Afgan. A second edict changed her name to Noor-jahān, or Light of the World; to distinguish her from the other wives of the Emperor, she was always addressed by the title of Shahee or Empress. Her name was joined with that of the Emperor on the current coin; she was the spring that moved the great machine of state. Her family took rank immediately after the princes of the blood; they were admitted at all hours into the presence, nor were they secluded from the most secret apartments of the zenāna. During an insurrection, it is mentioned, that the Shahee, mounted on an elephant, plunged into the stream, with her daughter by her side; the latter was wounded in the arm, but Noor-jahān pressed forward; three of her elephant-drivers were successively killed, and the elephant received three wounds on the trunk; in the mean time she emptied four quivers of arrows on the enemy. The Rajpūts pressed into the stream to seize her, but the master of the household, mounting the elephant, turned him away, and carried her out of the river, notwithstanding her threats and commands. Such is the history that is recorded of the Light of the World,

which imparted a strong interest to my visit to the Jahāngīree Palace. Noor-jahān had one child, a daughter, by Sher Afgan, but no offspring by Jahāngeer.

THE SELĪM GHAR.

The Selīm Ghar was formerly a large building, but the outer part has been pulled down by the Honourable Company. One centre room of red granite still remains, in the style of the Jahāngīree Palace; it was built by Akbar, and, no doubt, was called Selīm Ghar after his son, ere he took the title of Jahāngeer.

THE PALACE IN THE FORT

contains magnificent buildings, which are all of white marble, and were erected by Shāh-jahān. The dewanī-khas, or hall of private audience, is a noble structure; the arches are beautiful; so is the building, which is of the same material, inlaid with coloured stones. In the interior, the roof and sides are beautifully and delicately ornamented with the representations of various flowers, beautifully combined, and formed of precious stones; the whole of the ornaments are also richly gilt. The apartments of the zenāna, which adjoin this building, are of white marble, exquisitely carved, and inlaid with precious stones, in the style of the mosaic work at the Tāj. These apartments were converted into a prison for Shāh-jahān, during the latter part of his reign. The central room is a fountain, which plays in, and also falls into a basin of white marble, inlaid with the most beautiful designs, so that the water appears to fall upon brilliant flowers.

The Noor-jahān burj, or turret of Noor-jahān, is of the same exquisitely carved marble, inlaid in a similar manner. In an apartment on the opposite side of the court the same style is preserved; the water here falls over an inlaid marble slab, which is placed slanting in the side of the wall, and, being caught, springs up in a fountain.

Some wretches of European officers—to their disgrace be it said—made this beautiful room a cook-room! and the ceiling, the fine marbles, and the inlaid work, are all one mass of black-

ness and defilement! Perhaps they cooked the sū'ar, the hog, the unclean beast, within the sleeping apartments of Noor-jahān,—the proud, the beautiful Sultana!

In this turret I took refuge for some time, from the heat of the noon-day sun. What visions of former times passed through my brain! How I pictured to myself the beautiful Empress, until her portrait was clear and well defined in my imagination: still, it bore an European impress. I had never entered the private apartments of any native lady of rank, and I longed to behold one of those women of whose beauty I had heard so much; I had seen two paintings of native women, who were very beautiful; but the very fact that these women had been beheld by European gentlemen, degraded them to a class respecting which I had no curiosity. I was now in the deserted zenāna of the most beautiful woman recorded in history; and one whose talents and whose power over the Emperor, made her, in fact, the actual sovereign; she governed the empire from behind the parda. The descendants of Jahāngeer, in their fallen greatness, were still at Delhi; and I determined, if possible, to visit the ladies of the royal zenāna now in existence.

The zenāna masjid, a gem of beauty, is a small mosque, sacred to the ladies of the zenāna, of pure white marble, beautifully carved, with three domes of the same white marble.

The shīsha-mahal, or house of glass, is both curious and elegant, although the material is principally pounded tālc and looking-glass. It consists of two rooms, of which the walls in the interior are divided into a thousand different panels, each of which is filled up with raised flowers in silver, gold, and colours, on a ground-work of tiny convex mirrors! The idea it impresses on the mind is that of being inside some curiously worked and arched box, so unlike is the apartment to a room! The roof reminds you of the style of ceiling that prevailed during the time of Louis the XIV., and resembles the ceilings at Versailles. Pounded mica has the effect of silver. Fronting the entrance, in the second room, are three rows of niches for lights, and below, standing forward a little, there are more rows of marble niches for the same. From the top, the

water pours out, and falls in a broad sheet *over* the upper lights, and is received below in a basin, from which it again pours forth in another fall over the lower row of lights, so that you see the lights burning *behind* the falling waters. The waters are then received in a fountain, which springs high and sparkles in the glare, and then, running over a marble causeway, fills another beautifully carved white marble basin, from the centre of which springs another fountain, which is in the first apartment.

The lall petarah, or audience hall, is an immense hall, now used as an armoury.

I have just returned from an expedition that has taken a marvellous hold of my fancy. Yesterday Mr. C—— said that, if I would promise to pay the Shīsha-Mahal a visit, he would have it lighted up: the apartments are usually only lighted up to satisfy the curiosity of the Governor-general. I went with pleasure; the place was illuminated with hundreds of little lamps: there was not time to have the water raised from the river, or we should have seen the effect of the sheets of water pouring over and beyond the rows of lights in the marble niches. After viewing the Shīsha-Mahal, the effect of which was not as good as I had imagined it would be, Mr. C—— asked me if I should like to see the apartments under ground, in which the padshah and his family used to reside during the hot winds. We descended to view these tykkanahs and the steam-baths belonging to them. Thence we went by the aid of lighted torches to view a place that made me shudder. An officer examining these subterranean passages some time ago, observed, that he was within the *half* of a vault of an octagon shape, the other half was blocked up by a strong, but hastily formed wall. Tradition amongst the natives asserted, that within the underground passages in the Fort, was a vault in which people had been hanged and buried, but no one could say where this vault was to be found.

The officer above-mentioned, with great toil and difficulty, cut through a wall *eight feet in thickness*, and found himself in an inner vault of large dimensions, built of stone, with a high

and arched roof. Across this roof was a thick and carved beam of wood, with a hole in its centre, and a hook, such as is used for hanging people. Below and directly under this hole in the beam, and in the centre of the vault, was a grave; this grave he opened, and found the bangles (ornaments for the arms) of a woman. Such is the place I have just visited. My blood ran cold as I descended the steps, the torches burning dimly from the foulness of the air, and I thought of the poor creatures who might have entered these dismal passages, never to revisit the light of day. I crept from the passage through the hole which had been opened in the thick wall, and stood on the ransacked grave, or perhaps graves of secret murder. Close to this vault is another of similar appearance; the thickness of the wall has baffled the patience of some person who has attempted to cut through it; however, the officers who were with me this evening say they will open it, as well as a place which they suppose leads to passages under the city. An old sergeant who has been here thirty years, says he once went through those passages, but the entrance has subsequently been bricked up, and he cannot discover it: the place which it is supposed is the blocked-up entrance, through which he passed, will, they say, be opened to-morrow. Having seen this spot of secret murder and burial, I can believe any of the horrible histories recorded in the annals of the padshahs: only imagine the entrance having been blocked up by a wall *eight* feet in thickness!

Quitting the Fort, we drove to the Tāj: the moon was at the full, adding beauty to the beautiful; the Tāj looked like fairy frost-work, yet so stately and majestic. And this superb building—this wonder of the world—is the grave of a woman, whilst only a short distance from it, is the vault of secret murder,—the grave also of a woman! What a contrast! How different the destiny of those two beings! The grave of the unknown and murdered one only just discovered amidst the dismal subterraneous passages in the Fort: the grave of the other bright and pure and beautiful in the calm moonlight. The damp, unwholesome air of the vaults is still in my throat; we

were some time exploring and hunting for the passage, which, they say, leads to the temple of an Hindoo, who lives in the Tripolia; he will suffer no one to enter his temple, and declares the devil is there *in propriâ personâ*.

When I retired to rest on my charpāī, I found it difficult to drive away the fancies that surrounded me.

The walls of the Fort, and those buildings within it that are of carved red freestone, were built by Akbar: the marble buildings were erected by Shāhjahān.

The seat of the padshah is an immense slab of black marble, the largest perhaps ever beheld; it was broken in two by an earthquake. A Burā Bahādur, from this throne of the padshah, exclaimed, "I have come, not to succeed Lord Auckland, but Akbar!" The convulsion of the earth, that split in two the throne of black marble, could not have astonished it more than this modest speech—Allāhu Akbar![2]

In front, and on the other side of the court, is the seat of the vizier; a slab of white marble. The seat on which the padshah used to sit to view the fights of the wild beasts in the court below, is one of great beauty; the pillars and arches, of the most elegant workmanship, are beautifully carved; the whole plain and light.

The steam-baths are octagonal rooms below, with arched roofs; three of these rooms are of white marble, with inlaid marble pavements; and there is a fountain, from which hot water springs up from a marble basin. The baths in the apartments below the palace, which most probably belonged to the zenāna, were broken up by the Marquis of Hastings: he committed this sacrilege on the past, to worship the rising sun; for he sent the most beautiful of the marble baths, with all its fretwork and inlaid flowers, to the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth.

Having thus destroyed the beauty of the baths of the palace, the remaining marble was afterwards sold on account of Government; most happily, the auction brought so small a sum, it put a stop to further depredations.

At sunrise, from the Bridge of Boats, nothing can be more

beautiful than the view up and down the river: there are an hundred domed bastions jutting out from the banks amid the gardens and residences of the nobles of former days: the Fort, with its marble buildings, peeping over the ramparts; the custom house, and many other prominent objects; form a magnificent *tout ensemble.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

REMARKABLE BUILDINGS AROUND AGRA.

The House of the Wuzeer—The Jāmma Masjid—Tomb of Jahānārā Begam—The Tripolia—The Mahookma Masjid—The Madrissa—Etmad-od-Doulah Cheen-ke-Masjid—Rām Bagh—Syud Bagh—Secundra—The Chamber of Gold—Miriam Zemānee—Kos Minārs.

1835, *Feb.*—The residence of the Wuzeer close upon the Jumna, and without the walls of the Tāj, is a house now in ruins, with a large garden containing the tombs of the Wuzeer of Shāhjahān and of his family.

An Eastern writer says, "He rendered the field flourishing and fruitful: he passed through life with reputation and lustre; and when he sank into the grave, a cloud of sorrow obscured the face of the empire."

THE JAMMA MASJID,

Or great mosque, was built by Jahānārā, the favourite daughter of Shāhjahān and Arzamund Banoo. The princess Jahānārā (the Ornament of the World) was an unmarried lady, and devoted to religion. She is described as fourteen years of age when her father mounted the throne; sensible, lively, generous, elegant in person, and accomplished in mind. Her influence over her father was unbounded.

The Masjid is a fine mass of building of red carved granite; the court and fountains handsome. The three domes, with their peculiar adornments, are beautifully formed; they are inlaid with red granite and white marble. This immense masjid is very handsome: over the doors are Arabic characters in black

and white marble, and the outside is ornamented with the same. Within it is ornamented with chūnā and white marble. The workmanship cost five lākh, and the time it took in building was five years. The stones and marbles were sent from different Dependents as presents to the princess. The masjid was much shaken forty years ago by an earthquake, which also did injury to the Tāj.

The Jāts from the Deccan, who were in Agra about ten years, despoiled this masjid: they were expelled by the Vukeel of the Delhi Padshah. There are three domes on the roof, and four burj at the corners. In the court of this mosque the sixtieth regiment of Native Infantry saw some fighting some thirty-three years since, and the old place certainly shows marks of hot work; however, they succeeded in taking it. From the top of this masjid you have a good view of the city of Agra, with Akbar's tomb at Secundra in the distance. This princess also made the garden called "Bagh Zaarrai" on the opposite bank of the Jumna.

About one mile east of the city (of Delhi) is the tomb of the celebrated Jahānārā Begam, eldest daughter of the emperor Shāhjahān, no less famous for her wit, gallantry, and beauty, than for her filial attachment in undergoing a voluntary confinement of ten years with her father in the castle of Agra. The tomb is of fine white marble, with a hollow space at the top, which was formerly filled with earth and flowers. At the head of the grave is a tablet of white marble, with an inscription in black characters; the slab is decorated at its corners with cornelians of different colours.

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بجز کیاه و سبزي نپوشد مزار ما
که قبرپوش غریبان همه کیاه و بس

الفقره العاجلت جهان ارا بیکم بنت شاه جهان مرید
خواجکان چستي

In English thus:

"Let no one scatter over my grave aught besides earth and verdure, for such is best befitting the sepulchre of one of an humble mind."

On the margin,

"The perishable fakīr, Jehanarai Begam, daughter to Shāhjahān, and disciple of the saints of Cheesty, in the year of the Hijerah 1094 [1]."

From the Delhi Gate of the Fort of Agra, which is grand and solid, but sadly disfigured by fanciful patterns in whitewash, you come to the Tripolia, so called from its three gates, I imagine, but it may be three any thing else. A low arcade of stone runs all round the area, and forms the Fort Bazār. It is built of red granite.

The Mahookma Masjid beyond the wall is remarkable for its five domes; it was built by Jahāngeer, and is now used as a Company's Godown (magazine of stores).

The Madrissa, a Muhammadan College, erected two years ago by the Government, is a handsome building.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF ETMAD-OD-DOULAH.

This tomb is situated on the opposite side of the Jumna: to arrive at it, you cross a bridge of boats. It is situated in a walled garden, to which there are four gateways of red granite ornamented with black and white marble. The building stands on a quadrangular terrace of white marble, on each side of which is a marble fountain. The tomb is of white marble inlaid with precious stones, and fretwork of the same material, both internally and externally. The roof is ornamented with four turrets and a sort of dome in the centre.

Chaja Aiass, a native of Tartary, of ancient family, was raised to the rank of absolute Wuzeer by Jahāngeer, under the title of Etmad-od-Doulah, after his marriage with his daughter, the beautiful Mher-ul-Nissa, the widow of Sher Afgan. The centre room in the tomb contains the sarcophagus of the Wuzeer and that of his wife, of yellow marble, carved. The walls of the room are of white marble, inlaid, the pavement of the same. The ceiling is a mass of the most curious, the most elaborate workmanship in gold and silver, and coloured flowers,

[1] Extract from Captain Franklin's Reign of Shah Aulam.

raised in compartments. What labour must have been bestowed on such a ceiling! The effect is rich, curious, and fairy-like. In one of the four apartments at the side is the tomb of his son, in another that of his daughter. The pavement is very handsome, of coloured and white marbles and precious stones, lapis lazuli, bloodstone, agate, &c. The place is quickly going to decay, no care whatever being taken of it further than to prevent any persons carrying off the marbles. The name of Etmad-od-Doulah is revered to this day in India, both on account of his own merits, and his being celebrated as the parent of the "Sun of Women."

THE CHEEN KE PADSHĀDĀNEE, KE MASJID,

Or the mosque of the Princess of China, is on the same side of the river as the tomb of the Wuzeer, situated to the left of the Bridge of Boats. It is built directly upon the river. The effect of the reflection of the brilliant porcelain enamel with which it is inlaid must have been most beautiful in the clear stream below. The building consisted of the tomb itself, on each side of which was a masjid, and beyond each masjid was a burj, as the natives call them, a pavilion or turret. These five buildings were all of the same brilliant enamel, like finely coloured porcelain—flowers in compartments, and Arabic inscriptions over the arched doorways. The interior was of the same work, mixed with much gold. As bits fall from the ceiling the natives melt them and sell the gold. Within the tomb are some sarcophagi which have been completely destroyed by the gardeners, who live within the tomb and tie their bullocks to the graves! When the sun shines on the outside of the building the remains of the porcelain dazzle the sight. The river flows by and washes the walls. A native boy offered to bring me some of his toys, bits of enamel which had fallen from the roof; but the father interposed, and rather angrily prevented his showing them; of course, on account of the value of the gold mixed up with the enamel. This place, they tell me, belongs to the Government, by whose order they say the ceilings have been sold to merchants in Agra, by which means the two

mosques and the two burj have been quite destroyed. To whom this monument and mosque belonged I could not discover. "When he died and when the worms ate him I know not [1]."

The Rām Bagh, adjoining this tomb, is a fine native garden, laid out, by the Empress Noor-jahān, in stone walks, terraces, temples, pavilions, and a building in the centre, on the side of the river.

Invalids come here to reside for the benefit of their health; I sat down under the shade of the fine trees, and spent some of the hottest hours of mid-day, reading the history of the mighty dead, and pondering over the fallen greatness of former days. It was cool and pleasant, and the scene a gay one: the garden was filled with gaily-dressed Hindoos, who came to visit the place during the fair that is annually held near the spot; the fruit sells for about one thousand rupees a year.

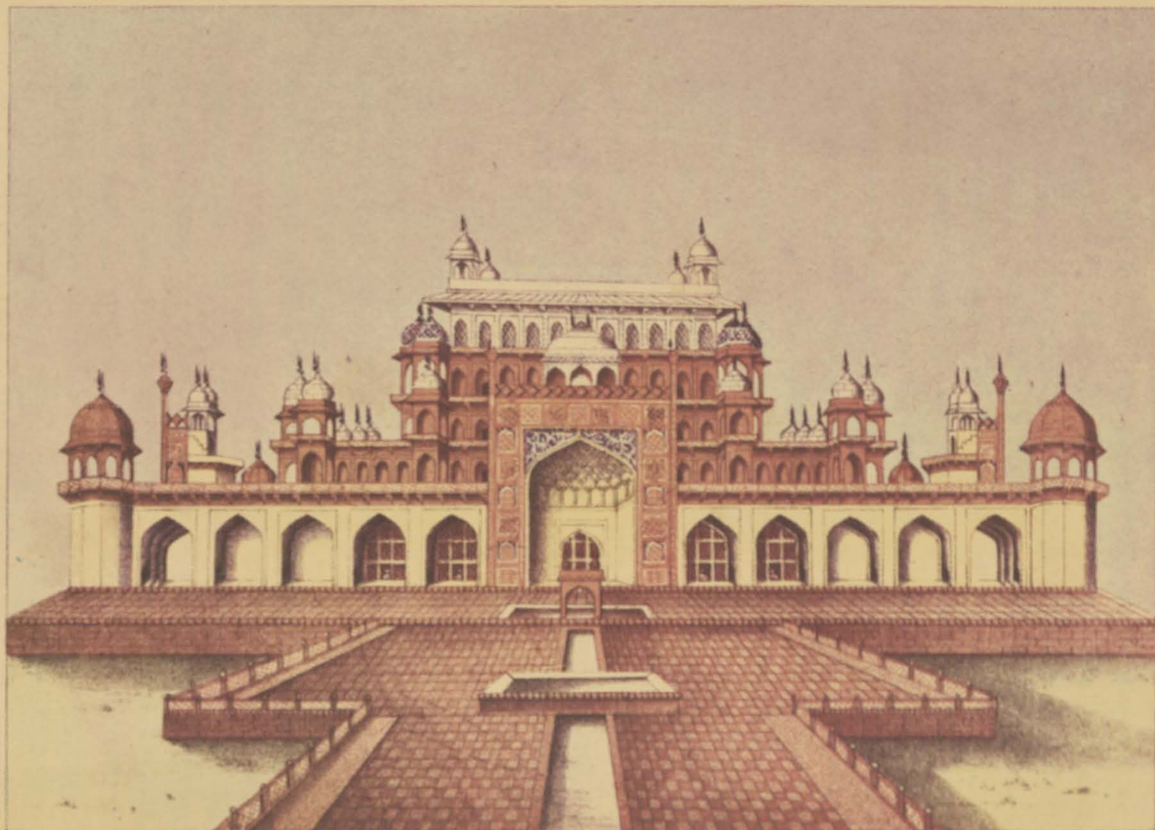
The Syud Bagh, a garden next to it, although in ruins, is a much finer one than the Rām Bagh: the pavilions on the river-side are remarkably beautiful, of richly-carved red granite; it was laid out by—*non mi ricordo.*

19*th.*—My husband having arrived dāk, with great delight I accompanied him to visit the Fort, and displayed for his benefit all my recently-acquired knowledge.

SECUNDRA.

As the burial-place of Akbar Shāh, this is the most interesting spot near Agra; and I accepted an invitation to spend the day there with much pleasure. The tomb is on the Delhi road, about seven miles from Agra; we drove there in the early morning. It is situated in a fine piece of park-like ground, encompassed by a high wall, filled with noble trees and fountains, —a quadrangle of forty acres. To this enclosure there are four gateways; the principal gateway is of red granite, richly carved, inlaid with ornaments in white marble, with inscriptions in the Persian character in black marble. The form of the gateway is reckoned very fine, and likely to be durable. It is very lofty,

[1] Oriental Proverbs and Sayings, No. 68.



THE TOMB OF AKBAR SHAH.

فینی پارکس

and the roof is ornamented by four shattered white marble minarets, one at each angle, which are all broken off about the centre; this appears like the effect of time or storm, but I have some idea that they were left in this unfinished state, for some particular reason.

Having passed the gateway, you proceed to the mausoleum, a magnificent pile of red granite, erected by Jahāngeer in memory of his father; the design of the building is most remarkable, and consists of a series of terraces, rising one above the other, until finished by one of white marble; all the arches of which are filled with lattice-work of different patterns. The terraces are ornamented with numberless small turrets, of the most beautiful shape; their domes of white marble, with the exception of eight, which are covered with enamelled porcelain. The sketch annexed was taken by Luteef, a native artist at Agra; it merely gives the outline of the building.

THE SONAHLĀ MAHAL.

On entering the building, the first apartment into which you are conducted is the sonahlā mahal, or Chamber of Gold. The sides and ceiling of this vaulted room are in compartments, ornamented with flowers raised in gold, in silver, and enamel; Arabic characters, in gold, are raised upon a blue ground; and the ornaments are of different coloured stones, and enamelled tiles, richly gilt. This chamber is thirty-four feet and a half square; the conjectured height thirty feet. From this a low, vaulted, narrow passage leads to the vault containing the sarcophagus, in which is deposited the remains of the mighty Akbar, covered with a plain marble slab, over which a lamp is kept continually burning. The tomb is seen as represented by Luteef, of Agra, in his sketch of the golden chamber, but not quite so distinctly. The length of the passage is thirty-five paces; the square vault thirty-seven feet and a half. The building is of red granite, until you reach the upper or marble terrace, which is four stories high; in the inside of which is a beautiful court-yard, with an arcade running round it. The pavement is of white and coloured marble, inlaid; at each angle is a white

marble turret, and the whole is surrounded by a screen of the most exquisitely carved fretwork in white marble. This terrace is entirely open to the winds and the sun, having no roof. The cenotaph in the centre is of white marble, beautifully carved in flowers; and inscribed in Persian characters are the "Now Nubbey Nām," the ninety-nine names or attributes of the Deity, from the Kur'ān. "Verily there are ninety-nine names of God; whoever remembers them shall enter into Paradise" At the head of the monument is inscribed "Allāhu Akbar!" carved in the Persian character; the whole is covered by a wretched chhappar or awning, which the old Muhammadan, who was in attendance, informed me was to protect the "*words of God*" from the rain; had he not told me this, I should have thought it was intended to protect the tomb from the weather.

A chiraghdānee (the place of a lamp), of white marble, finely carved, stands at the head of the grave. It is a tomb worthy of him who reposes beneath it. The unfortunate Emperors of Delhi! shadows of royalty! well may they look at the tomb of Akbar, and exclaim, "My dead are better than your living[1]."

The lower verandah of this building is immense; you may judge of its capacity, when I mention, it was once used as a barrack, and held a whole regiment of dragoons! Ten of the arches contain tombs; in one of them are two monuments of carved white marble; on the larger of the two is this inscription in Persian,—"This is the grave of Arām Banū." The tomb of the infant daughter, Asalut Banū, is at the side, which is of plain, undecorated marble; on the top of it is a hollow space, which used to be filled with milk. The followers of the prophet make a difference in the architecture of a tomb for a man or woman: on the slab of a man's tomb a portion is raised and finished with stone, on which there is often an inscription; the tomb of a woman is hollowed out at the top some few inches in depth, to receive earth, in which flowers are planted; and, for the water to run off, there is a small hole at the end. The first archway on the left contains the grave of Shuker Nisa Begam,

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 69.

another of the daughters of the Emperor; the pavement is inlaid, and the tomb of carved white marble. The second archway contains the tomb of Sultan Banū, in the same style as the former; the screens in front of the arches are of exquisite openwork in white marble.

The daughters of the Emperor were destined to remain single, there being no prince worthy of alliance with the family of Akbar. Jahāngeer married the Jodh Baee, the daughter of Rao Sing of Bikaner; she was the mother of Shāhjahān; her tomb is at Secundra. The natives call the garden Bihishtabād, or the Paradise. The Government keep this noble tomb in repair.

Our tents having been pitched under one of the fine trees in the garden, we partook of a most luxurious tiffin; and the wine, which was iced to perfection, proved very acceptable after the fatigues of the day.

In the cool of the evening we visited the tomb of Miriam Zumanee, one of the wives of Akbar: it is a large building of carved red granite, half a mile from the Emperor's monument. The sarcophagus is below; the cenotaph, of plain white marble, above in the open air; and the structure is ornamented with turrets of red granite. The whole is rapidly falling to decay.

Driving to Secundra, I observed two of the Kos Minār, which were erected by Akbar, at a distance of every two miles on the road from Agra to Delhi; one of them was in a very perfect state of preservation. As they will be mentioned hereafter, I will close this account of a pleasant day in the East.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

REVELATIONS OF LIFE IN THE ZENĀNA.

"WHOEVER HATH GIVEN HIS HEART TO A BELOVED OBJECT, HATH PUT HIS BEARD INTO THE HANDS OF ANOTHER[1]."

Invitation to Khasgunge—Kutchowra—The Zenāna—A Timoorion Princess—Opium-eating—Native Dishes—The Evening Party—The beautiful Begam—Musalmanī Attire and Ornaments.—Timūr-lung—Gold and Silver Beds—Atr of various sorts—Perfume of the Body of the Prophet—Dye for the Hands and Feet—Churees.

1835, *Feb.*—Khasgunge, the residence of my friend Colonel Gardner, is sixty miles from Agra: he wrote to me expressing a wish that I should visit him, and regretting he was too unwell to meet me at Agra, and conduct me to his house. I was delighted to accept the invitation, particularly at this time, as he informed me a marriage was to take place in his family which might interest me.

His grand-daughter, Susan Gardner, was on the eve of marriage with one of the princes of Delhi, and he wished me to witness the ceremony. I was also invited to pay a visit *en route* to his son, Mr. James Gardner, who was married to a niece of the reigning emperor, Akbar Shāh.

Was not this delightful? All my dreams in the Turret of Noor-māhāl were to be turned into reality. I was to have an opportunity of viewing life in the zenāna, of seeing the native ladies of the East, women of high rank, in the seclusion of their own apartments, in private life: and although the emperors

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 70.

of Delhi have fallen from their high estate, they and their descendants are nevertheless Timoorians and descendants of Akbar Shāh.

I know of no European lady but myself, with the exception of one, who has ever had an opportunity of becoming intimate with native ladies of rank; and as she had also an invitation to the wedding we agreed to go together.

21*st.*—We started dāk for Kutchowra, the residence of Mr. James Gardner. This is not *that* Kutchowra which yearly used to bring such treasure into the Company's coffers in boat-loads of cotton; but that Kutchowra which stopped and fought Lord Lake, and killed the famous Major Nairn of tiger-killing memory.

We arrived at noon the next day; Mr. James Gardner, whom I had never seen before, received us with much pleasure; his countenance reminded me of his father, whom, in manner, he greatly resembled; he was dressed in handsome native attire, a costume he usually wore.

His grounds contain two houses; the outer one, in which he receives visitors and transacts business, and the second, within four walls, which is sacred to the Begam, and has its entrance guarded night and day.

Mr. James Gardner married Nuwāb Mulka Humanee Begam, the niece of the emperor Akbar Shāh, and daughter of Mirza Sulimān Shekō (the brother of the present emperor), who lives at Agra.

I was taken to the zenāna gates, when three very fine children, the two sons and a daughter of Mr. James Gardner, and the princess, in their gay native dresses of silk and satin, embroidered in gold and silver, ran out to see the new arrival. They were elegant little creatures, and gave promise of being remarkably handsome. I was surprised to see the little girl at liberty, but was informed that girls are not shut up until they are about six years old, until which time they are allowed to run about, play with the boys, and enjoy their freedom. Quitting the palanquins, we walked across the court to the entrance of the zenāna; there we took off our shoes and left them, it being a point of etiquette not to appear in shoes in the

presence of a superior; so much so, that Mr. Gardner himself was never guilty of the indecorum of wearing shoes or slippers in the presence of his wife.

The Begam was sitting on a charpāī when we entered the apartment; when Mrs. B—— presented me as the friend of Col. Gardner, she shook hands with me, and said, "How do you do, kŭrow?"—this was all the English she could speak. The Begam appeared ill and languid: perhaps the languor was the effect of opium. I had heard so much of Mulka's wonderful beauty, that I felt disappointed: her long black and shining hair, divided in front, hung down on both sides of her face as low as her bosom, while the rest of her hair, plaited behind, hung down her back in a long tail.

Her dress consisted of silk pājāmas (full trowsers), over which she wore a pair of Indian shawls, and ornaments of jewellery were on her hands and arms. *En passant*, be it said that *ladies* in the East never wear petticoats, but full pājāmas: the ayhas, who attend on English ladies in the capacity of ladies' maids, wear the petticoat; but it is a sign of servitude, and only worn to satisfy the ideal delicacy of English ladies, who dislike to see a female servant without a petticoat. The moment an ayha quits her mistress, and goes into her own house, she pulls off the petticoat as a useless incumbrance, and appears in the native trowsers which she always wears beneath it.

The room in which the Begam received us was the one in which she usually slept; the floor was covered with a white cloth. She was sitting on a charpāī (a native bed); and as the natives never use furniture, of course there was none in the room.

Two or three female attendants stood by her side, fanning her with large feather fans; the others drove away the mosquitoes and flies with chaunrīs made of peacocks' feathers, which are appendages of royalty.

Some opium was brought to her; she took a great bit of it herself, and put a small bit, the size of half a pea, into the mouth of each of her young children; she eats much opium

daily, and gives it to her children until they are about six years old.

Native ladies, when questioned on the subject, say, "It keeps them from taking cold; it is the custom; that is enough, it is the custom."

If a native lady wish to keep up her reputation for beauty, she should not allow herself to be seen under the effect of opium by daylight.

When the Princess dismissed us from her presence, she invited us to pay her a visit in the evening; Mrs. B——, with whom she was very intimate, and to whom she was very partial, said,—"I trust, Mulka Begam, since we are to obey your commands, and pay you a visit this evening, you will put on all your ornaments, and make yourself look beautiful." The Begam laughed, and said she would do so. On our quitting the apartments, she exclaimed, "Ah! you English ladies, with your white faces, you run about where you will, like dolls, and are so happy!" From which speech I conjecture the princess dislikes the confinement of the four walls. She always spoke urdū (zaban-i-urdū), the court language, which is Hindostanee, intermixed largely with Persian; her manners were very pleasing and very ladylike. So much for the first sight of the Princess Mulka Begam.

The history I heard in the zenāna is as follows: Mulka Begam, the wife of Mirza Selīm, the brother of Akbar Shāh, was on a visit to her sister, the beautiful Queen of Oude; his Majesty fell in love with Mulka, and detained her against her will in the palace; Col. Gardner, indignant at the conduct of the King, brought Mulka from Lucnow, and placed her in his own zenāna, under the care of his own Begam. Marriages are generally dependant on geographical position; the opportunity Mr. James Gardner had of seeing the Princess, added to her extreme beauty, and the romance of the affair, was more than he could withstand; he carried her off from the zenāna[2] Col. Gardner was extremely angry, and refused to see or communicate with his son; they lived in the jungle for nearly two years. One day, Mr. James Gardner, who had tried every method to induce his father to be reconciled to him in vain, seeing him in a boat, swam after him,

and vowed, unless Col. Gardner would take him into the boat, he would perish: Colonel Gardner remained unmoved, until, seeing his son exhausted, and on the point of sinking, paternal feelings triumphed; he put forth his hand, and saved him. "Whatever a man does who is afflicted with love, he is to be excused for it[1]."

"Durd ishk-e kushīdu'um ki m ' purs
Zahir hijree chushīdu'um ki m ' purs"

"Hum ne dil sunum ko dya
Phir kissee ko kya?"

"I have felt the pain of love, ask not of whom:
I have felt the pangs of absence, ask not of whom:"

"I have given my heart to my beloved,
What is that to another?"

Mulka was divorced from Mirza Selīm, and legally married to her present husband. We dined with Mr. Gardner in the outer house; the dinner was of native dishes, which were most excellent. During the repast, two dishes were sent over from the Begam, in compliment to her guests, which I was particularly desired to taste, as the Timoorian ladies pride themselves on their cookery, and on particular occasions will superintend the making of the dishes themselves; these dishes were so very unlike, and so superior to any food I had ever tasted, that I never failed afterwards to partake of any dish when it was brought to me, with the mysterious whisper, "It came from within." It would be incorrect to say, "The Begam has sent it;" "It came from within," being perfectly understood by the initiated.

In the evening we returned to the zenāna, and were ushered into a long and large apartment, supported down the centre by eight double pillars of handsome native architecture. The floor of the room was covered with white cloth; several lamps of brass (chirāgh-dāns) were placed upon the ground, each stand holding, perhaps, one hundred small lamps. In the centre of the room a carpet was spread, and upon that the gaddī and

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 71.

pillows for the Begam; the gaddī or throne of the sovereign is a long round pillow, which is placed behind the back for support, and two smaller at the sides for the knees; they are placed upon a small carpet of velvet, or of kimkhwāb (cloth of gold); the whole richly embroidered and superbly fringed with gold. Seats of the same description, but plain and unornamented, were provided for the visitors. A short time after our arrival, Mulka Begam entered the room, looking like a dazzling apparition; you could not see her face, she having drawn her dopatta (veil) over it; her movements were graceful, and the magnificence and elegance of her drapery were surprising to the eye of a European.

She seated herself on the gaddī, and throwing her dopatta partly off her face, conversed with us. How beautiful she looked! how very beautiful! Her animated countenance was constantly varying, and her dark eyes struck fire when a joyous thought crossed her mind. The languor of the morning had disappeared; by lamplight she was a different creature; and I felt no surprise when I remembered the wondrous tales told by the men of the beauty of Eastern women. Mulka walks very gracefully, and is as straight as an arrow. In Europe, how rarely—how very rarely does a woman walk gracefully! bound up in stays, the body is as stiff as a lobster in its shell; that snake-like, undulating movement,—the poetry of motion—is lost, destroyed by the stiffness of the waist and hip, which impedes the free movement of the limbs. A lady in European attire gives me the idea of a German mannikin; an Asiatic, in her flowing drapery, recalls the statues of antiquity.

I had heard of Mulka's beauty long ere I beheld her, and she was described to me as the loveliest creature in existence. Her eyes, which are very long, large, and dark, are remarkably fine, and appeared still larger from being darkened on the edges of the eyelids with soorma: natives compare the shape of a fine eye to a mango when cut open. Her forehead is very fine; her nose delicate, and remarkably beautiful,—so finely chiselled; her mouth appeared less beautiful, the lips being rather thin. According to the custom of married women in the East, her teeth were blackened, and the inside of her lips also, with missee

(antimony); which has a peculiarly disagreeable appearance to my eye, and may therefore have made me think the lower part of her countenance less perfectly lovely than the upper: in the eye of a native, this application of missee adds to beauty. Her figure is tall and commanding; her hair jet black, very long and straight; her hands and arms are lovely, very lovely.

On the cloth before Mulka were many glass dishes, filled with sweetmeats, which were offered to the company, with tea and coffee, by her attendants. Mulka partook of the coffee; her hooqŭ was at her side, which she smoked now and then; she offered her own hooqŭ to me, as a mark of favour. A superior or equal has her hooqŭ in attendance, whilst the bindah khāna furnishes several for the inferior visitors. Mrs. Valentine Gardner, the wife of Colonel Gardner's brother, was of the party; she lives with the Begam.[3]

Mulka's dress was extremely elegant, the most becoming attire imaginable. A Musalmānī wears only four garments:—

Firstly, the angīya: a boddice, which fits tight to the bosom, and has short sleeves; it is made of silk gauze, profusely ornamented.

Secondly, the kurtī: a sort of loose body, without sleeves, which comes down to the hips; it is made of net, crape, or gauze, and highly ornamented.

Thirdly, pājāmas: of gold or crimson brocade, or richly-figured silk; made tight at the waist, but gradually expanding until they reach the feet, much after the fashion of a fan, where they measure eight yards eight inches! a gold border finishes the trowser.

Fourthly, the dopatta: which is the most graceful and purely feminine attire in the world; it is of white transparent gauze, embroidered with gold, and trimmed with gold at the ends, which have also a deep fringe of gold and silver.

The dopatta is so transparent it hides not; it merely veils the form, adding beauty to the beautiful, by its soft and cloud-like folds. The jewellery sparkles beneath it; and the outline of its drapery is continually changing according to the movements or coquetry of the wearer. Such was the attire of the Princess!

Her head was covered with pearls and precious stones, most gracefully arranged: from the throat to the waist was a succession of strings of large pearls and precious stones; her arms and hands were covered with armlets, bracelets, and rings innumerable. Her delicate and uncovered feet were each decorated with two large circular anklets composed of gold and precious stones, and golden rings were on her toes. In her nose she wore a n'hut, a large thin gold ring, on which was strung two large pearls, with a ruby between them. A nose-ring is a love token, and is always presented by the bridegroom to the bride. No single woman is allowed to wear one.

In her youth Mulka learned to read and write in Persian, but since her marriage has neglected it. Music is considered disgraceful for a lady of rank, dancing the same—such things are left to nāch women. Mulka made enquiries concerning the education of young ladies in England; and on hearing how many hours were devoted to the piano, singing, and dancing, she expressed her surprise, considering such nāch-like accomplishments degrading.

A native gentleman, describing the points of beauty in a woman, thus expressed himself:

"Barā barā nāk, barā barā ānkh, munh jaisa chānd, khūb bhāri aisa." A very very large nose, very very large eyes, a face like the moon; very very portly, thus!—stretching out his arms as if they could not at their fullest extent encircle the mass of beauty he was describing!

When a woman's movements are considered peculiarly graceful, it is often remarked, "She walks like a goose, or a drunken elephant." "One must behold Lailī with the eyes of Majnūn [1]."

Mr. Gardner has a fine estate at Kutchowra, with an indigo plantation: his establishment is very large, and completely native. I imagine he is greatly assisted in the management of his estate by the advice of the Begam: with the exception of this, she appears to have little to amuse her. Her women sit

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 72.

round her working, and she gives directions for her dresses. Eating opium and sleeping appear to occupy much of her time. Sometimes her slaves will bring the silver degchas and hāndīs (small caldrons and cooking pots) to her, and, guided by her instructions, will prepare some highly-esteemed dish, over charcoal in a little moveable fire-place, called an angethī.

Her husband, who is very proud of her, often speaks of her being a descendant of Timur the Tartar. Timurlane, as we call him, which is a corruption of Timurlung, or the lame Timur: he was a shepherd, and as he sat on the mountain one day watching his flocks, a fakīr came up, who, striking him on the leg, said, "Arise, and be King of the World." He did so, but was lame ever after from the blow. The Timoorians are remarkable for their long, large, and fine eyes. English dresses are very unbecoming, both to Europeans and Asiatics. A Musulmanī lady is a horror in an English dress; but an English woman is greatly improved by wearing a native one, the attire itself is so elegant, so feminine, and so graceful.

Mr. Gardner gave me a room within the four walls of the zenāna, which afforded me an excellent opportunity of seeing native life. At first the strong scent of atr of roses was quite overpowering, absolutely disagreeable, until I became reconciled to it by habit.

The Muhammadans, both male and female, are extremely fond of perfumes of every sort and description; and the quantity of atr of roses, atr of jasmine, atr of khas-khās, &c., that the ladies in a zenana put upon their garments is quite overpowering.

The prophet approved of scents: "Next to women he liked horses, and next to horses perfumes." Ja'bir-bin-Samurah said, "I performed noon-day prayer with his majesty; after that, he came out of the masjid; and some children came before him, and he rubbed their cheeks in a most kind manner with his blessed hand, one after another. Then his majesty touched my cheek, and I smelt so sweet a smell from it, that you might say he had just taken it out of a pot of perfumes."

Mulka Begam, and all the females in attendance on her,

stained their hands and feet with menhdī. Aa'yeshah said, "Verily, a woman said, 'O prophet of God! receive my obedience.' He said, 'I will not receive your profession, until you alter the palms of your hands; that is, colour them with hinà; for without it one might say they were the hands of tearing animals.'" Aa'yeshah said, "A woman from behind a curtain made a sign of having a letter; and his highness drew away his hand and said, 'I do not know whether this is the hand of a man or a woman.' The woman said, 'It is a woman's.' His highness said, 'Were you a woman, verily you would change the colour of your nails with hinà.'"

To the slave girls I was myself an object of curiosity. They are never allowed to go beyond the four walls, and the arrival of an English lady was a novelty. I could never dress myself but half a dozen were slily peeping in from every corner of the pardas (screens), and their astonishment at the number and shape of the garments worn by a European was unbounded!

Ladies of rank are accustomed to be put to sleep by a slave who relates some fairy tale. To be able to invent and relate some romantic or hobgoblin adventure, in an agreeable manner, is a valuable accomplishment. I have often heard the monotonous tone with which women of this description lulled the Begam to sleep. To invent and relate stories and fables is the only employment of these persons. The male slaves put their masters to sleep in the same fashion.

Native beds (charpāī) are about one foot high from the ground; people of rank have the feet of these couches covered with thick plates of gold or silver, which is handsomely embossed with flowers. A less expensive, but still a very pretty sort, are of Bareilly work, in coloured flowers; some are merely painted red, green, or yellow; and those used by the poor are of plain mango wood. From the highest to the lowest the shape is all the same, the difference is in the material and the workmanship; no posts, no curtains. The seat of the bed is formed of newār (broad cotton tape), skilfully interlaced, drawn up tight as a drum-head, but perfectly elastic. It is the most luxurious couch imaginable, and a person accustomed to the charpāī of India

will spend many a restless night ere he can sleep with comfort on an English bed.

A Musalmānī lady will marry an English gentleman, but she will not permit him to be present during the time of meals. Mr. Gardner and Mulka have three children, two boys and a girl; they are remarkably handsome, intelligent children, and appeared as gay and happy as possible. They always wore rich native dresses,—a most becoming style of attire. The name of the eldest is Sulīman, the second is William Linnæus, and the little girl is called Noshaba Begam.

When I retired to my charpāī, my dreams were haunted by visions of the splendour of the Timoorians in former days; the palace at Agra, and the beautiful Begam with whom I had spent the evening.

23*rd*.—Mr. Gardner proposed a chītā or cheeta hunt: he had a fine hunting leopard; we went out to look for antelopes; the day was very hot, we had no success, and returned very much fagged; Mrs. B—— was laid up in consequence with an ague. There was a fine elephant at Kutchowra, a great number of horses, and a few dogs.

The next morning I spent an hour with the Begam, and took leave of her; it is difficult to find her awake, she sleeps so much from opium. If you call on a native lady, and she does not wish to receive a visitor, the attendants always say, "The lady is asleep,—" equivalent to Not at home. Sometimes she employs herself in needle-work, and her attendants sit around, and net kurtīs for her on a sort of embroidery frame.

It may be as well to remark, that the opium given by the Begam to her children was remarkably fine and pure; grown in her own garden, and collected daily from incisions made in the pod of the deep red poppy.

On my departure, the Begam presented me with a beautifully embroidered batū'ā (a small bag) full of spices; it was highly ornamented, and embroidered in gold and silver, interwoven with coloured beads.

She wished me to put on churees, which are bracelets made of *sealing-wax*, ornamented with beads; they are extremely pretty,

but of little value. I consented, and the churees were put on in this manner: a churee, having been cut open with a hot knife, it was heated over a charcoal fire, opened a little—just enough to allow it to pass over the arm; it was then closed, and the two ends were united by being touched with a hot knife. I wore these churees until they broke and dropped off, in memory of my first visit to the zenāna.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LIFE IN THE ZENĀNA, AND CHĪTĀ HUNTING.

"TEN DURWESH MAY SLEEP UNDER THE SAME BLANKET, BUT TWO KINGS CANNOT EXIST IN ONE KINGDOM [1]."

"A CONTEMPORARY WIFE, THOUGH A HOORI, IS WORSE THAN A SHE DEVIL [2]."

Plurality of Wives—Intrigues and Hatred—Arrival at Khāsgunge—The Four Walls—Arwarī Shooting—The Pūtlī-nāch—The Lynx—Introduction to Colonel Gardner's Begam—The Morning Star—The Evening Star—The Nawab of Cambay—The beautiful Gardens—The Bara Deri—Rattler—Chītā Hunting—Antelopes—The sulky Chītā—Heera Sing—Chītā Hunting attended by native Ladies.

1835, *Feb.*—When a woman of rank marries, two female slaves are given with her, who are also the wives of her husband: this is so completely a custom it is never omitted: nevertheless, "The very voice of a rival wife is intolerable [3]."

A number of women are considered to add to a man's dignity: they add to his misery most decidedly. This custom being more honoured in the breach than the observance, was not put in force at the marriage of Mr. Gardner with Mulka Begam. "The malice of a fellow-wife is notorious [4]." It would only be surprising if such were not the case. "A contemporary wife is intolerable, even in effigy [5]." In native life the greatest misery is produced from a plurality of wives: they, very naturally, hate

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 73. [2] Ibid. 74. [3] Ibid. 75.
[4] Ibid. 76. [5] Ibid. 77.

each other most cordially, and quarrel all day. The children, also, from their cradles are taught to hate the children of the other wives; nevertheless, the following extract proves, that *she* is considered a wife worthy of praise, who loves the offspring of her husband and another woman:—

"A woman may be married by four qualifications; one, on account of her money; another, on account of the nobility of her pedigree; another, on account of her beauty; the fourth, on account of her faith: therefore, look out for a religious woman; but if you do it from any other consideration, may your hands be rubbed in dirt."—"The world and all things in it are valuable; but the most valuable thing in the world is a virtuous woman."—"The best women, that ride on camels, I mean the women of Arabia, are the virtuous of the Koreish; they are the most affectionate to infants, whether they be their own or their husband's by other women; and they are the most careful of their husband's property." The proverb is at variance with the opinion of the prophet, since the former asserts, "A contemporary wife may be good, but her child is bad [1]." As the means of power over their husbands, native women value their children very much, and are miserable if they have none.

A zenāna is a place of intrigue, and those who live within four walls cannot pursue a straight path: how can it be otherwise, where so many conflicting passions are called forth? If a man make a present to one wife, he must make a similar offering to all the rest, to preserve peace and quietness. The wives must have separate houses or apartments; were it not so, they would agree as well as caged tigers. The kur'ān permits a Musalmān to have *four* wives; the proverb says, "The man is happy who has no she goat [2]." Atàa records, that the prophet had *nine* wives; and from Safiah, who was the last of them who died, he wished to be divorced; but she said, "Keep me with your wives, and do not divorce me, peradventure I may be of the number of your wives in paradise."

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 78. [2] Ibid. 79.

Some authorities assert, that the prophet had eighteen wives: Atàa only mentions nine. To recompense his warlike followers for allowing them only four wives each, he gives them the mutâh marriage for any period they may choose with the wives of their enemies taken in battle.

In the beginning of Islàm, the followers of the prophet, the shī'as were allowed to marry for a limited time; this temporary marriage was called mutâh. "Verily the prophet prohibited, on the day of the battle of Khaiber, a mutâh marriage, which is for a fixed time, and he forbade the eating of the flesh of the domestic ass." "His highness permitted, in the year in which he went to Awtas, mut'ah for three days; after which he forbade it." At length a revelation came down which rendered every connexion of the sort unlawful for the faithful, "excepting the captives which their right hands possess."

If a woman of high rank and consequence has no heir, this farce is often played. The lady appears to expect one; she is fattened up in the same curious manner in which they fatten their horses: five or six low caste women, who really expect children about the same time, are secreted in the zenāna: when one of them is delivered of a son, the Begam takes it, the farce of an accouchement is acted, and the child is produced as the heir; the real mamma has 500 rupees (£50) given her,—and perhaps a dose of poison to secure her silence.

The father of Mulka Begam, the Huzūr Mirza Sulimān Shekō, the brother of the present Emperor of Delhi, resides at Agra, on a pension from Government; he has children innumerable, all young princes and princesses; there are, it is said, some forty of his children now alive, proud and poor. By Mulka's first marriage with Mirza Selīm, the second son of the present King of Delhi, she had three children. The first wife of the King of Oude is a sister of Mulka's, and is reckoned more beautiful than even Mulka herself.

24*th*.—We drove over to Khāsgunge, Colonel Gardner's residence, thirteen miles, over roads that were hardly passable. On our arrival, we found our dear friend seated on the steps in front of his house, with many gentlemen, both English and

native, around him. I thought I had never seen so dignified and graceful a person; he was dressed in a lubāda of red figured Indian shawl, the rest of the dress was English, but the style of the lubāda was particularly good, and suited to an old man; his half brother, Mr. Valentine Gardner, was with him, also an old nawāb from Cambay.[2]

Colonel Gardner has a fine estate at Khāsgunge; the outer house is dedicated to his friends and English acquaintance; within four high walls is the barā-deri, or pavilion, in the centre of the zenāna gardens, in which his begam resides.

Apartments were given to my husband and me in the outer house, where the English visitors resided. The dinners at first consisted of European, as well as native dishes; but the latter were so excellent, I soon found it impossible to partake of dishes dressed after the English fashion; and as all the guests were of the same opinion, Colonel Gardner had the kindness to banish European dishes from the table.

I must not forget to mention the arwarī fish, the finest and most delicious I ever tasted; the Kālā-naddī is famed for its arwarī, a sort of mullet; the fish delights to bask in the sun, floating on the surface of the water. Colonel Gardner kept two shīkarees (native sportsmen), for the purpose of shooting these fish; one man fired, and the other instantly plunged into the water, and brought out the fish that were killed or stunned. The Musalmāns object to eating fish having no scales; such fish was also forbidden to the Jews.

In the evening, the native mimics came to perform before us; they imitated Europeans very well, and mimicked the gentlemen of the party. A pūtlī-nāch was afterwards brought forward; I was surprised to see the natives, young and old, so eager and fond of this absurdity, until Colonel Gardner said, "The natives are madly fond of this pūtlī-nāch; indeed, it is all the English have left them of their former glory. You see, represented by puppets, Shāhjahān and all his Court and Durbar: one puppet is brought forward, and the manager, whilst it bows to the audience, relates the whole history of the minister whom it represents; giving a true account of his pedigree, riches,

influence, &c. At this moment, standing behind my chair, at a salary of four rupees a month, is the lineal descendant of one of the first lords in the Court of Shāhjahān. The managers of the show mix up infinite wit with their relation of events, and sarcasms on the English."

After this explanation, I could see the reason of the fondness of the old natives for this puppet-show, which before, in my ignorance, I had not comprehended. One by one every puppet is brought forward, and its history recounted. This evening fatigued me a good deal; we sat under the verandah to see the sights, the glare of the torches was painful to my eyes, and the noise made my head ache.

27th.—A lynx (the caracal), the property of Colonel Gardner, a most extraordinary looking beast, killed a goa samp: I was told, the animal catches crows by springing several feet into the air after them as they rise from the ground.

The cheeta, or chītā, (hunting leopard), killed two antelopes: some nāch girls danced and sang in the evening, and thus closed the day.

My husband, who had accompanied me to Khāsgunge, now took leave of Colonel Gardner, and returned to Allahabad, leaving me with our dear friend to witness the Muhammadan marriage ceremonies. My husband quitted us with regret, being obliged to depart on account of the expiration of his leave of absence.

Colonel Gardner married Nawab Matmunzel ool Nissa Begam, of the Cambay family; she resides in the house or pavilion within the four walls, with her relatives, attendants, and slaves. This morning the Begam sent word she would receive visitors in the evening; Colonel Gardner took me over, and introduced me to her as his adopted daughter; she rose and embraced me, putting her cheek to mine on each side the face, after the fashion of the French, and her arms around me: having received her guests, she sat down on her gaddī of purple velvet, embroidered with gold; and we seated ourselves on plain white gaddīs on either side.

The Begam is a very lively little old woman; she was mag-

nificently dressed in pearls, diamonds, and emeralds,—as many as it was possible to put on her little body; she wore a peshwāz, or very short full gown, with a tight body, made of red and gold Benares tissue; this is a dress of state; pigāmās of silk; and, over all, a dopatta of red and gold Benares tissue, which, as she sat, covered her entirely; and she looked more like a lump of glittering gold and crimson and pearls, than a living woman. A golden hooqŭ, with four nā'echas (snakes) was placed before her on a hooqŭ carpet of raised flowers, curiously cut out in paper. The room was covered with a carpet, over which white cloths were spread after the usual fashion, and the lamps all stood on the ground.

At the other end of the room sat fourteen slave girls, belonging to the Begam, who played on different instruments, whilst one or two of them nāched before us.

The ladies of the family were seated on the Begam's left hand.

There was Hinga Beebee Sāhiba, the widow of Allan Gardner, the eldest son of Colonel Gardner; her eldest daughter, Hirmooze, married Mr. Stuart William Gardner, an officer in the 28th Native Infantry, and son of Admiral Francis Gardner, a relative of Colonel Gardner's.

Her second daughter, Susan, generally called Shubbeah Begam, was not present; being engaged to be married to a young Prince of Delhi, she was kept in pārda. At her feet were the two daughters of James Gardner by a former marriage; the eldest, Alaida (the Morning Star), about fifteen years old, very fair, with a round pretty face; but her great charm was a remarkably sweet and interesting manner; she of them all was the one whom Colonel Gardner best loved; and indeed she was a sweet girl. Her younger sister (the Evening Star) was darker than Alaida, pretty and lively. They, like the Begam, had Tartar faces, in which the eyes are wide apart; but were both, nevertheless, very pretty and interesting girls.

Two English gentlemen, who were fond of native life, and fascinated with Khasgunge, requested me to mention to Colonel Gardner their wish to become of his family; I did so. Colonel

Gardner replied, "Shubbeah is engaged to the Prince:" but, said I, "Do you think she likes him?" "How little you know of the natives!" he replied; "it would be considered the greatest indelicacy for a girl to prefer one man to another, or to have seen the man to whom she is to be united. Tell Mr. —— I am flattered by his wish to be of my family, and would willingly give him my grand-daughter, but the Begam is bent on this *grand alliance*, as *she* considers it: I have withheld my consent for years; 'The house may be filled with the falling of drops[1];' *i. e.* continual dripping wears away stones. She has carried the point. I have been happy in my marriage, but I would not advise an European gentleman to marry a native lady. With respect to the proposals of the other gentleman, in a worldly point of view it would be a good match; but I do not like the man; I cannot bestow upon him the Morning Star."

Bānā Beebee Sāhiba was also there; in her younger days she must have been pretty; her liveliness she still retained.[3]

The guests smoked the hooqŭ, and ate pān; some very delicate pān was prepared for me, of which I partook for the first time, and rather liked it.

At the end of the evening, the Begam gave her guests liberty to depart; pān and atr of roses were presented to us; rose-water was sprinkled over us; we made salām in due form, and returned to the outer house.

The Begam has a guard of honour of forty men, who live at the entrance of the zenāna, and guard the gateway night and day.

I must not forget the old Nawāb of Cambay, the uncle of the Begam; he is quite a character, and a very singular one; he has visited England; he used to dine at the table with us, and would take sherry with the guests. When a lady was at table he would take sherry; if gentlemen only were present, the sherry was discarded for brandy: one day I observed he drank some white spirit, and found it was a strong spirit he himself distilled

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 80.

from different flowers: to my surprise, he used also to play backgammon. Natives have names and titles innumerable, of which his are a good specimen: Fakhr-ul-dawla Moomtaj ul Moolk Nawab Meer Momun Khan Bahadur Delme Delawor Jung.

Colonel Gardner's name is William Linnæus, so called after his godfather, the great botanist; he is himself an excellent botanist, and pursues the study with much ardour. His garden at Khāsgunge is a very extensive and a most delightful one, full of fine trees and rare plants, beautiful flowers and shrubs, with fruit in abundance and perfection; no expense is spared to embellish the garden: in the centre is a delightful pavilion, under the shade of fine trees. It is one of the pleasures of the Begam and her attendants to spend the day in that garden: guards are then stationed around it, to prevent intrusion. She is herself extremely fond of flowers, and, although not a botanist, after the European fashion, she knows the medicinal qualities of all the Indian plants, and the dyes that can be produced from them; and this knowledge is of daily account in the zenāna.

March 1st.—Took a gallop on a fine English horse, Rattler by name; being accustomed to ride Arabs, this great monster appeared like a frisky mountain under me.

2nd.—Mr. James Gardner invited us to return to his house at Kutchowra, that we might enjoy chītā hunting. We drove over, and in the evening some nāch women exhibited before us for our amusement.

3rd.—In the early morning I mounted a white pony, and we all rode out eight miles to breakfast in a tent which had been sent out over night. After breakfast the party got into the buggies.

We went directly across the country; there were no roads,—over banks, and through ditches, where it appeared a miracle we were not upset. We came to a deep, narrow, stone water-course: my companion said, "If you will get out of the buggy, I will leap the mare over; if I attempt to walk her over, she will be sure to get her foot in, and break her leg."

I got out accordingly; away went the mare; she took a leap at the drain, and carried the buggy over in excellent style. Buggies in India have the remarkable faculty of leaping, being accustomed to such freaks.

We arrived at the estate of a native gentleman, called Petumber, where, on the plain, we saw a herd of about three hundred antelopes, bounding, running, and playing in the sunshine; and a severe sun it was, enough to give one a brain fever, in spite of the leather hood of the buggy. The antelopes are so timid, they will not allow a buggy to come very near the herd; therefore being determined to see the hunt, we got out of the carriage and mounted upon the hackery (cart) on which the cheetā was carried, without even an umbrella, lest it should frighten the deer. The cheetā had a hood over his eyes and a rope round his loins, and two natives, his keepers, were with him.

I sat down by accident on the animal's tail:—O-o-o-wh, growled the cheetā. I did not wait for another growl, but released his tail instantly. The bullock hackery was driven into the midst of the herd. The bandage was removed from the eyes of the cheetā, and the cord from his body: he dropped from the cart and bounded, with the most surprising bounds, towards an immense black buck, seized him by the throat, flung him on the ground, and held him there. The keepers went up, they cut the buck's throat, and then they cut off the haunch of the hind leg, and, dipping a wooden spoon into the cavity, offered it full of blood to the cheetā. Nothing but this would have induced the cheetā to quit the throat of the buck. He followed the men to the cart, jumped upon it, drank the blood, and the men then put his bandage over his eyes. The haunch was put into the back of the cart, the reward for the animal when the hunting was over. The herd had passed on; we followed, taking care the wind did not betray our approach. The cheetā was leaning against me in the hackery, and we proceeded very sociably. Another herd of antelopes went bounding near us, the cheetā's eyes were unbound again, and the rope removed from his loins; a fine buck passed, we expected he

would instantly pursue it as usual, but the animal turned sulky, and instead of dropping down from the hackery, he put both his fore-paws on my lap and stood there two or three seconds with his face and whiskers touching my cheek. O-o-o-wh—O-o-o-wh, growled the cheetā!—my heart beat faster, but I sat perfectly quiet, as you may well imagine, whilst I thought to myself, "If he seize my throat, he will never leave it until they cut off my hind quarter, and give him a bowl of blood!" His paws were as light on my lap as those of a cat. How long the few seconds appeared whilst I eyed him askance! Nor was I slightly glad when the cheetā dropped to the ground, where he crouched down sulkily and would not hunt. He was a very fine-tempered animal, but they are all uncertain. I did not like his being quite so near when he was unfastened and *sulky*.

The next time I took care to get off the cart before the creature was freed from restraint. It is painful to witness a cheetā hunt, the beautiful antelope has so little chance of escape.

During the day, we killed three fine antelopes; the horns of one of them, remarkably large, with five turns on them, I brought to England. We rested under some trees by a well to partake of tiffin, when one of the party observed, "This wood and well are remarkable. Heera Sing, the father of Petumber, was a Thug, and made by Thuggee a large fortune. In this plantation and by the side of this very well his people used to wait for travellers, lure them to the shade and water to refresh themselves, strangle them, and cast their bodies into the well.

"After having amassed a fortune, Heera Sing repented, and gave orders that life should not be taken on his estate. He would not allow the antelopes to be killed; and his son having followed his example, accounts for the large herds of antelopes we have found here: it is an excellent preserve." We then returned home; I was almost dead with the heat, having been out in such a powerful sun during a drive of about thirty miles.

Mulka Begam sometimes goes out cheetā hunting in a native carriage, drawn by two magnificent bullocks, adorned with crimson housings, and their horns covered with plates of gold.

In this manner the princess can behold the sport, and enter into the amusement, while she is completely secluded from the profane eye of man.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FATHĪPOOR SICRI AND COLONEL GARDNER.

Pilgrimage of Akbar Shāh to Fathīpoor Sicri — Shaikh Selīm Cheestie — The Jodh Bā'ī—Birth of Selīm—The Tomb of the Saint—The Gateway—A Tradition—The Temple of Magic—The Zenāna—The Pachīsī Board—The Mint—Akbārābādee Rupees and Gold Mohurs—The Elephant Minār—A Child destroyed by a Wolf—Tomb of the Jodh Bā'ī—Agra built by Akbar—Sketches of remarkable Living Characters in India—Legality of a Marriage between a Christian and one of the Faithful—Colonel Gardner's Letter—Letter of Colonel Tod — Insult offered by Holkar — Colonel Gardner's Marriage—Tomb of Colonel Hessing—Cure of Influenza within the Four Walls—Death in a Steam-Bath.

1835, *March*.—The wedding having been deferred for a short time, I took the opportunity of returning dāk to Agra, having promised Colonel Gardner to be at Khāsgunge again in time to witness the ceremony. All this time my pretty pinnace had been awaiting my arrival. I determined to send her back to Allahabad with the cook-boat, and she sailed immediately. I also sent back the carriage and horses, keeping the buggy, Bokharu, the grey and black horse, to accompany me to Khāsgunge. The dāk trip gave me a severe cough and cold, and on my reaching Agra I was little fit for exertion. However, a party was proposed to visit Fathīpoor Sicri, formerly the residence of Akbar Shāh; my curiosity prevailed, and, notwithstanding my illness, I consented to accompany them.[1]

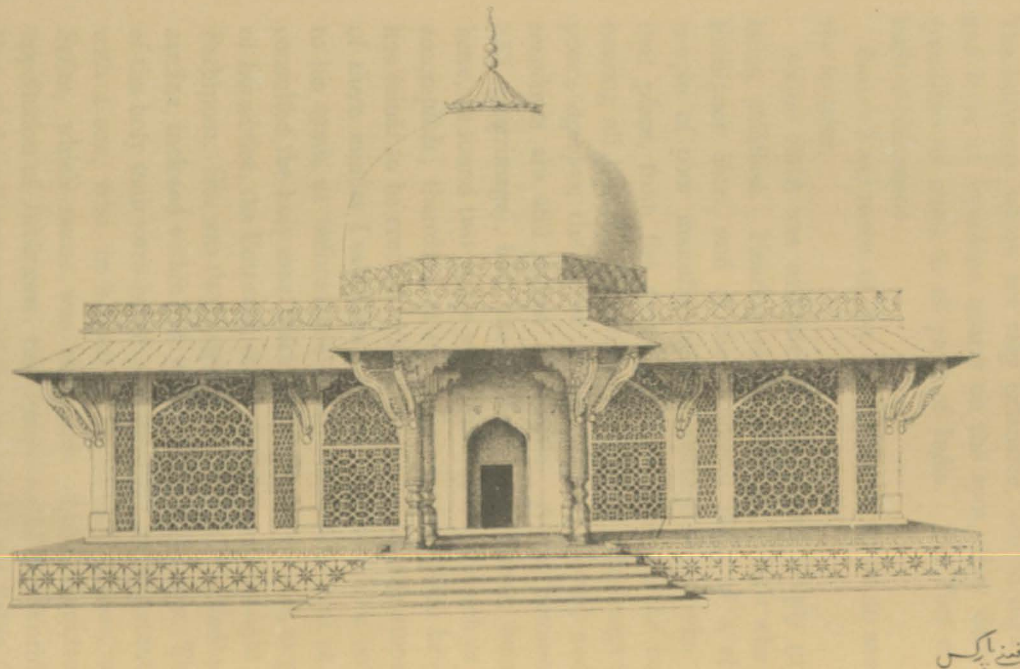
11*th*.—Chār vajr, barī fajr, *i. e.* four o'clock A.M., I was ready to start: the party of four dwindled to two, the others being laid up with influenza, and unable to quit their beds. My

relative, Mr. D——, drove me over: tents and provisions had been sent on before. In spite of my illness I was delighted with Fathīpoor Sicri. The gateway, with its superb flight of steps, is a beautiful object; it is built on a fine commanding site. The buildings, which are very extensive, are on high ground; and from an immense quarry on the spot, they daily convey quantities of stone to all parts of India. The Fort of Agra is built of this stone.

Before I say more of the place, I must relate an anecdote of the founder.

Akbar Shāh was extremely unhappy and deeply grieved at being childless. Hearing of the fame of a fakīr who lived at Fathīpoor Sicri, and of the wonderful birth of a child to a couple of poor manufacturers of pottery ware, who lived at that place, from the power of the prayers of the holy man: hearing all this, he determined to make a pilgrimage to Fathīpoor; *àpropos*, the house of the kumhār (potter) and his descendants are still shown to visitors. Akbar commenced his hājī (pilgrimage), but, like all the race of Timur, being rather lame, he found two miles a day (one kos) as much as he could accomplish; therefore, at every day's resting-place he ordered a kos minār to be erected, which now serve as mile-stones. Two of these minārs I saw between Agra and Secundra on my visit to his tomb, as before-mentioned. On his arrival at Sicri, he consulted the holy man Shāh Selīm Cheestie; and, in pursuance of his advice, the Empress, the Jodh Bā'ī, was brought to live at Fathīpoor. She was the daughter of Oodi Sing of Jodhpoor. Her zenāna, inclosed within four walls, is still to be seen. The prayers of the holy man were heard, and the Jodh Bā'ī presented Akbar with a son, who, in honour of *the saint, I suppose*, was called Selīm, which name was afterwards almost forgotten in the appellation of Jahāngeer, the Conqueror of the World. In the Fort of Agra there are still the remains of the Selīm Ghar built by Akbar.

The Emperor, charmed at the birth of a son, bestowed lands and showered rupees upon the sagacious fakīr; and the greatest ornament of the place is,



THE TOMB OF SHAIKH SELIM CHEESTIE

THE TOMB OF SHAIKH SELĪM CHEESTIE.

This beautiful mausoleum, in the centre of the quadrangle, is still in a state of the most perfect preservation; it is of white marble; the open work of the screen is of the most exquisite workmanship. The descendants of the shaikh still live at Sicri, and gain large sums by showing the tomb of the holy man, whose name is held in the highest veneration. The coffin, containing the mortal remains of the saint, is within the building, and is covered with a large pall of silk and brocade. When speaking of the shaikh they continually denominated him Shāh Selīm Cheestie. The annexed sketch will give an idea of the outline of the tomb, and of the beauty of the fretwork of its walls of marble.

In 1570, Akbar founded Fathīpoor Sicri, the City of Victory. Colonel Sleeman mentions, "The quadrangle which contains the mosque on the west side, and the tomb of the old hermit in the centre, was completed in the year 1578, six years before his death; and is, perhaps, one of the finest in the world. It is five hundred and seventy-five feet square, and surrounded by a high wall, with a magnificent cloister all around within. On the outside is a magnificent gateway, at the top of a noble flight of steps, twenty-four feet high. The whole gateway is one hundred and twenty feet in height, and the same in breadth, and presents beyond the wall five sides of an octagon, of which the front face is eighty feet wide: the arch in the centre of this space is sixty feet high by forty wide. On the right side of the entrance is engraven on stone, in large letters, standing out in bas relief, the following passage in Arabic: 'Jesus, on whom be peace, has said, The world is merely a bridge; you are to pass over it, and not to build your dwellings upon it.'

"Where this saying of Christ is to be found, I know not, nor has any Muhammadan yet been able to tell me; but the quoting of such a passage in such a place is a proof of the absence of all bigotry on the part of Akbar."

The mosque within the quadrangle was finished in 1576, and Akbar's three sons were born in the houses of the saint.

A very intelligent person, by name Bisharut Ali, who acted as cicerone, was much pleased to show off the place, and relate his wonderful stories. Amongst other traditions, he told me that, "in former times, Fathīpoor Sicri was infested with wild beasts, and the people who came to see the saint marvelled he was not afraid to live in such a wilderness; the next day, they found a lion and a wolf at the holy man's door; the lion walking up and down and keeping guard, and the wolf brushing away the dust and dirt before the habitation of the saint"—with his tail, I suppose, for they say nothing of a broom. This Bisharut Ali is a pensioner on three rupees eight ānās a month; his profile, and that of Mulka Begam's, who is a descendant of Akbar's, were so much alike, that I could not help asking him if he were of Selīm Cheestie's family? He replied, "No; my ancestor was the teacher (oostād) of the saint!"

There is much to visit at this place: the mosque, the numerous tombs, and also a very curious building, in which the council of the nation was held.

The place that most interested my imagination was the Temple of Magic, in which Akbar used to study. How much the Emperor, who was greatly addicted to the art, must have been interested in casting the nativity of the *sons of his pilgrimage*, and in the important task of selecting fortunate names!

On the birth of the heir, the City of Victory must have resounded with the roar of cannon, in honour of the happy event; even the poorest Musulmān testifies his rejoicing on such an occasion by firing off a matchlock; but should the offspring be a girl, the cannon is silent, and no matchlocks are in requisition. There are five different modes of naming children, two of which are as follow:—

Sometimes the infant obtains the name of some one of the family, as that of the parent's father, (it is not customary among Musulmāns to give their own names to their children,) the grandfather, great-grandfather, or the tutelary saint venerated in the family; hence the name of Selīm was given to the first-born of the Emperor.

"Amongst some people it is customary to choose a name from

among those that begin with the same letter which is found at the commencement or termination of the name of the planet in whose hour the child is born. In order to ascertain this, it is requisite to consult the horoscope of nativity[1]." The planets, seven in number,—namely, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, the Moon, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, are supposed to preside over the twenty-four hours of the day and night, and to exert many favourable and unfavourable influences on the human race. With what anxiety must the great magician Akbar have consulted the horoscope, to ascertain under the reign of what particular planet his son was born! With what care he must have cast his nativity, and thereby predicted his future destiny!

The ladies of the zenāna were not only followers of the prophet, but Rajpūtnees were admitted, Akbar considering it good policy to marry the daughter of a subjugated Hindoo prince. Beauty, also, was and is sufficient to give the possessor a chance of gaining the rank of Begam. I went over the zenāna with much interest, and thought of the innumerable ceremonies that must have been observed within its walls.

Particular rites take place on the fortieth day after the birth of a child, which is esteemed an important festival; the mother is then allowed to touch the kurān, and enter the masjid. In fancy, I beheld the Jodh Bā'ī taken out into the air, with the "child of the pilgrimage" in her arms, that she might count a few stars; after which, according to Muhammadan custom, her attendants would shoot off two arrows into the air.

With what care the Emperor must have selected verses from the kurān, to engrave in the Arabic character upon tablets, called tawīzī; destined to adorn the person of the infant prince, and to guard him as a spell! These tablets, which are of gold or silver, are strung on a long cord of gold thread, and suspended over one shoulder of a child, crossing his body, and hanging down on the other side below the hip.

The pachīsī-board gives one a glimpse of the manner in which the great Akbar spent his time amongst his lady-loves;

[1] Qanoon-e-Islam.

the pachīsī-board is in an open court of the zenāna ; the squares of the board are formed of coloured marbles, and on so large a scale, that women were used as *counters*. Imagine the great Akbar playing at pachīsī with eight cowries, and sixteen ladies of the zenāna squatting down on the squares of the board as counters! Jīta rako Akbar!

The game is played with eight cowries, or with three long narrow dice, and so named from the highest throw, which is twenty-five. The shape of the board is a cross, covered with squares, alternately of a different colour. The natives have them made of red and purple cloth, which can be folded up, and easily carried about; they are passionately fond of this game, and play it at the Dewālī. The counters are sixteen in number, in sets of four, each set of a different colour.

Adjoining the temple of the magician is the anannās-i-ghur, built in the shape of a pine-apple (anannās), as the natives aver.

The taksāl (the mint) is at this place; in it rupees were first coined; unlike the circular rupees of the present day, those coined by Akbar are square; he also coined square gold mohurs, and eight ānā pieces of the same form. The square rupee, if *without a blemish*, is reckoned of great value ; it is used in conjuring the truth out of thieves, who are much afraid of it, and often confess the truth from a belief in its virtue.

If a rich native can obtain one of Akbar's rupees, or, what is better, an akbārābādee gold mohur, he puts it away with his hoard of riches, firmly believing that by its virtue robbers will be prevented from discovering his gold. There is an old saying, "To get possession of the wealth without disturbing the snake that guards it[1]." The square rupee appears to act chaukidar as well as the snake. An akbārābādee rupee and an eight ānā piece were procured at Sicri, and added to my museum. The mint has been dug up in every direction by treasure-hunters.

In the plate entitled "Superstitions of the Natives," No. 5 represents the rupee, and No. 4 the eight ānā piece; No. 7 is an akbārābādee gold mohur, which I purchased at Allahabad.

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 81.

The manner in which these coins are used for the detection of theft has been fully explained in the "Trial by Rice," page 40.

There is a remarkable entrance called the Elephant Gate, below which is the Elephant Minār, to which we walked by moonlight; on the top of this minār Akbar used to sit; game, of all descriptions, was driven towards it from the surrounding country, which the Emperor from that spot could shoot at his ease. "When death approaches the game, it goes towards the sportsman[1]." This tower is studded with elephants' tusks, carved in white stone.

The people showed me the skin of a leopard that was shot a year ago amongst the ruins. I requested my companion during this ramble to take a stick, for fear of the wolves, who, the week before, had torn a native child to pieces under the walls; the bones and bangles of the poor child had been brought to my companion, who was the magistrate.

The tomb of the Jhod Bā'ī, who was a Rajpootnee daughter of the Hindoo chief of Jhodpore, by tradition beautiful and amiable, is still to be seen on the Chand-maree, the artillery practice ground, a few miles from Fathīpoor Sicri. It was in ruins, but still you could trace its form and dome. Some artillery officers, out of pure idleness and ignorance, I suppose, about a year ago, blew up the dome of this tomb by way of getting rid of some damaged powder! The sacrilege of destroying the tomb of the mother of Jahāngeer, and the wife of Akbar Shāh!

The whole of the buildings at Sicri were built by Akbar; at this place he resided, and held his court: it is most interesting to wander over the ruins.

In the "Rambles of an Indian Official" it is mentioned,— "Sheikh Saleem had, he declared, gone more than twenty times on pilgrimage to the tomb of the holy prophet; and was not much pleased to have his repose so much disturbed by all the noise and bustle of the imperial court. At last, Akbar wanted

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 82.

to surround the hill by regular fortifications; and the sheikh could stand it no longer. 'Either you or I must leave this hill,' said he to the Emperor; 'if the efficacy of my prayers is no longer to be relied upon, let me depart in peace!' 'If it be *your Majesty's* will,' replied the Emperor, 'that one of us should go, let it be your slave, I pray.' The old story: there is nothing like relying upon the efficacy of our prayers, say the priests—nothing like relying upon that of our sharp swords, say the soldiers; and as nations advance from barbarism, they generally contrive to divide between them the surplus produce of the land and labour of society. The old hermit consented to remain, and pointed out Agra as a place which he thought would answer the Emperor's purpose extremely well! Agra—then an unpeopled waste—soon became a city, and Futtehpore Sicri was deserted."

The influenza having attacked our party, and my having fallen ill from being drenched in a severe storm, on my return to Agra, which increased the cough and cold from which I was suffering, prevented our prosecuting the tour we had planned for visiting Deeg, Burtpore, and other remarkable places.

Extract from "the Asiatic Journal" of Oct. 1844.

"SKETCHES OF REMARKABLE LIVING CHARACTERS IN INDIA."

No. 1.—COLONEL GARDNER.—THE BEGAM SUMROO.[2]

"A few years ago India presented a wide field for adventure: the distracted state of the country, the ambitious projects and conflicting interests of native princes, were highly favourable circumstances to those who brought with them a competent knowledge of the art of war, and of military discipline; and who preferred a wild, erratic, roving life, amongst the children of the soil, to the regular service of the India Company.[3] There are two individuals still living in the Bengal Presidency, and occupying a distinguished, though singular position in society, whose eventful career, if circumstantially related, could not fail to prove highly interesting. The general outlines of the history

of the Begam Sumroo, and of Colonel Gardner, of Khāsgunge, are known to every person who has visited the theatre of their exploits, but very few are acquainted with the details; for such is the shifting nature of Anglo-Indian society, that it is impossible to gain more than the passing information of the day, in places rendered memorable from circumstances of universal notoriety, but of which nobody can give the particulars.

"Some apology ought, perhaps, to be made for associating the name of so gallant and highly respected an officer as Colonel Gardner with that of the Begam, and her still more worthless husband; but as those readers of the 'Asiatic Journal,' who have not been in India, are puzzled by the announcement of marriages, or projected marriages, of the daughters of this gentleman with the nephews of the King of Delhi, an explanation of the circumstances which have produced these apparently extraordinary alliances will doubtless prove acceptable. The writer of these pages does not pretend to know more of Colonel Gardner than the tongue of rumour could tell, or a casual meeting in society could afford; but so remarkable a person naturally made a strong impression, and the anecdotes extant concerning him were too singular to be easily forgotten. Colonel Gardner's tall, commanding figure, soldier-like countenance, and military air, render his appearance very striking. When at his own residence, and associating with natives, it is said that he adopts the Asiatic costume; but while visiting a large military station, in company with the Resident of Lucnow, he wore a blue surtout, resembling the undress uniform of the British army, but profusely ornamented with silk lace.

"Colonel Gardner, who is a connexion of the noble family bearing that name, came out to India in the King's service, which he soon afterwards quitted; the cause of his resignation is variously related; in the absence of an authentic account, it would, perhaps, be wrong to give sanction to any one of the reports afloat concerning it.[4] At this period, it was impossible to foresee that the tide of fortune would bring the British Government of India into actual warfare with the sovereigns of provinces so far beyond the frontier, that human ambition dared

not contemplate their subjugation. Many loyal men were, therefore, induced to follow the banners of native princes, under the expectation that they never could be called upon to bear arms against their own country; but fate decreed it otherwise, and, in the Mahratta war, those officers who had enlisted in Holkar's service, found themselves in a very awkward predicament; especially, as they were not permitted a choice, or even allowed to remain neutral, their new masters endeavouring to force them, upon pain of death, to commit treason to the land of their birth by fighting in the ranks of a hostile force.[5]

"In some of the native courts, the English were immediately put to death upon the approach of the enemy, or on the slightest suspicion of their fidelity. Upon more than one occasion, Colonel Gardner, who, independent of his military skill, possessed a thorough knowledge of the native character, and very considerable talent, penetrated the designs of his employers, and withdrew in time from meditated treachery; but his escape from Holkar was of the most hazardous description, not inferior in picturesque incident and personal jeopardy to that of the renowned Dugald Dalgetty, who was not more successful in all lawful strategy than the subject of this too brief memoir. Anxious to secure the services of so efficient an officer, after all fair means had failed, Holkar tied his prisoner to a gun, and threatened him with immediate destruction, should he persist in refusing to take the field with his army. The Colonel remained staunch, and, perhaps in the hope of tiring him out, the execution was suspended, and he was placed under a guard, who had orders never to quit him for a single instant. Walking one day along the edge of a bank, leading by a precipitous descent to a river, Colonel Gardner suddenly determined to make a bold effort to escape, and perceiving a place fitted to his purpose, he shouted out 'Bismillah!' ('in the name of God,') and flung himself down an abyss some forty or fifty feet deep. None were inclined to follow him; but the guns were fired and an alarm sounded in the town. He recovered his feet, and, making for the river, plunged into it. After swimming for some distance, finding that his pursuers gained upon him, he took shelter in

a friendly covert, and, with merely his mouth above the water, waited until they had passed; he then landed on the opposite side, and proceeded by unfrequented paths to a town in the neighbourhood, which was under the command of a friend, who, though a native, and a servant of Holkar, he thought would afford him protection. This man proved trustworthy; and, after remaining concealed some time, the Colonel ventured out in the disguise of a grass-cutter, and reaching the British outposts in safety, was joyously received by his countrymen. He was appointed to the command of a regiment of irregular horse, which he still retains; and his services in the field, at the head of these brave soldiers, have not been more advantageous to the British Government than the accurate acquaintance before-mentioned, which his long and intimate association with natives enabled him to obtain of the Asiatic character.[6] It was to his diplomatic skill and knowledge of the best methods of treaty, that we owed the capitulation of one of those formidable hill-fortresses (Komalmair in Mewar), whose reduction by arms would have been at the expense of an immense sacrifice of human life. The Commandant of the division despatched to take possession of it, wearied out by the procrastinating and indecisive spirit of the natives, would have stormed the place at every disadvantage, had not Colonel Gardner persuaded him to entrust the negotiation to his hands. The result proved that he made a just estimate of his own powers: the garrison agreed to give up the Fortress on the payment of their arrears; and Colonel Tod, in his 'Annals of Rajast'han,' mentions the circumstance as one highly honourable to the British character, that, there not being more than four thousand rupees at the time in the English camp, an order, written by the Commandant for the remainder, upon the shroffs or bankers in the neighbourhood, was taken without the least hesitation, the natives not having the slightest doubt that it would be paid upon presentation.

"The marriage of Colonel Gardner forms one of the most singular incidents in his romantic story.

"In the midst of his hazardous career, he carried off a Mahomedān princess, the sister of one of the lesser potentates of the

Deccan, who, though now reduced to comparative insignificance, during the rise and progress of the Mahrattas, were personages of considerable consequence.

> 'Ever the first to climb a tower,
> As venturous in a lady's bower,'

the sacred recesses of the zenāna were penetrated by the enterprising lover, who, at the moment in which his life was threatened by the brother's treachery, bore away his prize in triumph, and sought an asylum in another court. A European, of popular manners and military experience, could in those days easily place himself at the head of a formidable body of soldiers, ready to follow his fortunes, and trusting to his arrangements with the princes, whose cause he supported, for their pay, which was frequently in arrear, or dependent upon the capture of some rich province. In the command of such a troop Colonel Gardner was a welcome guest wherever he went; and, until the affair with Holkar, he had always contrived to secure his retreat whenever it was prudent to commence a new career in another quarter.

"It is difficult to say what sort of bridal contract is gone through between a Moslem beauty and a Christian gentleman, but the ceremony is supposed to be binding; at least it is considered so in India, a native female not losing the respect of her associates by forming such a connexion. The marriage of Colonel Gardner seems perfectly satisfactory to the people of Hindostān; for the lady has not only continued stedfast to the Mahomedan faith, and in the strict observance of all the restrictions prescribed to Asiatic females of rank, but has brought up her daughters in the same religious persuasion, and in the same profound seclusion,—points seldom conceded by a European father. They are, therefore, eligible to match with the princes of the land, their mother's family connexions and high descent atoning for the disadvantage of foreign ancestry upon the paternal side. Educated according to the most approved fashion of an Oriental court, they are destined to spend the remainder of their lives in the zenāna; and this choice for her daughters

shows, that their mother, at least, does not consider exclusion from the world, in which European women reign and revel, to be any hardship.

"So little of the spirit of adventure is now stirring in India, that the Misses Gardner, or the young begams, or whatsoever appellation it may be most proper to designate them by, have not attracted the attention of the European community. Doubtless, their beauty and accomplishments are blazoned in native society; but, excepting upon the occasion of an announcement like that referred to in the Calcutta periodicals, the existence of these ladies is scarcely known to their father's countrymen residing in India. We are ignorant whether their complexions partake most of the eastern or the northern hue, or whether they have the slightest idea of the privileges, from which their mother's adherence to Mahomedan usages has debarred them. Their situation, singular as it may appear in England, excites little or no interest; nobody seems to lament that they were not brought up in the Christian religion, or permitted those advantages which the half-caste offspring of women of lower rank enjoy: and, acquainted with the circumstances of the case, the Editors of the aforesaid periodicals do not enter into any explanation of intelligence of the most startling nature to English readers, who, in their ignorance of facts, are apt to fancy that European ladies in India are willing to enter into the zenānas of native princes.

"Colonel Gardner has, of course, adopted many of the opinions and ideas of the people with whom he has passed so great a portion of his time, and in his mode of living he may be termed half an Asiatic; this, however, does not prevent him from being a most acceptable companion to the European residents, who take the greatest delight in his society whenever he appears among them. His autobiography would be a work of the highest value, affording a picture of Indian manners and Indian policy, with which few besides himself have ever had an opportunity of becoming so intimately acquainted. As he is still in the prime and vigour of existence, we may hope that some such employment of these piping times of peace may be sug-

gested to him, and that he may be induced to devote the hours spent in retirement at Khāsgunge, to the writing or the dictation of the incidents of his early life. In looking back upon past events, the Colonel occasionally expresses a regret that he should have been induced to quit the king's service, in which, in all probability, he would have attained the highest rank; but, eminently qualified for the situation in which he has been placed, and more than reconciled to the destiny which binds him to a foreign soil, the station he occupies leaves him little to desire; and he has it in his power to be still farther useful to society by unlocking the stores of a mind fraught with information of the highest interest."[7]

1835, *March 5th.*—Two letters having appeared in the "Mofussul Akhbar," a provincial paper, Colonel Gardner published this answer:—

"*To the Editor of the* Mofussul Akhbar.

"DEAR SIR,—In your paper of the 28th ultimo, just received, I find I have been unwillingly dragged from my obscurity by the author of 'Sketches of Living Remarkable Characters in India.' This I should not have noticed, but for a mistake or two that it is my duty to correct. In the first place, it was Colonel Casement who ordered me, and instructed me in his name, to attempt the negotiation for the surrender of the garrison of Komalmair. I obeyed his order successfully, only demurring at the sum demanded, 30,000 rupees, which, for so weak a garrison, I considered extravagant: but the resident Colonel Tod arrived at this stage of the business with superior diplomatic power. Colonel Casement was no longer consulted, and my poor rushlight was hidden under a bushel. But who can feel any thing against the author of such a splendid and correct work as 'Rajustan?' The writer of the extract has probably mistaken Komalmair for the Fort of Rampoora,—where, under the instructions of Colonel Vauzemen, the negotiation for the evacuation was entirely entrusted to me; and, for the sum of 7000 rupees, a siege was prevented at a very advanced season of the year,

when, as General Ouchterlony wrote to me, he would otherwise have been obliged to order the battering-train from Agra.

"When I made my escape, as detailed, by swimming the Taptee, it was from the tender mercies of the gentle Brahman, our late pensioner Emurt Row's force, by whom I was then in close confinement, and not from Holkar.[8]

"I fear I must divest my marriage with her highness the Begam of a great part of its romantic attraction, by confessing that the young Begam was only thirteen years of age when I first applied for and received her mother's consent; and which marriage probably saved both their lives. Allow me to assure you, on the *very best authority*, that a Moslem lady's marriage with a Christian, by a Cazee, is as legal in this country as if the ceremony had been performed by the Bishop of Calcutta; a point lately settled by my son's marriage with the niece of the Emperor, the Nuwab Mulka Humanee Begam; and that the respectability of the females of my family amongst the natives of Hindostān has been settled by the Emperor many years ago, he having adopted my wife as his daughter; a ceremony satisfactorily repeated by the Queen, on a visit to my own house in Delhi. I can assure my partial sketcher, that my only daughter died in 1804, and that my grand-daughters, by the particular desire of their grandmother, are Christians. It was an act of her own, as by the marriage agreement, the daughters were to be brought up in the religion of the mother; the sons in that of your

"Very obedient, humble servant,

"W. L. G——."

"Khasgunge, 5th March, 1835."

Colonel Tod, in a letter to the editor of "the Asiatic Journal," thus speaks of Colonel Gardner:—"A day or two previous to this number (of your journal) being lent me, an intimate friend of Colonel Gardner's spent the evening with me; and as it is almost impossible that any two men, at all acquainted with his diversified life, could talk of him without expressing a wish that he would become his own biographer,—the subject being started,

we mutually agreed, that, qualified in every way as he is for the task, the result would be both interesting and instructive. Amongst other remarks, I observed that, although he was well known to me by character, and I had to bear testimony to the brave conduct of a part of his corps, attached to me in 1817; the only time I ever had the pleasure of seeing him was the day following the surrender of Komulmér, when he dined with me.

"I trust your correspondent will proceed with 'the sketches,' and that the outline he has now furnished of Colonel Gardner's history may stimulate the original to give, what no other can, his biography in full. Colonel Gardner is one of the many remarkable men, who have passed a most extraordinary life, floating, as circumstance or '*nuseeb*' propelled, amidst the chaotic elements of Indian society, during the half-century preceding the halcyon days of 1818; when, by the vigorous mind and measures of the Marquess of Hastings, peace, for the first time in its history, reigned from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin. *Aristides was banished Athens!*"

I greatly wished Colonel Gardner would consent to tell me the history of his remarkable life, which I was anxious to write down from his dictation. One evening he said, "Merā Betee, (my child) when in Holkar's service, I was employed as an envoy to the Company's forces, under Lord Lake, with instructions to return within a certain time; my family remained in camp. Suspicion of treachery was caused by my lengthened absence, and accusations were brought forward against me at the Darbār, held by Holkar on the third day following that on which my presence was expected. I rejoined the camp while the darbār was still assembled; on my entrance, the Mahārāj, in an angry tone, demanded the reason of the delay; which I gave, pointing out the impossibility of a speedier return. Holkar exclaimed, in great anger, 'Had you not returned this day, I would have levelled the khanats of your tents.' I drew my sword instantly, and attempted to cut his highness down, but was prevented by those around him; and ere they had recovered from the amazement and confusion caused by the attempt, I

rushed from the tent, sprang upon my horse, and was soon beyond reach of the pursuers."

To account for Colonel Gardner's indignation, it must be remembered, that the kanāts are walls of canvas, that surround the tents of the ladies of the zenāna; to have thrown down those screens, and to have exposed women within parda to the gaze of men, would have been an insult for which there could be no atonement. Colonel Gardner's high spirit was as prompt to avenge the threat as it would have been willing to take the life of Holkar, had he intruded on the privacy of the Begam's apartments.

Through the influence of friends, the Princess and her family were allowed, unmolested, to quit Holkar's dominions, and rejoin her husband.

The account Colonel Gardner gave me of his marriage with the Begam was this:—

"When a young man, I was entrusted to negotiate a treaty with one of the native princes of Cambay. Darbārs and consultations were continually held; during one of the former, at which I was present, a parda (native curtain) near me was gently moved aside, and I saw, as I thought, the most beautiful black eyes in the world. It was impossible to think of the treaty; those bright and piercing glances, those beautiful dark eyes, completely bewildered me.

"I felt flattered that a creature so lovely as she of those deep black, loving eyes must be, should venture to gaze upon me; to what danger might not the veiled beauty be exposed, should the movement of the parda be seen by any of those at the darbār! On quitting the assembly I discovered that the bright-eyed beauty was the daughter of the Prince. At the next darbār, my agitation and anxiety were extreme again to behold the bright eyes that had haunted my dreams by night, and my thoughts by day! The parda again was gently moved, and my fate was decided.

"I demanded the Princess in marriage; her relations were at first indignant, and positively refused my proposal; however, on mature deliberation, the ambassador was considered too

influential a person to have a request denied, and the hand of the young Princess was promised. The preparations for the marriage were carried forward; 'Remember,' said I, 'it will be useless to attempt to deceive me; I shall know those eyes again, nor will I marry any other.'

"On the day of the marriage I raised the veil from the countenance of the bride, and in the mirror that was placed between us beheld the bright eyes that had bewildered me; I smiled,—the young Begam smiled also."

Such was Colonel Gardner's account of the first time he beheld his bride. Well might she smile when she gazed upon that noble countenance!

THE TOMB OF COLONEL HESSING.

15th.—This beautiful Mausoleum is in the Catholic burial ground at Agra, and is well worthy a visit. It was built by a native architect, by name Luteef, in imitation of the ancient Muhammadan tombs. The material is the red stone from Fathīpoor Sicri, which is highly carved, but not inlaid. The tomb is beautiful, very beautiful, and in excellent taste. Its cost is estimated at about one lākh of rupees. Luteef's drawings of the Tāj and of all the ancient monuments around Agra are excellent; they cost from three to forty rupees each. I bought a large collection of them, as well as of marbles and other curiosities. Luteef inlays marble with precious stones, after the style of the work in the Tāj. A chess-table of this sort, with a border of flowers in mosaic, costs from eight to twelve hundred rupees, £80, or £120, and is beautifully executed.

16th.—My affairs at Agra having come to a conclusion, and the pinnace, carriage, and horses being on their way home, I once more turned my steps to Khāsgunge, and arrived there dāk, accompanied by a friend, who was extremely anxious to see the marriage ceremony, although all that the eye of a man is permitted to behold is the tamāshā that takes place without the four walls. All that passes within is sacred.

On my arrival the whole party at Khāsgunge were going out to tents by the Ganges to hunt wild boars and otters; to shoot

crocodiles, floriken, black partridge, and other game. Even for people in good health it was, at that season of the year, a mad expedition, and I declined going; I longed indeed to accompany them, but my cold and cough were so severe I was forced to give up the idea.

18*th*.—My dear Colonel Gardner, seeing how ill I was, said, "You will never recover, my child, in the outer house; I will give you a room in the inner one, and put you under the care of the begam; there you will soon recover." He took me over to the zenāna; the begam received me very kindly, and appointed four of her slaves to attend upon me, and aid my own women. They put me immediately into a steam-bath, shampooed, mulled, and half-boiled me; cracked every joint after the most approved fashion, took me out, laid me on a golden-footed bed, gave me sherbet to drink, shampooed me to sleep, and by the time the shooting party returned from the Gunga, I had perfectly recovered, and was able to enter into all the amusement of seeing a Hindostanee wedding.

I must here anticipate, and remark that Suddu Khan, our excellent little khansaman, died in June, 1841. He had been ill and unable to attend for months. There is a story, that being in an hummām, he received some injury in the spine while being shampooed and joint-cracked by a barber, who placed his knee to his back, and then forcibly brought his two arms backwards. The story says poor Suddu fainted, and the barber was so much alarmed, he fled, and has never been seen since at Cawnpore, where the scene took place.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE MARRIAGE.

"TO DRESS ONE'S OWN DOLL [1]."

Spoken of a father who defrays the whole expense of his daughter's marriage, her dress, ornaments, &c., without any charge to the bridegroom or his family.

"HE WHO BUILDS A HOUSE AND TAKES A WIFE HEAPS SEVENTY AFFLICTIONS ON HIS HEAD [2]."

Pedigree of the Bride and Bridegroom—Reports concerning the Beauty of the Bride—Anxiety of English Gentlemen to marry into Colonel Gardner's family—Mirza Unjun Shekō—The first Procession—The Bride's Dress—Necessity of Weeping—The Oily Mixture—Strict Seclusion—Dress of the Bridegroom—The Oily Mixture Complimentary—The Hoolī—Bridal Songs—The Sāchak—The Bridegroom's Procession—Nāch Girls on platforms—The Menhdi—The grand Display in the Bride's Procession—The Parda—The Prince dyed with hinnā—Midnight the fashionable hour for Dinner—Wedding Dishes—Silvered Food—Conclusion of the Day—Mr. James Gardner—Mulka Begam highly respected; her will is law.

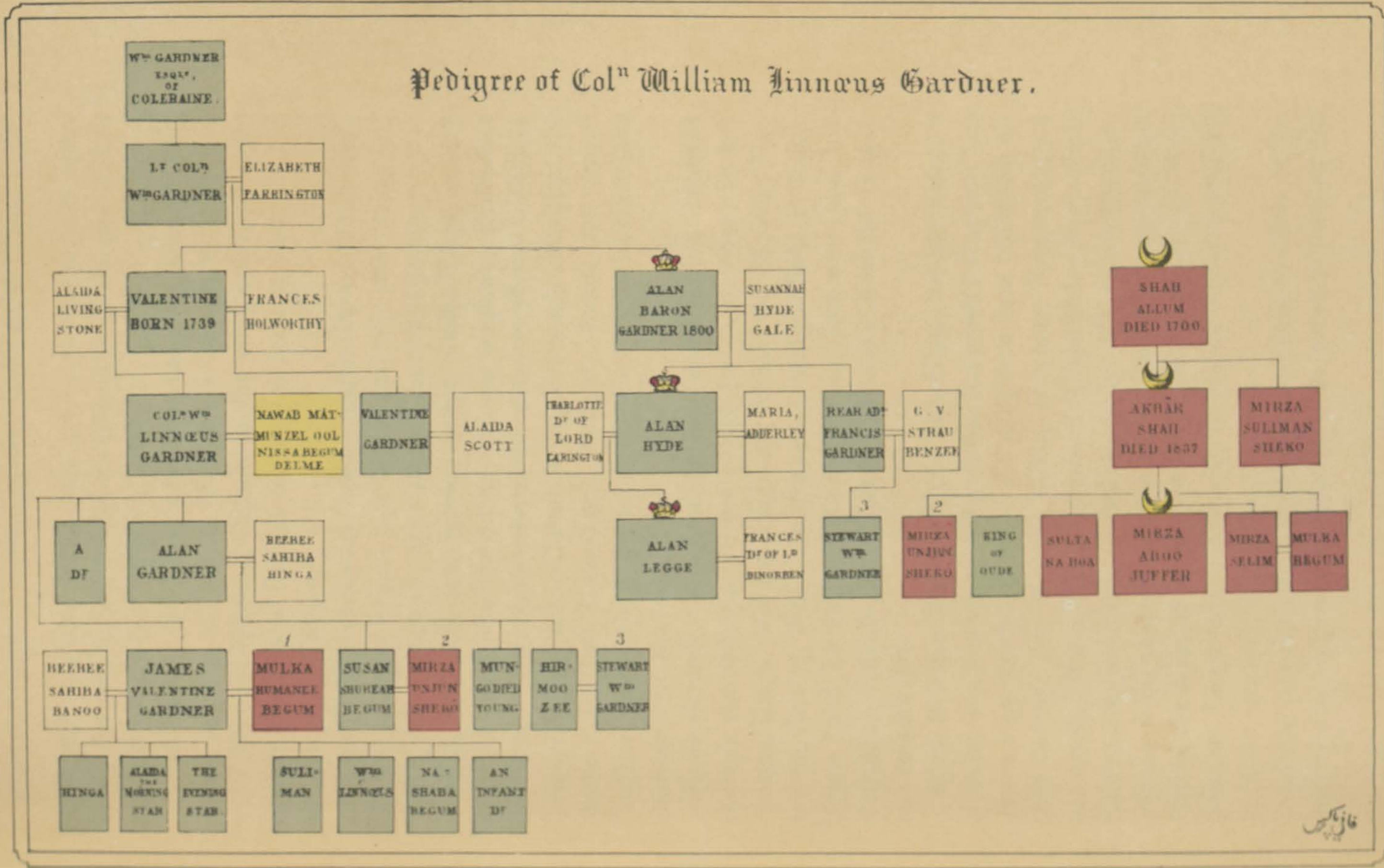
1835, *March* 18*th*.—Before entering on a description of the marriage ceremonies, it may be as well to explain the singular manner in which Colonel Gardner's family has intermarried with that of the Emperor of Delhi, which the annexed pedigree will exemplify.

William Gardner, Esq., of Coleraine, left a son.

William Gardner, Esq., Lieut.-Colonel in the 11th regiment of Dragoons. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Valentine Farrington, Esq., and had issue Valentine, born 1739, Allan,

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 83. [2] Ibid. 84.

Pedigree of Col^n William Linnæus Gardner.



and other children. Allan was created a baronet, and afterwards elevated to the peerage in Ireland in 1800; and created a peer of the United Kingdom, 1806.

Valentine, the eldest son, a Major in the army, married, first, Alaida, daughter of Robert Livingstone, Esq., by whom he had a son, William Linnæus, Captain in the army; and, secondly, Frances, daughter of Samuel Holworthy, Esq., by whom he had another son, Valentine.

Colonel William Linnæus Gardner married Nawab Matmunzel-ool-Nissa Begam Delme, and by her had two sons, Allan and James, and a daughter; the last mentioned died young.

Allan, the eldest son, married Beebee Sāhiba Hinga, and left one son, Mungo, who died young, and two daughters, Hirmoozee and Susan. Hirmoozee married her relative, Stewart William Gardner, Esq., son of Rear-Admiral Francis Gardner, the brother of Allan Hyde Lord Gardner. Susan, the second daughter, or Shubbeah Begam as she is called, is the one whose marriage is on the *tapis*.

James Gardner, the second son of Colonel William Linnæus Gardner, married, first, Beebee Sāhiba Banoo, by whom he had one son, Hinga, and two daughters, Alaida, the Morning Star, and the Evening Star. He married, secondly, Mulka Humanee Begam, and by her had four children, two sons and two daughters: Sulimān and William Linnæus; Nashaba Begam, and another girl.

Mirza Sulimān Shekō, son of Shāh Allum, the late Emperor of Delhi, and brother of Akbar Shāh, the present Emperor, has a numerous family. Two of the daughters were celebrated for their beauty: one of them, Mulka Humanee Begam, married her cousin, Mirza Selīm, the son of Akbar Shāh, from whom she was divorced: she married, secondly, Mr. James Gardner. Sultana Bōa, the other daughter, married Nusseer-ood-Deen Hydur, the King of Oude. Mirza Unjun Shekō, son of Mirza Suliman Shekō, and half-brother of Mulka Begam, is engaged to Susan Gardner, as before-mentioned.

Colonel Gardner was exceedingly unwilling to allow of the marriage of his grand-daughter with the young prince, but the

old Begam, his wife, had set her heart upon it. He would rather have seen her married to a European gentleman; but the Begam, who is an adopted daughter of the Emperor of Delhi, is delighted with the match,—in *her* eyes a fine alliance.

I must describe the bride, Susan Gardner, or, as she is called in the zenāna, Shubbeah Begam, every lady having her name and title also. She had been cried up by the people at Agra as a great beauty, and Colonel Gardner had received several proposals for her, both from European and native gentlemen. She was also described as very accomplished for the inhabitant of four walls, being able to read, and write, and keep accounts with gram. She is about twenty years of age, very old for a bride in this country, where girls marry at eleven or twelve, and the proverb describes them as "shrivelled at twenty."

My surprise was great when I saw her in the zenāna. Her complexion is pale and sallow, her face flat, her figure extremely thin, and far from pretty. Her flatterers called her "so fair!" but she has not the fairness of a European, or the fine clear brown of some Asiatic ladies: her manners were also admired, but I did not like them, nor did she move stately as an elephant, an epithet applied to a woman having a graceful gait.

Unjun Shekō, the bridegroom, who is about twenty years of age, is a remarkably handsome man; his black curling hair hangs in long locks on each side his face; his eyes very large, long, and bright; his features fine; his complexion a clear brown; his figure the middle size; and like all natives, he wore a beard, moustache, and whiskers. His three brothers, who came to the wedding with him, are ugly, low caste looking men. Unjun's manners are good, theirs are cubbish. For four or five years he has been trying to bring about this marriage; but Colonel Gardner opposed it on account of his extravagance. His father, Sulimān Shekō, has refused to give one rupee to the young couple, so that the whole expense of the wedding falls upon Colonel Gardner: he pays for both sides. The young prince has only an allowance of 100 rupees a month! Natives, especially native women, are curious beings; the whole pride of their lives consists in having had a grand wedding: they talk

of it, and boast of it to the hour of their death. Colonel Gardner said, "If I were to give Shubbeah the money that will be fooled away in display at this marriage, I should make her miserable; she would think herself disgraced; and although by custom she is not allowed to stir from her room, or to see the sight, still it will charm her to hear the road was lighted up for so many miles, the fireworks were so fine and the procession so grand! She would have this to talk of in preference to the money, even if she were forced to deprive herself of half her food all her life; she is a pakkā Hindostānee!" They were horrified at my description of an English marriage. A carriage and four, attended by five or six other carriages, made a good wedding; when the ceremony had been performed by the padre, the bride and bridegroom drove away: no procession, no fireworks; the money put in the banker's hands, the parents gave a dinner and ball, and all was finished.

The Begam was in a perfect agony from morning till night, lest any one thing should be forgotten,—lest any, even the smallest gift might be omitted; if it were, the people would say, "What a shabby wedding!" and, in spite of all the expense, she would lose her good name.

It would be utterly impossible for me to recount the innumerable ceremonies performed at the wedding of a Muhammadan; the following are a few of the most remarkable.

March 12th.—The ceremonies began: In the first place, the bridegroom's party, consisting of Mr. James Gardner, Mulka Begam, Mrs. B——, and Mr. V——, went into tents four miles distant; while the bride's party, consisting of Colonel Gardner, his Begam, the bride, and myself, remained at Khāsgunge. We had also, in the outer house, Mr. Valentine Gardner, a party of English gentlemen, and the old Nawab of Cambay. It appeared curious to me to sit down to dinner with these gentlemen, who were all attired in native dresses, and do the honours, at times when my dear Colonel Gardner was too unwell to quit the zenāna, and join the dinner party in the outer house. The turban is not a necessary appendage to Asiatic attire; in all friendly or familiar intercourse the skull cap is worn,

—the turban in company; it is disgraceful to uncover the head.

But to return to my story. About 3 P.M., Mulka Begam came in procession to bring the bride's dress, which is a present from the bridegroom. The procession consisted of elephants, raths (four-wheeled native carriages drawn by bullocks), palanquins, led horses, &c.; and one hundred trays, carried on men's heads, containing the dress for the bride, sweetmeats, and basun (flour of gram), wherewith to wash the lady. Mulka Begam came in a covered palanquin, screened from the gaze of men.

I, as in duty bound, had made my salām to Shubbeah Begam, and was in attendance in the zenāna, to receive the bridegroom's party.

"Women of the lower class, on entering the female assembly, must not say 'salām;' if the hostess be a lady of rank, they perform kudumbosee (the ceremony of kissing the feet) to her, and merely make salām to the rest. When going away they request permission, in the same way as the men in the male assembly, and take their departure.

"Kudumbosee, or the ceremony of kissing the feet, is, rather, to touch the feet of the hostess with the right hand, and then kiss the latter, or, more generally, make salām with it; while her ladyship, scarce allowing it to be done, out of politeness and condescension, withdraws her foot; and, taking hold of her hands, says, 'Nay, don't do that!' or 'Enough!' 'Long may you live!' 'Come, be seated!' Or, if she be married, 'May God render your *sohag* durable!' *i.e.* May God preserve your husband: if he be dead,' 'May God cause your end to be happy!'

"The men of the better ranks of society, however, when coming in or going away, say, 'Salām, bundugee tuslemat!' *i.e.* 'My blessing, service, or salutation to you!' according to the rank of the lady of the house.

"The salām made by females is not like that of the males—touching the forehead with the right hand—but it consists in touching the *puttee*, or hair above the right temple [1]."

[1] Qanoon-e-islam.

Speaking of men entering a zenāna, the place is considered so sacred, that, in a native family, only the nearest male relatives, the father and grandfather, can unrestrainedly obtain admission; the uncles and brothers only on especial occasions. The bride was once allowed to be seen by the brothers of Mirza Selīm, her betrothed husband; but he requested that no other persons but Colonel and Mr. James Gardner might behold her, and said, after marriage, he should not allow her to be seen even by his own brothers.

The trays containing the presents, brought in procession from the Prince, were received by the female slaves, conveyed by them into the zenāna, and placed before Colonel Gardner's Begam and the Princess Mulka. It is a custom never to send back an empty tray; if money be not sent, part of the contents of the tray is left, fruit, flowers, &c. The presents were displayed on the ground before the bride, who was sitting on a charpāī, wrapped in an Indian shawl, hiding her face, and sobbing violently; I thought she was really in distress, but found this violent sorrow was only a part of the ceremony. Mulka Begam took a silver bowl, and putting into it sandal-wood powder and turmeric and oil, mixed it up, whilst both she and Colonel Gardner's Begam repeated with great care the names and titles on both sides; it being unlucky if any name be forgotten, as any evil that may chance to befall the bride hereafter would be occasioned by forgetfulness, or mistaking the name over this oily mixture. The bride was then rubbed from head to foot with it; how yellow it made her, the turmeric! The natives say it makes the skin *so beautiful, so yellow*, and so soft: it certainly renders the skin deliciously soft, but the yellow tinge I cannot admire. After this operation was performed, all the mixture was scraped up, put into the bowl, and mixed with more oil, to be sent to the Prince, that his body might be rubbed with it—this is considered a compliment!

The bridal dress was then put on Shubbeah; it was of yellow gauze, trimmed with silver; the pajamas of red satin and silver. The faces of the attendants were smeared by way of frolic with the oily mixture, and the bridegroom's party returned to their

tents. I must not forget to mention that from the moment the bride is rubbed with this turmeric, she is a prisoner for ten days; not allowed to move from her charpāī, on which she sits up or sleeps. Twice a day she is rubbed with almond soap, mixed with turmeric, &c. All this time she is never allowed to bathe; She is fed on sweetmeats, and not allowed to touch acids, or vinegar, &c: even pān is almost denied; but I fancy, without it an Asiatic lady would fret herself to death. And in this horrible state, a girl is kept during all the gaiety of the wedding; never allowed to move; to make her skin soft and yellow, and to render her sweet-tempered, I suppose, by feeding her with lumps of sugar!

As soon as the bridegroom's party were gone, Colonel Gardner requested me to go in procession, with his pretty grand-daughter, Alaida (the Morning Star), to the Prince's tents, to escort the dress of the bridegroom, sent as a present by the bride. We went accordingly in full procession, as described before, taking back the oily mixture. Mulka Begam received us at the Prince's tent; he was placed on a silver footstool; Mulka took off his upper dress, and rubbed his face and arms with the mixture; she then arrayed him in a dress of yellow and orange muslin, a red turban, and red silk pajamas, in which attire he looked very handsome.

Before him sat three women, the Domnee, playing and singing bridal songs; I saw the Prince turn very red; he looked at the women, and said something in a low tone to Mulka Begam, who answered,—"The mem sāhiba knows they are singing gālee (abuse); but she does not understand Hindostanee sufficiently to comprehend their songs." The language of the songs is complete *slang*. Yellow powder, mixed with water, was then thrown in frolic at all the people; I made my sālam, quitted the tent, and finding a gentleman in waiting ready to drive me back, returned to Colonel Gardner's, leaving the rest of the party to play and sing all night. Thus ended the first day of the ceremonies.

At the festival of the Hūlī, which is particularly dedicated to Krishnŭ, images of the deity are carried about on elephants, horses, in palkees, &c. The songs are exclusively in honour of

Krishnŭ, and hailing the return of the season, personified under the name of Vasanta, generally pronounced Bessant. Kama, the god of love, is the son of Krishnŭ.

The Hoolī was celebrated by the natives with due glee; they threw abeer (red powder) into each other's faces, and then squirted orange-coloured water over it; people were also sent on April-fool errands. Colonel Gardner avoided appearing amongst the people during this festival, and I imitated his example. The orange-coloured water is tinged with the flowers of the dhāk tree; the abeer is flour made from the singharra (water nut), and dyed with red sanders; the roots of the singharra are loosened by means of ropes fastened between two boats, with several men in each; and iron prongs are used in collecting them.

I mentioned to Colonel Gardner the songs of the women, the Domnee, who were in the tent, and the distress of the Prince. He said, "When marriages are negotiating, in particular, they are of the most unchaste description; they are admitted on such occasions, but the nāch girls never; the songs of the Domnee are indecent beyond the conception of an European."

Nāch women dance and sing before men, and are not allowed to enter zenānas of respectability; but in all great establishments, such as Colonel Gardner's, and that of his son, the slave girls are formed into sets of dancing girls, to sing and play for the amusement of the Begams.

Colonel Gardner remarked, "The songs of the nāch girls are never indecent, unless 'by particular desire,' and then in representing the bearer's dance,—a dance which is never performed before ladies."

The following tradition may account for the great noise made with native instruments at a wedding:—"The difference between the lawful and unlawful, in marriage, is proclamation and the beating of drums for them." "Aa'yeshah gave a woman, who was nearly related to her, in marriage to one of the assistants; and the prophet came and said, 'Have you sent the young woman to her husband?' She said, 'Yes.' The prophet said, 'Have you sent any singers with her?' She said, 'No.' On

which the prophet said, 'Verily the assistants are a tribe fond of singing; therefore, had you sent any one with her to have sung A'taina'cum, A'taina'cum, then he would have prayed for your life and mine.'" A'taina'cum, a'taina'cum,—*we come to you, we come to you*, are the words of a song sung in marriage processions.

Aamīr-bin-sad said, "I went to Kardhah-bin-cab, and Abu Masuud Ansarī, in an assembly, in which was a bridal feast; and some women were singing; and I said, 'O ye two companions of the prophet of God! and O ye men of Bedr! (*i. e.* combatants in that battle) shall this act (that is, singing), be done near you?' They said to me, 'Sit down if you please, and hear with us; but, if you please, go away, because the prophet permitted us to hear nuptial songs.'"

Domra is the name of a caste of Musalmāns, the males of which are musicians, and the females sing and dance in the company of females only.

THE SĀCHAK.

"WHEN THERE IS A MARRIAGE THEY MAY SING ALL NIGHT [1]."

March 28*th*.—The bride is denominated dulhān on the day of Sāchak, and the bridegroom dūlha. The poor dulhān is kept in strict parda on her charpāī; the dūlha ought by law to be equally confined, but he generally contrives to amuse himself during the time. After the bride and bridegroom had been rubbed a certain number of days with the oily mixture, the time appointed for the second day's ceremonies arrived; which is called the Sāchak. Mulka Begam and the prince arrived in procession. The bridegroom's party were dressed out in all their bravery. The party of the bride wore their old clothes, and looked as deplorable as possible. This was according to custom, and therefore strictly observed. On this day it is the fashion for the bride's mother to appear in an undress, and even that soiled! The procession consisted of elephants in all their

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 85.

crimson and gold trappings, led horses, English and Arab; nalkīs, a sort of litter used by people of rank, palanquins, and raths, (native bullock carriages,) &c. A number of men dressed up as horses were prancing about, kicking and playing antics, and two hundred gharās (earthen vessels) filled with sweetmeats, which looked very gay from being covered with silver-leaf, were carried on the heads of two hundred men.

The platforms for the nāch women were the most curious part of the procession, they are called takhti-rawān, a sort of travelling throne, formed of bamboo, square in form, over which was spread an awning ornamented with crimson, and gold, and silver, and supported by four bamboos, one at each angle of the platform. On each travelling throne sat a native musician, playing on a kettle-drum, and before him danced two nāch women; the girls twirled and nāched with all their might and skill. The platforms were *carried on the heads* of a number of men in the procession, and had a curious and singular effect; the situation was a very unsteady one for the dancing girls, one of whom became giddy and tumbled down upon the heads of the crowd of people below. In this fashion ten stands, containing twenty nāch girls and ten musicians, were carried on men's heads to the sound of kettle-drums. When Mulka had brought in the procession, and the company were seated, atr of sandal-wood was put on each person's face, and a necklace of silver tissue around their necks. The same three vile old women began their songs of abuse; abusing the prince, the Begams, and myself; but as it was the custom, no one could be angry. I could only guess the sort of abuse; I could not understand it, never having heard it before. The prince's yellow dress, now quite dirty, was on him still; according to custom, *over* it was put on a dress of cloth of gold and crimson. In front of his turban the jewelled jika was placed, and on his arms valuable bazubunds—armlets of precious stones. All this time the poor little bride was kept in her oily attire on her charpāī, and not allowed to stir. She only heard the noise and uproar of the procession. Mulka's dress was very elegant.

THE MENHDĪ—THE THIRD DAY.

29th.—The menhdī is the tree, Lawsonia inermis, from the leaves of which the hinnā dye is produced: the leaves are gathered and pounded; when put on the hands and feet, and allowed to remain an hour or two, it produces a dark brownish red dye, which is permanent for four or five months; the hands and feet, both of men and women, thus dyed are reckoned beautiful. It is remarkable that female mummies have the nails stained with menhdī.

A number of trays of this prepared menhdī were carried on men's heads, covered with embroidered velvet; they were sent from the bride to dye the bridegroom. This was the grand display on the part of the bride's friends; who all, dressed in all their most costly attire, went, at eleven at night, in procession from Khāsgunge to the Prince's tents. The road was enclosed with bamboo screens, all lighted up with thousands of small lamps; fireworks were let off in profusion, and the triumphal arches across the road were all illuminated; five thousand torches were carried by men, to light the procession. The Begam herself was there in her nālkee, the curtains all down and fastened; the ladies in a long line of native carriages, called raths; the boys in different sorts of native palkees; the men, handsomely dressed, on elephants. I went in an amārī, on an elephant; the amārī is a litter with two seats, covered by two canopies; when the seat on an elephant is open, without a canopy, it is called a howdah. Mr. T——, a friend, accompanied me; we sat in the front seat, and a native gentleman occupied the seat at the back. The elephant was a very large one; we were a great height from the ground, and had a good view, being above the smoke of the blue lights. The native gentleman amused us by his astonishment at Mr. T——'s not being a married man; my friend told him he wished to marry, but how could he without seeing the lady? The Asiatic said that was impossible; but could he not depend on his female friends to see and select for him? Mr. T—— deputed me to select a wife for him;

the native gentleman thought him in earnest, and said, when every thing was arranged, I might show Mr. T—— her picture before they were married. In this manner weddings are made up; it would be the height of indelicacy to suppose a girl could have a choice, she marries just any one whom her friends select. The led horses, in their gay native caparison, looked so well amongst the blue lights; and the handsomest of all was Candidate, an imported English horse, formerly the property of Major P——; Rattler, another English horse, sixteen hands high, whom I had ridden several times, was also there. They were so quiet and well-behaved in the crowd and amongst the fireworks, much more quiet than the native horses.

The ten platforms, containing the twenty nāch girls and the kettle-drum players carried on men's heads were also there. The effect of the gay dresses of the women, as they twirled and attitudinized was good by torch-light. Some of the girls, who were horrors by daylight, looked pretty by the artificial light, at a distance. It took two hours to go with the procession the four miles, through the village of Khāsgunge to the tents. All the inhabitants were either on the road or on the roofs of their houses, and we were attended by thousands of people: such a crowd, we could scarcely move forwards. On our arrival at the tents we found Mulka Begam's tent prepared for the reception of the females of our party. It was in utter darkness. In front fine bamboo screens were let down, which, inside, were covered with thin white muslin. Through this parda, from the inside of the tent, you could see what was going on without, where every thing was brilliantly lighted, whilst we were in complete darkness. From without you could not see into the tent in the slightest degree. These screens are called pardas, and the women who live within them, parda nishīn, secluded behind the curtain. In front of the tent was pitched a very large shamiyana, a canopy, supported on every side by high poles; white cloths were spread on the ground. In the centre was seated the young Prince on his gaddī (throne of the sovereign), most beautifully dressed, and looking very handsome. His four ill-looking brothers were next to him. On a plain gaddī, by

his side, sat Colonel Gardner and myself, and all the English and native gentlemen were seated on either side. In front, were one hundred nāch women, the best to be procured, brought, at an immense expense, from great distances; six or eight of these girls danced at a time, and were relieved by another set. Around were countless numbers of natives, in all their gayest dresses: and still further back were many elephants, on which people had mounted to get a sight of the tamāshā. When the preparations within were ready, Colonel Gardner took me, his son, and the five princes, within the tent; a parda (screen) was drawn across part of the tent, behind which were some native ladies, whom it would have been improper the men should have seen, they not being their relatives. The Prince was placed on a low silver seat, and fed with sugar; the amusement appeared to be, as you offered the sugar, and the Prince attempted to take it in his mouth, to snatch away your hand. The ladies behind the parda also put forth their hands to feed him with sugar; he tried to catch their hands, and having succeeded in catching the hand of one of the girls who was teazing him, he tried to draw off her ring, and in the struggle she was nearly pulled through the parda!

A silver bason was brought, and from it, Mulka Begam, Alaida, and her sister, the Evening Star, put the menhdī on the Prince's hands and feet, and washed it off with water, which they poured from a silver vessel, of the most classical and beautiful shape I almost ever beheld. A turban of green and gold, ornamented with brilliants and precious stones, was placed on his head; he was then dressed in a dress of kimkhwab (gold brocade), a red and gold kamarband, and green pājāmas; and a ring and armlets of great value and beauty were also put upon him. Sherbet was given to him, and all the guests, to drink, and their mouths were wiped with a sort of napkin of red and gold cloth by the cup-bearer.

Into the sherbet tray each guest put a gold mohur, the perquisite of the girls who had put the menhdī on the Prince. Afterwards, a slave-girl brought a silver vessel with water; water was poured over the hands of the guests, each of whom

put four or five rupees into the bowl; this was given the Domnee, the same three old women who in one corner were singing all the time. Necklaces of the fresh flowers of the yellow jasmine were thrown over the neck of the prince and the guests. After these ceremonies were completed, the prince and Colonel Gardner quitted the tent. I remained with the Begam. A ceremony was then performed that surprised me considerably; the native ladies laughed, and appeared to think it high tamāshā.

It was now dinner time, being midnight. The inner pardas of the tent were let down, and lights were brought in. A white cloth was spread on the ground in front of the Begam's gaddī, upon which eight large round dishes of earthenware were placed. These were filled with boiled rice mixed with almonds and many good things, very pleasant food. These dishes are always prepared at Asiatic weddings, as bride-cake is always an attendant on the same ceremony in Europe. The rice was piled up high, and silvered all over with silver leaf, and a tuft of silver ornamented the top. Silvered food is much used by natives; and in helping a dish, if you wish to pay a compliment, you send as much gold and silver leaf as you can. At weddings the food is served in earthen vessels, instead of the silver vessels commonly used, because, when the repast is over, the remainder of it, vessels and all, are given away.

Of course, according to Asiatic custom, we all sat on the ground. The Begam said, "What shall we do? we have no knives and forks for the bībī sāhiba." I assured her my fingers were more useful than forks. She sent me a large dish, well filled and well silvered. I bowed over it, saying in an undertone to myself, "Jupiter omnipotens digitos dedit ante bidentes." The Begam *explained* to the guests, "English ladies always say grace before meals." After holding forth my right hand to have water poured upon it, I boldly dipped my fingers into the dish, and contrived to appease my hunger very comfortably, much to the amusement of the Asiatic ladies: but I found I could not get my fingers half so far into my mouth as they contrived to do; certainly the mode is ungraceful, but this

may be prejudice. I looked at Mulka Begam, how far she pushed her delicate fingers down her throat—wah! wah!

"The prophet used to eat with three fingers, the thumb, the forefinger, and the middle finger; and after eating he used to lick his blessed fingers before touching any thing else." The prophet said, "Repeat the name of God, and eat with your right hand; the devil has power over that meat which is eaten without remembering the name of God." "Verily God is pleased with a servant who eats a mouthful and says God's praise, and drinks a draught of water, and says God's praise." "When any one of you eats, he must do it with his right hand; and when any one of you drinks, he must take hold of his water-pot with the right hand, because the devil eats and drinks with his left."

After the repast silver vessels were handed round, and our mouths and fingers underwent ablution. Besan, the flour of gram, as good for the purpose as almond-paste, was presented to each guest; with it the grease was removed from the fingers, and water was poured over them.

Necklaces most beautifully made of silver tissue were now given to the whole of the company, both within and without the tent; the lights were carried away, a portion of the parda was removed, and we, unseen, could then observe what was going on without the tent, the nāching, and the company. Seeing the Begam apparently fatigued, I requested she would give me my dismissal, which, having received, I made my salām and returned to Colonel Gardner, with whom I sat looking at the nāch until 3 P.M., at which hour the prince, by taking his departure, broke up the assembly. "On retiring, the senior guest, addressing the host, says, 'Be pleased to, or will you, give us leave, or permission, to depart?' Adding, 'May God bless and prosper you! I have made a hearty meal, or dined heartily (orig. eaten a belly full)!' To which the other replies, 'It is the will of God and Muhammad,' i.e. not mine; or, 'Very well:' 'Certainly.' Then the whole company rise, calling out, 'As salām alaikum!' 'Peace be unto you,' and take their departure[1]."

[1] Qanoon-e-islam.

I returned to Khāsgunge in a palanquin, in which I slept all the way home, being fatigued and overcome with the exertions of the day.

It was a sight worth seeing; the thousands of well-dressed natives in picturesque groups, and the dancing girls under the brilliantly illuminated trees. I was delighted to sit by my dear Colonel Gardner, and to hear his explanations. In conversation he was most interesting, a man of great intelligence, and in mind playful as a child. I often begged him to write his life, or to allow me to write it at his dictation. The description of such varied scenes as those through which he had passed would have been delightful; and he wrote so beautifully, the work would have been invaluable. He used to tell me remarkable incidents in his life, but I never wrote them down, feeling that unless I could remember his language, the histories would be deprived of half their beauty. I have never described Mr. James Gardner, his son. He is a remarkably shrewd, clever, quick man. He has never been in England: he commenced his education at a school in Calcutta; and the remainder he received at home, from Colonel Gardner and his friend Mr. B——. Persian he reads and writes as fluently as a native, and transacts all his business in that language. He is very quick, and so deep, they say he even outwits the natives. He is very hospitable—expert in all manly exercises—a fine horseman—an excellent swordsman—skilled in the lance exercise—an admirable shot with the bow and arrow—excels in all native games and exercises. I fancy the Begam, his mother, would never hear of her son's going to England for education; and to induce a native woman to give way to any reasons that are contrary to her own wishes is quite out of the power of mortal man. A man may induce a European wife to be unselfish and make a sacrifice to comply with his wishes, or for the benefit of her children. A native woman would only be violent, enraged, and sulky, until the man, tired and weary with the dispute and eternal worry, would give her her own way. Such at least is my opinion from what I have seen of life within the four walls of a zenāna. James Gardner is most perfectly suited to the life he

leads: the power of the sun does not affect him so much as it does other people: he rides about his estates and farms all day: he has a great number of villages of his own, of which he is lord and master, and is able to conduct his affairs and turn his indigo and farming to profit. In all this he is assisted by the advice of Mulka Begam, to whom the natives look up with the highest respect. She is a clever woman, and her word is regarded as law by her villagers and dependents.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE BURĀT.

"THE NUPTIAL PROCESSION IS PROPORTIONED TO THE RANK OF THE BRIDEGROOM [1]."

The Bridegroom fights for his Bride—The grand Procession—Superstition of the Prince—Bridal Attire—The Bride's Consent—Signing the Contract—The Nose-ring—Dress of the Bride—The Prince enters the Zenāna—He beholds his Bride—He carries her off—Colonel Gardner's distress—Fanī Bhū'a—The Bride's Dower carried in procession with the newly-married couple to the Prince's Tents—A singular Custom—Pān.

1835, *March* 30*th*.—Colonel Gardner said to me, "The bridegroom will come to-night to carry away his bride; it is an old Tartar custom for the man to fight for his wife, and carry her away by force of arms; this is still retained. I shall have the doors of the gateway barred at the entrance; and the soldiers on the prince's arrival, after refusing to admit him, will at length allow him to enter, if he give them some gold mohurs. We, of the bride's party, are not to join in the procession, but you may go out on an elephant provided you put no gay trappings upon him; and you can look on and say, 'What a paltry procession, not half as fine as ours last night!' this is the custom (dastūr). I will go in my tanjan and stand at one side." This was the grand day of all: the prince and his party came at night; the village through which they passed was illuminated, as well as the road and the triumphal arches; they were accompanied by bands of music and flags innumerable; at every halt

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 86.

fireworks were let off, while blue lights added a picturesque effect to the scene. The prince rode at the head of the procession on an Arab covered with embroidered trappings; on each side, the animal was decorated with the white tails of the yāk; and over all was thrown an ornamental armour made of flowers. On the head of the Arab was a jika, an ornament from which arose a heron's plume, of which each feather was tipped with gold; his neck, the bridle, and the crupper were adorned with ornaments and golden chains. According to etiquette, an attendant on foot by the side of the horse carried an āftābī, a sun embroidered on velvet attached to a staff, gaily ornamented and carried in an elevated position: it is used as a protection from the rays of the sun, and also as a point of dignity. Another carried a magnificent chatr, umbrella of silk, embroidered with gold, a mark of royalty.[l] In Oude the king alone is entitled to the chatr, with the exception of the resident and his assistant. Then followed the elephants, and friends, and attendants on horseback, palanquins and native carriages of many descriptions: the procession was interspersed with the platforms containing dancing girls, carried by men, and a number of horses, English, Arab, and country, were led by their grooms. Innumerable torches flared in every direction, and chirāghs, small lamps fixed on ladders, were carried horizontally by the attendants. Artificial trees made of wax, coloured paper, and shola, decorated with gold and silver leaf, mica, and coloured foil, were carried by men in great number, and added a strangely Asiatic effect to the whole, as the blue lights fell upon them.

When the procession arrived at the entrance to Colonel Gardner's estate, the doors of the gateway were found closed, and the prince was refused admittance; but after a mock fight, he was allowed to pass through into the grounds. The Begam would not have omitted a Timūrian custom for the world. The dress of the bridegroom consisted entirely of cloth of gold; and across his forehead was bound a sort of fillet (sihrā) made of an embroidery of pearls, from which long strings of gold hung down all over his face to his saddle-bow; and to his mouth he kept a red silk handkerchief closely pressed to prevent devils

entering his body! In this heavy dress of gold the prince did not look to advantage.

I went out with two gentlemen, on a very shabbily-dressed elephant; we stopped by the roadside, and had a good view of the procession. One of the party, Mr. F——, attired most becomingly in the native fashion, mounted on a handsome white Arab, caparisoned in purple and gold, looked like a picture in a fairy tale, as he rode amongst the blue lights; his plain dress of fine white dacca muslin, with a white muslin turban, and a handsome black Indian shawl, put round his waist coxcomically in native style, was in very good taste. We remained about an hour viewing the scene,—the effect was excellent; even the old Nawāb of Cambay came out in a tanjan, and looked happy and well pleased. On looking for Colonel Gardner, I saw the dear old man seated on the side of a well, in darkness, and quite removed from the crowd, looking on and smiling at the foolery. Perhaps his thoughts reverted to his own marriage, when he had undergone the same ceremonies: I asked him how he could have endured such folly? He answered, "I was young then; and in love, I would have done or promised any thing."

A very large shamiyāna (awning) was pitched before Colonel Gardner's house; the ground beneath it was spread with white cloths, on which was placed the Prince's gaddī, of velvet, embroidered with gold. An immense number of native gentlemen, wedding guests, were present; they came from their tents, which were all pitched on the estate around the house. During the last two days of the wedding, every man, woman, child, horse, elephant, and servant were fed at Colonel Gardner's expense, and an immense outlay it must have been; my jamadār came to me, and said, "For the next two days your horses and servants will be fed by Colonel Gardner; do not object to it, it would bring ill-luck on the wedding; it is the custom (dastūr)." It is also the custom to sit up the whole night on this occasion; to beguile the time, a great number of brilliant ātāshbāzī (fireworks) were let off, which were fixed in the grounds in front of the house. The dancing girls descended from the platforms on which they had been carried, assembled

under the shamiyāna, and sang and attudinized the whole night, one set relieving the other. The Prince seated himself on his gaddī, and the contract of marriage was read to him; it was written in Persian on beautifully illuminated parchment, for which Colonel Gardner paid duty 450 rupees, that is, £45.

Previous to the signature, it was necessary to gain the formal consent of the bride; for which purpose, Mr. James Gardner took the kāzī (native judge), and two of his native officers, with Mrs. B—— and myself, into the zenāna. We stood in an empty room, adjoining that in which were the bride and the Begam, her grandmother; between us was the parda; we could hear, but not see. The kāzī said, "Is Shubbeah Begam present?" "Yes." "Does Shubbeah Begam give her free consent to marry Mirza Unjun Shekō?" An answer was made, but in so low a tone, it was more like a murmur.

Mr. Gardner said, "You are witnesses, and have heard her give her consent." I replied, "No; I heard a murmur, but know not what it meant."

The Begam then said, "It is the custom for the bride, from modesty, to be unable to answer; but I, her grandmother, say 'Yes' for her."

The kāzī said, "Mirza Unjun Shekō will settle seven lākh of rupees upon her."

The Begam answered, "We forgive him two lākh, let him settle five."

A lady laughed, and whispered to me, "The young Prince has not five cowries of his own."

If the bride were to give her consent in words, she would be disgraced for ever as an impudent good-for-nothing; after repeated demands, and sometimes *pinchings*, her voice is heard in a sort of *hem*, which, it is taken for granted, means "Yes."

A certain number of lumps of sugar were then sent from the bride to the Prince, and we returned to see him sign the contract.

The kāzī having taken off the veil of gold tissue, and the fillet, that were around the head of the bridegroom, requested him to repeat after him, in Arabic, a portion of some of the

chapters in the Kur'ān, and, having explained the contract, asked him if he consented to it; to which he answered in the affirmative; after which the kāzī offered up a supplication in behalf of the betrothed pair; and several other ceremonies were performed.

The contract, a most curious document, was then read aloud; the Prince, having listened attentively, signed it; and several English gentlemen added their names as witnesses, to make it as binding as possible.

The dowry is made high as the *only* security the wife has that her husband will not turn her away as soon as he gets tired of her.

Colonel Gardner then took the contract, and said, "I shall keep this in *my* possession." I asked him "Why?" He said, "It is generally kept by the bride; as long as she has it the husband behaves well; for a few months he treats her kindly, and she becomes fond of him; he coaxes her out of the contract, or he finds out where she hides it and steals it; when once he has got it into his possession he swears she gave it up willingly, and the contract is void."

During the time we were signing the contract, a different scene was going on within the zenāna.

The Prince sent the n'hut (the nose-ring) to the bride, which is equivalent to putting the wedding-ring on the finger in Europe; it was a large thin hoop of gold, and a ruby between two pearls was strung upon it. On receiving it, the bride was taken from her charpāī, on which she had reposed during all the preceding days of this ceremony, in her yellow dress and oily paste, and was bathed. What a luxury that bath must have been, after so many nights and days of penance! She was then dressed in her handsomest attire, richly embroidered garments, and an immense number of jewels; but not one atom of this costume was visible, for *over all* was placed a large square of cloth of silver, and *over that* another large square, formed of cloth of gold, which covered her entirely from head to foot, face and all. Over her forehead was bound the same sort of fillet (sihrā) as the Prince wore, composed of strings of pearls and strings of

gold, which hung down over the veil so that she could not see, and could scarcely breathe.

When the guns fired at the signing of the contract, the Prince ate the lumps of sugar that had been sent him by the bride; he then arose, and, quitting the male assembly, went into the zenāna, where he was received by the Begam and her guests, and seated on a gaddī. Soon after Mr. James Gardner appeared with the bride in his arms; he carried her from her own room, according to custom, and placed her on the gaddī, by the side of the Prince.

There she sat, looking like a lump of gold; no one could have imagined a human being was under such a covering; with difficulty she was kept from fainting, the heat was so excessive. Her lips and teeth had been blackened for the first time with misī, and gold and silver dust had been thrown over her face!

Surma (collyrium) also had been applied to her eyelids, at the roots of the lashes, by means of a piece of silver or lead, made in the shape of a probe without the knob at the end. The ladies in attendance on the young Begam then performed innumerable ceremonies; they fed the Prince with sugar-candy, and sifted sugar through his hands; they put a lump of sugar on the head of the bride, off which he took it up in his mouth, and ate it; sugar was placed on her shoulders, on her hands, on her feet, and it was his duty to eat all this misrī off all those parts of her body. The bride's slipper was concealed under rich coverings, and the grand art appeared to be to make the Prince eat the sugar-candy off the shoe!

The Kur'ān was produced, and some parts of it were read aloud; a large Indian shawl was then spread over the heads of the bride and bridegroom, as they sat on the floor, and the shawl was supported like a canopy by the ladies in attendance. A looking-glass was put into the hands of the Prince, he drew the veil of the bride partly aside, and they beheld each other's faces for the first time in the looking-glass! At this moment, had any false description of the bride been given to the bridegroom, he had the power of saying, "I have been deceived, the face I see is not the face that was pourtrayed to me; I will not

marry this woman." However, the Prince looked pleased, and so did she, for I saw her smile at this important moment; at which time I particularly observed the expression of their countenances. The Prince took up his bride in his arms,—the golden lump I before described,—and placing her on a silver charpāī, sat down by her side, and fanned her carefully. The poor girl was almost stifled beneath the gold and silver coverings, that oppressed but did not adorn her. By this time the night had nearly passed away; the remainder was taken up with tedious and trivial ceremonies; at last morning dawned, and at 11 A.M. the dowry was counted, and made ready to carry away.

When the moment arrived for the Prince to carry off his bride, the whole of the women in the zenāna came round her, and cried and wept with all their might and main; even those who did not regret her departure cried and wept most furiously. Colonel Gardner was sitting there, looking pale and miserable; when he embraced his grand-daughter, whom he loved, the old man trembled in every limb, the tears dropped from his eyes, and he could scarcely stand. He called the Prince to him, and told him that, according to his treatment of his child should be his own conduct towards him; that if he made her happy he should want for nothing; but if he made her unhappy he would make him miserable. Colonel Gardner then said to me, "When I gave her sister to young Gardner I knew she would be happy; but this poor girl, who may prophesy her fate? However, she wished it; her mother and the Begam had set their hearts upon it; and you know, my betī (my child), women will have their own way."

Although Colonel Gardner always called me his child, and treated me as such, my title in the zenāna was "Fanī Bhū'a," because his son usually addressed me as "*Sister* of my Father."

When it was announced that the procession was ready, the Prince took the bride up in his arms, in her lump-like position, and carried her to her palanquin, the purdas of which were then let down, and fastened outside with gold and silver cords.

This taking up a girl who is sitting on the floor in your arms, and carrying her away without touching the ground with your

knees, and without any assistance from another person, is a difficult affair to accomplish; to fail in doing it would be deemed unlucky. The bridegroom performed it very cleverly.

The Prince, in the dress in which he arrived, attended the palanquin on horseback; and the whole of the bride's dower followed in procession, carried on the heads of men, and displayed to view. One golden-footed bed, and one silver-footed charpāī; a number of large trunks, covered with red cloth, containing cashmere shawls and ready-made clothes, sufficient to last for one year; and unmade clothes, and pieces of kimkhwab, gold and silver tissues, silks, and pieces of India muslin, enough to last for three years. I saw a large pile of pājāmas for the bride put into one of the trunks, considered sufficient for the wear of a year; besides which, forty pieces, consisting of coloured silks and gold brocades, for the same article of dress, were sent unmade, and deemed sufficient for three years to come. Two elephants, several horses, a very handsome bilee for the lady herself, and several raths for the ladies in attendance upon her; as also a palanquin. Then came, carried on trays, dishes of various sorts, for the household, which were made of pure silver; ewers and chilamchīs of the same; also for the cook-room, every article in iron or copper necessary for the establishment of a newly-married couple; and all these things were of the best description. The jewels for the bride, which were very handsome and very valuable, were carried in state, together with a pāndan for holding betel, and all the ingredients for pān; another box, with partitions for spices, cardamums, &c.; a misī-dān for holding misī (a powder made of vitriol, &c.), with which they tinge the teeth of a black colour; a surmā-dān, for holding surmā (the collyrium which they apply to the eyes, to give them a brilliant appearance); an atr-dān, a gulabpash (for sprinkling rose-water); and every article for the toilet of an Asiatic lady. Quilts, mattresses, pillows, carpets, boxes, lamps; in fact, an endless list; besides male and female slaves, to attend on the newly-married people. A Kur'ān, for the bridegroom, was also carried in procession.

Every thing necessary for the use of a native lady is sent on

such an occasion, and these articles are provided for years; head and heel ropes for the horses, and even wooden pegs to secure them, and the bullocks, are sent with the lady, that nothing may be wanting.

The Prince took his bride to his tents, and a remarkable ceremony was there witnessed by Mr. Vigne, which he thus relates :—

"I was admitted, as a great favour, to see a custom, peculiar, I believe, to the Timūrians, and which perhaps no European ever saw before. Immediately after the marriage ceremony the bridegroom has the bride taken to his home; but before she quitted her palanquin, which was set down close to it, she thrust her bared foot—a very pretty one, and dyed with henna at the extremities—through the sliding doors, and the bridegroom touched her great toe with the blood of a goat, which I saw him kill with his own hands, whilst yet in his bridal dress and turban, by then and there cutting its throat. When this was done, the bride withdrew her foot, and I made my bow, and the bride and bridegroom retired to their inner apartments."[2]

By the time the procession had quitted the gates of the zenāna, I was very glad to return to my own rooms to bathe preparatory to breakfast. I had eaten nothing during the night but cardamums and prepared betel-nut: had smoked a little of Colonel Gardner's hooqŭ, and had drank nothing but tea. Mr. Gardner prepared some pān for me in a particular fashion: I ate it, and found it very refreshing. Pān, so universally eaten in India, is made of the leaf of the piper betel, a species of pepper plant, called pān supéarie and betel-nut; but this betel-nut is not the nut of the piper betel, but of the areca catechu, a palm fifty feet in height. The betel-nut is cut up in small bits and wrapped up in the pān-leaf with lime cuttie, which is a bitter gum resin, an astringent vegetable extract, the produce of a species of mimosa (chadira) catechu Japonica; called kuth by the natives, and some slaked lime, or chunā. Pān at marriage feasts is tied up in packets of a triangular shape, and covered with gold and silver leaf and enamelled foil of bright colours: the lime cuttie dyes the gums and tongue a deep red.

I was quite fresh and free from headache: had I sat up all night in England, where we eat supper, it would have made me ill. Colonel Gardner came in to breakfast, and kissing me on the forehead, said, "Mera betī (my child), you are less fatigued than any one." The Prince lived with his bride at the tents for three days, after which they returned to Colonel Gardner's to perform the final ceremony of playing the chāotree.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CHĀOTREE.

"ONE SNAKE HAS BIT THEM ALL [1]."

"THE PRINCESS HAS GROWN FOOLISH, SHE PELTS HER OWN RELATIONS WITH SWEETMEATS, OTHERS WITH STONES [2]."

"THEY HAVE SCATTERED DATŪRA (thorn apple) IN THE AIR [3]."

i. e. the people are all gone mad.

The Chāotree—Timūrian Dance—Churees—Finale of the Wedding—Jhanee Khanum—The Zenāna Doll—Jealousy of the Natives—Meals of the Slave Girls—Tara the pretty Slave—Conduct of English Ladies considered extraordinary—Poppy-heads—Devotion of Native Women to their Husbands—Illness of Colonel Gardner—Burial-ground of the Family—My Departure—Death of Colonel Gardner, and of his Begam—Orders of Knighthood—Remarks on the Muhammadān Religion and the Punishments of the Grave.

1835, *April 2nd.*—The chāotree was to be played this day, it being the finale of the wedding. When the Prince and Shubbeah arrived at Khāsgunge they came into the zenāna, and were seated on the gaddī; a large number of trays, containing fruits and vegetables of every description, fresh from the garden, were placed before them, with sugar, &c. Shubbeah had divested herself of her bridal attire, and wore the peshwāz, the court dress of Delhi, which was made of Benares tissue of gold and silver, and she wore all her jewels. Nine fruits of different sorts were wrapped in a cloth, and suspended round her waist by her attendants; it had a curious effect, because the whole

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 87. [2] Ibid. 88. [3] Ibid. 89.

was placed beneath her garments; she arose, encumbered with these fruits, and made salām to each of the four corners of the room. Her hair was then decked with natural flowers, her face having previously been covered with silver dust; and she and the Prince were both fed with sugar off a rupee. A stick, ornamented with silver tissue, was given to him, and another to her, with which they pretended to beat each other; these silver wands were presented to all the ladies, and wands covered with flowers were given to the slaves. For some days before the chāotree, the Begam had been employed in teaching the ladies in the zenāna and the slave girls a particular dance, the ancient Princess herself dancing with them, with a silver wand in her hand. I mentioned this to Colonel Gardner; he said, "It is very remarkable that, at weddings, all the ladies of this family perform this particular nāch, but at no other time do they dance; it would lower their dignity. This is an old Tartar dance, and always performed at weddings amongst the Timūrians; it is the dastūr. The tamāshā consisted in beating each other with these silver sticks, and throwing handfuls of fruits, of turnips, of oranges, of pomegranates, in fact, any thing that could be seized from the trays, at each other; the slaves joining in the fun, breaking the glass windows by accident, and doing much damage. The more you pelt a person, the greater the compliment; sharp jealousy was created in many a breast this day, the source of much anxiety afterwards. This is called playing the chāotree, and finishes the ceremonies of the wedding.

Soon after, a woman came in, with a large basket full of chūrīs for the arms (bracelets), which were made of rings of glass, ornamented with beads. Every body at the wedding, from the Begam to the youngest slave, had chūrīs put on their arms; I was also decorated. These rings are extremely small; to put them on requires considerable art, it being necessary to mull the hand, and render it very pliant, before it can pass through so very small a circumference as that of the churee.

Thus ended the wedding of Prince Unjun Shekō and Shubbeah Begam. They quitted their tents, and went to reside at a pretty

little fort and indigo factory, the property of Colonel Gardner, at Moreechee.

The dūlhān (bride) visits her mother on the four first Fridays after her marriage, on each of which the dūlhā (bridegroom) is bribed with a full suit.

"A marriage may be celebrated with a mŭn of rice as well as a mŭn of pearls[1]."

Another wedding immediately began, that of Jhanee Khanum, an adopted daughter of Colonel Gardner's, a slave girl; but I did not stay to witness it, having before seen the grand display.

It is the custom in the zenāna for every young lady to adopt the child of a slave, which serves as a doll, an amusement for her. Shubbeah had an adopted child, for whom she will have eventually to provide; and every lady in the zenāna had an adopted daughter of the same description. The slaves are a set of the most idle, insolent, good-tempered, thievish, laughing girls I ever saw. I should think, counting babies, slaves and all, there must have been two hundred souls within the four walls of Colonel Gardner's zenāna.

The prince allowed his brothers to see the bride the day of the wedding, but said he should not allow them to see her in future. A native woman thinks this sort of jealousy very flattering, and prides herself upon it.

The mother of Shubbeah was the happiest of the happy: in her idea, her child had made the finest match in the world, by marrying a prince of the house of Delhi, although she was brought up a Christian, he a follower of the prophet. Her other daughter was happily married, her husband being very fond of native life and native customs.

At noon all the slave girls came for their dinners; each had given her a great chapāttī (cake of flour) as large as a plate, and this was filled brim full from two great vessels of curry and rice. This repast took place again at eight in the evening. One day, just as they were beginning their meal, I sat down in the verandah and played

[1] Oriental Proverbs, No. 90.

an Hindostanee air on a sitar (a native instrument made of a goord); up started all the slaves in an instant and set to, dancing with their food in their hands and their mouths full! Each slave girl carried her curry and rice on the wheaten cake, which was about the size of a plate, and used it as such; until having eaten the contents she finished with the cake. In spite of their dexterity in putting the food down their throats without dropping the rice or soiling their dresses, the fingers retain a considerable portion of the yellow turmeric and the greasy ghee! They eat custards, rice, and milk, and more fluid food with the hand, sucking the fingers to clean them, and afterwards wipe them dry with a chapātī! They were merry, and fat, and happy, unless the Begam happened to catch one out in a theft, when the other girls punished her. Some of the slaves were pretty girls, and great favourites. To show how little they had to do, the following anecdote may suffice. A pretty slave girl was sitting by my bedside; I held out my hand, and desired her to shampoo it: the girl's countenance became clouded, and she did not offer to do it—her name was Tara (the Star). "Why do you not mull my hand, Tara?" said I. "Oh," she replied, "I never mull the hand; the other girls do that; I only mull the Colonel Sāhib's eye-brows. I can take the pain from them when he is ill;—that is my duty. I will not shampoo the hand." I laughed at her description of the work that fell to her lot as a slave, and said, "Well, Tara, mull my eye-brows; my head aches;" with the greatest good-humour she complied, and certainly charmed away the pain. It is the great luxury of the East.

I might have lived fifty years in India and never have seen a native wedding. It is hardly possible for a European lady to be present at one. Alaida and her sister the Evening Star learnt to read and write Persian; a very old moonshee was allowed to teach them. Musulmānī ladies generally forget their learning when they grow up, or they neglect it. Every thing that passes without the four walls is reported to them by their spies: never was any place so full of intrigue, scandal, and chit-chat as a zenāna. Making up marriages is their great delight, and the

bustle attendant on the ceremonies. They dote upon their children, and are so selfish they will not part from them to allow them to go to school, if it be possible to avoid it. The girls, of course, never quit the zenāna. Within the four walls surrounding the zenāna at Khāsgunge is a pretty garden, with a summer-house in the centre; fountains play before it, and they are fond of spending their time out of doors. During the rains they take great delight in swinging under the large trees in the open air. They never ride on horseback, or go on the water for pleasure. They are very fond of atr of all sorts, the scent of which is overpowering in their houses. They put scented oil on their hair; to eau-de-Cologne and lavender-water they have the greatest aversion, declaring it to be gin, to drink! The prophet forbade all fermented liquors, after a battle which he nearly lost by his soldiers getting drunk, and being surprised.

The old Begam said to Colonel Gardner, "They are curious creatures, these English ladies; I cannot understand them or their ways,—their ways are so odd!" And yet the Begam must have seen so many European ladies, I wonder she had not become more reconciled to our *odd ways*.

The conduct that shocked them was our dining with men not our relations, and that too with uncovered faces. A lady's going out on horseback is monstrous. They could not comprehend my galloping about on that great English horse, just where I pleased, with one or two gentlemen and the coachman as my attendants. My not being afraid to sleep in the dark without having half a dozen slave girls snoring around me, surprised them. My remaining *alone* writing in my own room; my not being unhappy when I was alone,—in fact, they looked upon me as a very odd creature. It was almost impossible to enjoy solitude, the slave girls were peeping under the corner of every parda. Some one or other was always coming to talk to me; sometimes asking me to make up a marriage! If a native lady is relating a story, and you look incredulous, she exclaims, "I swear to God it is true!" They are very fond of this exclamation. One day, in the gardens, I was talking to Tara, the

pretty slave girl, when she darted away over the poppy beds, screaming out, "I swear to God there is a ripe poppy-head!" and she came back with her ripe poppy-head, out of which she beat the seeds on the palm of her hand, and ate them. She then brought some more for me, which I ate in her fashion. The half-ripe seeds of the poppy eaten raw, and fresh gathered, are like almonds; they do not intoxicate. "Remember," said Tara, "after dinner you shall have a dish sent you; partake of it, you will like it." It is made thus; gather three or four young poppy-heads when they are full of opium, and green; split each head into four parts, fry them in a little butter, *a very little*, only just enough to fry them, with some pepper and salt—send them to table, with the dessert. The flavour is very pleasant, and if you only eat enough, you will become as tipsy as mortal may desire. We had them often at Colonel Gardner's; and I have felt rather sleepy from eating them. The old nawab was in his glory when he had two or three spoonfuls of these poppy-heads in his plate, one of which is a good dose. I was so fond of the unripe seeds, that I never went into the garden, but the mālī brought me ten or twelve heads, which I usually finished at once. There were some beds of the double red poppy, especially set apart for the Begam, the opium from that poppy being reckoned the finest; a couple of lumps of opium were collected, and brought in daily. Colonel Gardner said to me, "The Begam is perplexed; she wants to know how you, a married woman, can have received the gift of a nose-ring from a gentleman not your husband? She says the nose-ring is the bridal ring. She is perplexed." I had differed in opinion with a gentleman: he said, "I will bet you a nose-ring you are in the wrong." The native jewellers had been at the house that morning showing their nose-rings, and other native ornaments. I accepted the bet, and was victorious: the gentleman presented me with a nose-ring, which I declined, because its value was one hundred and sixty rupees, *i. e.* £16. "I will accept the n'hut I have won, but it must be one from the bazār, which will be an exact imitation of this ring, and will cost one rupee and a half." It was accordingly procured for me. The Begam having heard this story was perplexed

until it was explained to her, that I was not going to marry the gentleman, and had only accepted the nose-ring to make a native dress perfect.

Three of the slave girls, wishing to see the world, I suppose, went to the Begam, and asked her to give them to me. She laughed and told me their request.

Science has not yet entered the confines of the zenāna; nature and superstition reign supreme; nevertheless, native women suffer less on the birth of a child than the women of Europe. The first nourishment given an infant medicinally is composed of umaltass (cassia fistula) sugar, aniseed water, and russote, from a colt just born! Native women do not approve of flannel for infants, thinking it excites the skin too much.

In page 230 is the following remark by Colonel Gardner, —"Nothing can exceed the quarrels that go on in a zenāna, or the complaints the Begams make against each other; a common complaint is, such an one has been practising witchcraft against me." The following extracts will account for their belief in witchcraft. "Aa'yeshah said, 'His Majesty was bewitched while he was with me, and he prayed to God, and then said, 'O Aa'yeshah! do you know, that verily God gave me what I asked him? Two men came to me, one sitting at my head, the other at my feet; and one of them said to the other, 'What is the cause of his Majesty's pain and illness?' The other said, 'The man has been bewitched.' The other asked, 'Who did it?' He said, 'Labid-bin-As'am, the Jew.' The first said, 'In what thing?' The other replied, 'In a comb, and in the hair which falls from it, and in the film of the male date bud.' And one of them said, 'Where has he put them?' The other said, 'In the well Dharwān.' Then his Majesty sent Alī and Omer to bring the things out of the well; and they found in the bud an image of his Majesty, made with wax, with needles stuck into it, and a thread tied upon it, with eleven knots in it. Then Gabriel brought the chapters imploring protection, every verse of which repeated opened one of the knots; and his Majesty received ease from every needle that was pulled out of it."

"His Highness permitted spells being used, to counteract the effects of a malignant eye; and on those bit by snakes, or scorpions, and for sores in the side. A man said to his Majesty, 'We made use of charms in the time of ignorance, may we use them now or not?' He said, 'Describe your spells to me, that I may see the meaning of them; there is no fear in using spells which do not associate any thing with God.'"

"Zainab, wife of Abdullah-bin-Masu'ud, said, 'Abdullah saw a thread round my neck, and said, 'What is this?' I said, 'This is a thread which has been made as a charm for me.' Then he took and broke it to pieces; after that he said, 'O family of Abdullah! verily you stand not in need of this kind of charm used by the polytheists; because I heard the Prophet say, Verily, spells and tying to the necks of children the nails of tearing animals, and the thread which is tied round a wife's neck, to make her husband love her, are all in the way of the polytheists.'"

"Then I said to Abdullah, 'Why do you say so? Verily, I had such a pain in my eyes that I thought they would have fallen out; and I went to a *Jew;* and when he applied a spell I got ease.' Then Abdullah said, 'This is nothing but the work of the devil; he was shaking your eyes with his hands, and when the spell was used he stopped. It will be sufficient for you to repeat such words as his Majesty used to say: O Cherisher of men! remove this punishment, and give ease; thou art the giver of health, there is no cure but from thee, the remover of sickness.'"

"A man said, 'O messenger of God! verily the family of Jaspar are soon affected by the baneful influence of a malignant eye; may I use spells for them or not?' His Majesty said, 'Yes; for the eye has a complete influence; because, verily, if there was a thing to overcome fate, it most certainly would be a malignant eye.'"

Sons are of inestimable value; the birth of a daughter is almost a calamity; but even the mother blest with a son is not likely to remain long without a rival in the heart of her husband, since

ninety-nine out of a hundred take new wives; besides the concubines given by the mother before marriage!

When a Muhammadan has sworn to separate himself from his wife, she retires to her own apartments, and does not behold her husband for four months; if they are not reconciled by the end of that time, all their ties are broken; the woman recovers her liberty, and receives, on quitting the house, the property settled on her by the contract of marriage. The girls follow the mother, the boys remain with the father. The husband cannot send her from his house until the expiration of the four months.

One day Colonel Gardner was ill; he was in the large garden without. The Begam begged me to go to him; she *dared not* leave the zenāna, even to assist her husband, who was so ill that his attendants had run in for aid! I went to him. After a time he was better, and wished to return to the house; he leaned on my shoulder for support, and led the way to the burial-ground of his son Allan, just without the garden. He sat down on a tomb, and we had a long conversation; "If it were not for old age, and the illness it brings on," said he, "we should never be prepared, never ready to leave this world. I shall not last long; I shall not see you again, my betī; I wish to be buried by the side of my son; but I have spoken to James about it. The poor Begam, she will not survive me long; mark my words,—she will not say much, but she will take my death to heart, she will not long survive me: when her son Allan died she pounded her jewels in a mortar." Shortly afterwards we returned to the house.

It may appear extraordinary to an European lady that the Begam, in her affliction, should have pounded her jewels in a mortar: ornaments are put aside in times of mourning; and jewellery with native ladies is highly prized, not merely for its own sake—that of adding to their beauty, but as a proof of the estimation in which they are held by their husbands. If a man be angry with his wife, he will take away her jewels, and not allow her to wear them; if pleased, it is his delight to cover her with the most valuable ornaments, precious stones set in pure gold. The quantity and value of the jewellery thus ascertains

the rank to which a lady is entitled in this sort of domestic "order of merit;" the women pride themselves upon this adornment, and delight in jewellery as much as the men of England in stars and garters.

A lady wears slippers only out of doors, and puts them off on entering the house; the slippers are of various forms and patterns; some of them are square at the toes, and have iron heels. "She combs his head with the iron heel of her slipper," is applied to a woman who domineers over her husband. The slippers for the ladies are of cloth, of the gayest colours, ornamented with embroidery of gold and silver, adorned with seed pearls, and with beetle wings, which are worked into flowers upon the cloth, and cover the long peak that turns up over the toes.

Stockings are never worn; but I have seen little coloured socks, made of the wool of Cashmir, worn at times during the cold season. The ankles of a native lady are decorated with massive rings, called kurrā; those worn by the Begam were of gold, thickly studded with jewels; the ladies had them of solid embossed gold; and for the slaves, they were of solid silver. These rings are generally hexagonal or octagonal, of an equal thickness throughout, and terminated by a knob at each end. The gold or the silver of which they are composed being pure metal, they may be opened sufficiently to be put on or off at pleasure; the ends being brought together by the pressure of the hand.

Another ornament consists of a great number of small bells, ghoonghroo, strung on a cord, and worn around the ankle, hanging to the heel. It is reckoned very correct to wear these tinkling bells; if a native wishes to praise a woman most highly, he says, "She has never seen the sun, she always wears bells."

In lieu of this string of bells, another ornament is often worn, called pāezēb, which consists of heavy rings of silver, resembling a horse's curb chain, but much broader, set with a fringe of small spherical bells, all of which tinkle at every motion of the limb; and all the toes are adorned with rings, some of which are furnished with little bells; such rings are called ghoongroo-dar chhallā. The ladies wear their dresses, unless they be grand

dresses for occasions of state, until they are dirty; perhaps for five or six days together; the dresses are then thrown away, and they put on new attire.

5th.—I took leave of my dear Colonel Gardner, and quitted him with a heavy heart, for I saw how feeble his health had become, how necessary quiet and attention were for him, and I knew that, left to the care of natives, his comfort would be little considered.

After my departure, I heard he endured much annoyance from domestic concerns, and that it was too much for his feeble health. He suffered greatly from asthma and violent headaches, and had only recently recovered from an attack of paralysis. I was strongly tempted to return to Khāsgunge when I heard of his illness, but was deterred from a feeling of delicacy: an adopted child has a right to a portion of the inheritance, and my presence might have caused the ladies of the zenāna to imagine a sinister motive influenced me.

A gentleman who was with him afterwards told me,—"During his last illness, Colonel Gardner often spoke of you in terms of the greatest affection, and expressed many times his wish for your presence; I did not write to tell you so, because the hot winds were blowing, and the distance some five or six hundred miles."

Had he only written to me, I would have gone dāk to Khāsgunge immediately; what would the annoyance of hot winds or the distance have been, in comparison with the satisfaction of gratifying the wish of my departing friend? I had lived for weeks in his house, enjoying his society, admiring his dignified and noble bearing, and listening with delight to the relation of his marvellous escapes and extraordinary adventures. His chivalric exploits and undaunted courage deserve a better pen than mine, and he alone was capable of being his own historian.

Colonel Gardner told me, if I ever visited Delhi, he would give me an introduction to the Nawāb Shah Zamānee Begam, the Emperor's unmarried sister; who would show me all that was worth seeing in the zenāna of the palace of the King of

Delhi. This pleased me greatly; so few persons ever have an opportunity of seeing native ladies.

On the 29th of the following July my beloved friend, Colonel Gardner, departed this life at Khāsgunge, aged sixty-five. He was buried, according to his desire, near the tomb of his son Allan. From the time of his death the poor Begam pined and sank daily; just as he said, she complained not, but she took his death to heart; she died one month and two days after his decease. Native ladies have a number of titles; her death, names, and titles were thus announced in the papers:—"On the 31st of August, at her residence at Khāsgunge, Her Highness Furzund Azeza Zubdeh-tool Arrakeen Umdehtool Assateen Nuwab Mah Munzil ool Nissa Begam Dehlmī, relict of the late Colonel William Linnæus Gardner."

"The sound of the Nakaras and Dumana have ceased[1]."

Colonel Gardner's Begam was entitled from her rank to the use of the nalkī, the morchhal or fan of peacock's feathers, and the nakara and dumana, state kettle drums.

The following extract from Colonel Sleeman's most interesting work will explain the value of these articles of pomp and state:—"The Nalkee is one of the three great insignia which the Mogul Emperors of Delhi conferred upon independent Princes of the first class, and could never be used by any person upon whom, or upon whose ancestors, they had not been so conferred. These were the Nalkee, the Order of the Fish, and the fan of Peacock's feathers.

"These insignia could be used only by the Prince, who inherited the sovereignty of the one on whom they had been originally conferred.

"The Order of the Fish, or Mahee Moratub, was first instituted by Khoosroo Purwez, King of Persia, and grandson of the celebrated Nowsherwan the Just. He ascertained from his astrologer, Aruz Khushusp, that, when he ascended the throne, the moon was in the constellation of the Fish; and he gave orders to have two balls made of polished steel, which were to

[1] Oriental Proverbs and Sayings, No. 100.

be called konkubas (planets), and mounted on long poles. These two planets, with a large fish, made of gold, upon a third pole in the centre, were ordered to be carried in all regal processions, immediately after the King. The two konkubas are now generally made of copper, and plated, and in the shape of a jar, instead of quite round, as at first; but the fish is still made of gold. Two planets are always considered necessary to one fish; and they are still carried in all processions between the Prince and his prime minister. Noosamanee, who ascended the throne of Persia after the Sassanians, ascertained that the moon was in the sign Leo at the time of his accession, and ordered that the gold head of a lion should henceforward accompany the fishes and the two balls in all royal processions. The Persian order of knighthood is, therefore, that of the Fish, the Moon, and the Lion; and not the Lion and Sun, as generally supposed.

"The Emperors of the House of Timour, in Hindoostan, assumed the right of conferring the order upon all they pleased; and they conferred it upon the great territorial sovereigns of the country, without distinction as to religion. He only who inherits the sovereignty can wear the order; and I believe no Prince would venture to wear or carry the order who was not generally reputed to have received the investiture from one of the Emperors of Delhi."

Reading the history of the Dynasty of Timur, the free-thinking of all the race is remarkable; religion appeared principally to be used by them for political purposes.

I cannot quit the zenāna without some observations on the Muhammadan religion, and some extracts from the Kū'rān and other works on the subject.

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*A paragraph has been omitted from the 1975 reprint.

The Prophet says, "Admonish your wives with kindness, because women were created from a crooked bone of the side; therefore, if you wish to straighten it, you will break it; and if you let it alone, it will always be crooked."

"When a woman performs the five times of prayer, and fasts the month of Ramdān, and guards herself in purity, and obeys her husband, then tell her to enter Paradise by whichever door she likes." "Every woman who dies, and her husband is pleased with her, shall enter Paradise."

"No one woman vexes her husband in the world; but the husband's wife in Paradise says, 'Vex not thy husband, may God destroy thee! because he is nothing more than a traveller with thee; he will soon come to me in Paradise.'"

"Verily the best of women are those who are most content with little."

This tradition is recorded:—

"An unknown person came to the Prophet, and said,—'O Muhammad, instruct me in Islām!' The Prophet said, 'Islām is, that thou bear witness there is no God but God, and that Muhammad is his messenger; and be stedfast in prayer, and charitable; and fast during the month of Ramdān; and make a pilgrimage to the Kaaba, if thou have it in thy power to go there.' The man replied, 'Thou hast spoken true.' On which we wondered at his questioning the Prophet, and then telling him that he spoke the truth. Then the man said, 'Instruct me in Imān.' The Prophet said, 'That thou believe in God, and in his angels, and in his books, and in his prophets, and in the day of resurrection, and that every virtue and vice is by the will of God.' The man said, 'Thou hast spoken true.' He then said, 'Inform me in Ih'sān.' The Prophet said, 'That thou worship God as if thou sawest him; for though thou dost not see him, know that he seeth thee.' The man said, 'Thou hast spoken true.' He then said, 'Instruct me concerning the resurrection.' The Prophet said, 'I am no wiser than the questioner.' Omer said, 'After this, the man departed, and I remained sitting a long time; after which the Prophet said to me, 'Didst thou know who that person was?' I replied, 'God

and his prophet know best.' Muhammad said, 'Verily it was Gabriel, he came for the purpose of instructing you in your faith.'"

The Ramdān is the ninth month of the Muhammadan year, in which a rigid fast, from daybreak till night, is enjoined to all Musalmāns; the reason assigned for this is, that the Ku'rān began to descend from heaven in this month.

The Kaaba is the square temple at Mecca; that is, the Kibla of the Muhammadans, or place to which they turn their faces when at prayer. The Kibla of the Jews was the Temple of Jerusalem.

"When the month of Ramdān arrives, the doors of Paradise are opened, and the doors of the infernal regions are shut, and the devils are chained by the leg. The person who fasts the month of Ramdān, on account of belief in God, shall be pardoned all his past faults."

"Keep not fast until you see the new moon; and if the moon be hidden from you by clouds, count the days. Eat at the first dawn of day, because it gives increase of strength for performing the fast."

The prophet used to say, when he saw the new moon, "O Lord! make the new moon rise upon us, safe from calamities, and firm in faith, and pure in heart, and secure in Islām. Oh, new moon! our Lord, and your Lord, is God."

"When the darkness of the night advances from the west, and day follows from the western quarter, I mean the sunset, the keeper of fast may begin to eat."

Those who profess this religion are interdicted from eating and drinking between the dawn and appearance of the stars at night. On the 27th of this month, the Kur'ān began to descend; and every prayer offered up that night will be complied with.

The Adhān, or call to prayer, is to repeat the Jacbir twice over with a loud voice, as a signal for prayer. The prophet ordered the Muadhd'hin, the person who calls the people to prayer, to put his two forefingers into his ears, when repeating the Adhān, because it strengthens the voice.

"The Jacbir: God is greatest, God is greatest; I bear witness there is no God but God, I bear witness there is no God but God; I bear witness that Mohammud is the messenger, I bear witness that Mohammud is the messenger. Hasten to prayer, hasten to prayer; hasten to redemption, hasten to redemption. God is greatest, God is greatest; there is no God but God."

"Verily, Friday is the chief of days in the estimation of God, and it is greater than either the festival of sacrifice, or that of Ramdān. Why do they call Friday Jumâh? or the assembly? Because, on that day the clay of thy father Adam was collected, and on that day will be destruction, and rising from the dead; and on it resurrection, and in the last three sââts of Friday there is one in which the requests of a servant are granted.

"Pronounce ye many blessings on me on Friday, because the angels are present. There is not a Musalmān that dies in the day or night of Friday, that God doth not preserve from the punishments of the grave.

"He who visits the graves of his father and mother, or one of them, on every Friday, his faults will be pardoned: and there will be written, in the register of his actions, a doer of good to his father and mother. Visiting and seeing graves dispels worldly wishes and gives disgust to them, and reminds of futurity."

The efficacy of prayer is greatly enhanced by the use of the miswác, a kind of tooth-brush made of the twig or the root of a tree, beaten at the end into a brush. When the prophet stood up to prayer in the night he rubbed and washed his mouth with the miswác. The Musalmanī ladies regarded our European tooth-brushes with horror, and considered them unfit to be used, as being formed from the bristles of the unclean beast. "When you hear a cock crow, then supplicate God for an increase of his beneficence, because the cock sees an angel and crows at the sight; and when you hear an ass bray, seek protection with God from the devil and say, 'I take protection with God from the cast-out devil, because the ass has seen the devil.'"

Pilgrimage to Mecca once during life is necessary for every Musalmān: and pilgrimage for women is as the Holy War for the men.

The prophet performed his farewell pilgrimage after an interval of ten years, nine of which he spent at Medinah.

"When the prophet arrived at the Kaaba, he kissed the Black Stone, then encompassed the kaaba three times in a quick step, and walked four times in a gentle pace; after which he came to the stone on which is the impression of Abraham's foot, and repeated this revelation; 'Take the station of Abraham for a place of prayer.' Then he gave the salām. One hundred camels were brought for sacrifice, of which the prophet slew sixty-five with his own hands at the place of sacrifice, which is in Mina. The prophet kissed the Black Stone and the Yemáni Pillar of the Kaaba, which pillar belonged to the original structure of the kaaba ascribed to Abraham, and on that account it is held in higher reverence than any of the others.

"The black stone came down from Paradise, and at the time of its descent it was whiter than milk, and the sins of the children of Adam have caused it to be black, by their touching it. 'Verily, God will suspend the Black Stone, on the day of resurrection, when it will have two eyes, by which it will see and know all those who touched it, and kissed it; and it will have a tongue by which it will speak, and it will give evidence for all those who touched and kissed it on Imàn.' 'God has appointed seventy angels over the Yemáni Pillar.'

"The Hindoos insist, that the Black Stone in the wall of the Kaaba, or sacred temple of Mecca, is no other than a form of Mahadēo; and that it was placed there by Mohammud out of contempt; but the newly-converted pilgrims would not give up the worship of the Black Stone, and sinistrous portents forced the ministers of the new religion to connive at it."

The pilgrims to Mecca visit the graves of Adam, and Noah, and Ali, who was buried near them on the Mount on which Noah's Ark rested, and make salām also to the grave of Eve, said to be nine yards long!

"It is said God created Adam a handsome figure; he was

sixty cubits in stature, and his children also; since which time they have degenerated; but when they enter into Paradise, they will be as tall as Adam was. His stature was sixty cubits, and he was seven cubits broad."

The Muhammadan religion is intolerant: "His Majesty said, 'Alláho-Acber I bear witness that I am God's servant, and sent by him.' And he added, 'O Bill'al! get up, and give notice that none will enter Paradise but Musalmāns.'

"There are six duties from one Musalmān to another; to salute each other when they meet; to accept each other's invitations to dinner; to say 'God have mercy upon you!' after sneezing; to visit the sick; and to follow each other's biers when dead; and for one Musalmān to wish for another what he wishes for himself." The Muhammadans stand in great awe of the punishments of the grave. "The prophet of God said, 'When a Musalmān is interrogated in his grave about his God, his prophet, and religion, he will give evidence to the unity of God, and the mission of his prophet, and will say, My religion is Islām.' When a servant is put into his grave and mankind leave him; verily he hears the noise they make in walking away: when two black angels, with blue eyes, come to the dead body, the name of the one Munkir, the other Nak'ir, and cause it to sit up, and say to it, 'Who is thy defender?' and it will say, 'My defender is God.' 'And what is thy religion?' It will say, 'My religion is Islām.' Then they will ask, 'Who is this man who was sent to thee?' It will say, 'He is the messenger of God.' 'And how didst thou know he was the prophet of God?' It will say, 'I read the book of God, and put faith in it.' Then a voice will come from heaven, saying, 'My servant hath spoken true.' And a bed shall be prepared and clothes provided for it from Paradise; and a door shall be opened for it towards Paradise, when a fragrant gale will breathe upon it from above, and a place will be opened for it in the grave to see out of; but the soul of an infidel will be replaced in its body in the grave. Two angels will come to it and say, 'Who is thy cherisher?' It will say, 'Alas! alas! I know not.' Then the angels will ask about Muhammad. It will reply, 'Alas! I

know him not.' A voice will then come from heaven, saying, 'This servant hath lied; then give it a bed from hell, and clothes also, and open for it a door towards hell.' Then a hot wind will come to it, and its grave will be contracted so as to break the bones on each side; after which an angel will come to it, deaf and dumb, with a mace of iron, with which, if a mountain were struck, it would turn to dust. Then the angel will strike the body with the mace, the noise of which will be heard by every thing between the east and west, excepting the genii and man, and it will turn to dust; after which, a soul will be returned to it, and it will be tormented to the day of resurrection."

The iron mace with which the angels torment the wicked is, it is said, the goorz, a sort of iron club, pointed at one end, and having a knob on the other covered with spikes. This sort of mace is carried by Muhammadan fakīrs, the goorz-mar, who believe the wounds made by it will quickly heal from the application of their spittle, by the influence of Syud Ahmad Kabeer.

The prophet said, "When any one of you dieth, his place is shown him morning and evening, whether in heaven or hell; and it is said to him, 'This grave is thy sitting place until the day of resurrection.'" "Aa'yeshah said, 'A Jew came to me, and mentioned the punishments of the grave.' Then I interrogated the prophet about them, and he said, 'Yes, punishments in the grave are true: and I always observed the prophet, at the end of every prayer, implore God to defend him from the sufferings of the grave.'"

The sums of money and the quantity of food distributed by Colonel Gardner's Begam in charity was surprising; she was a religious woman, and fulfilled, as far as was in her power, the ordinances of her religion. The necessity of giving alms is strongly inculcated. "To whomsoever God gives wealth, and he does not perform the charity due from it, his wealth will be made into the shape of a serpent on the day of resurrection, which shall not have any hair upon its head; and this is a sign of its poison and long life; and it has two black spots upon its

eyes; and it will be twisted round his neck, like a chain, on the day of resurrection: then the serpent will seize the man's jaw-bones, and will say, 'I am thy wealth, from which thou didst not give in charity; I am thy treasure, from which thou didst not separate any alms.' After this the prophet repeated this revelation. 'Let not those who are covetous of what God of his bounty hath granted them, imagine that their avarice is better for them: nay, rather it is worse for them. That which they have covetously reserved shall be bound as a collar about their necks on the day of resurrection.'"

ORIENTAL PROVERBS AND SAYINGS.

"*Masal i mdrūf pirāyah-e-zabānhā.*"

"A proverb is an ornament to language."

"*Har chi bādābād-i-mā kishte dar āb āndākhtem.*"

No. 1. "Let the result be what it may, I have launched my boat."

i. e. The die is cast. The bolt is shot.

"*Ghosh kh'ābānīh.*"

2. Lit.—"He put his ears to sleep."

"*Tu marā dil dih o dilīrī bīn.*
Rubah-e-kh'esh kh'ān o shere bīn."

3. "Encourage me, and then behold my bravery:—call me your own fox, and then you will see me perform the exploits of a lion!"

"*Chi bāk az mauj-i-bahr ānrā ki bāshad Nauh kishtibān.*"

4. "What fear need he have of the waves of the sea, who has Noah for his pilot?"

i. e. He is safe who has a powerful protector.

"*Kalandar har-chi goyad dīdah goyad.*"

5. "Whatever the wandering traveller says, he does so from having seen that of which he speaks."

"*Unt dāgh hote the makrā abhī dāgh hone ko āyā.*"

6. "The camels were being branded (with hot irons for the public service), and the spider came to be marked also."

"*Mekke gaye na Medine gaye bīch hī bīch hājjī the.*"

7. "He neither went to Mekka nor Medina, but was a pilgrim nevertheless."

"Dharyārē men kahūn lauharyāre to kān de."

No. 8. "I speak to those who have daughters, and let those who have sons listen."

"Bālā-e-tawīlah bar sar-i-maimūn."

9. "The misfortunes of the stable (fall) on the head of the monkey."

It is the custom in Hindostān to keep a monkey in or near a stable, to guard the horses from the influence of evil eyes. This proverb is applied whenever a poor man or a servant is punished for the crimes of his superior.

"Sūndhī bawā chatāī kā lahangā."

10. "A handsome sister, with a mat for a petticoat."

"Dekha shahr-i-Bangālā dant lāl munh kālā."

11. "I have seen Bengal, there the teeth are red, and the mouth is black."
i. e. From chewing betel.

"Karz shauhar-i-mardān ast."

12. "Debt is a man's husband."
i. e. A man in debt is always at the mercy of his creditors, as a woman at her husband's.

"Ek aur ek igārah."

13. "One and one make eleven."
From the way of writing (11) in figures.

"Āmadan ba irādat raftan ba ijāzat."

14. "Coming is voluntary, but departing depends upon permission."

"Fakīr kī surat hī sawāl hai."

15. "The appearance of a fakīr is his petition in itself."

"Shāh-isparam az do barg paidā ast."

16. "The sweet basil is known by its two leaves."

"Sonā jāne kase aur mānus jāne base."

17. "Gold is known by the touchstone, and a man by living with him."

"Zahir-āsh az shaikh bātin az Shaitān."

18. "Externally he is a saint, but internally he is a devil."

"Nīm na mithā ho sech gar ghī se."

No. 19. "The nīm-tree (which is very bitter) will not become sweet, though watered with syrup and clarified butter."

"Tum ghī ke dīye jalāo."

20. "Light thou the lamp of ghī."
(Clarified butter.)

"Hawā ke ghore par sawār hain."

21. "He rides a steed of air."
"Chateaux d'Espagne."—To build castles in the air.

"Jā ko piyā chāhen wuhī suhāgan."

22. "She who is beloved is the wife."

"Kyā dam kā bharosā hai?"

23. "What reliance is there on life?"

"Bakht-i-bad bā kase ki yār bavad
Sag gazad gar shutur-sawār bavad."

24. "He who has ill luck for his companion will be bitten by a dog, although mounted on a camel."

"Bhūkhe se kahā do aur do kyā? kahā chār rotīyān."

25. "If you ask a hungry man how much two and two make—he answers Four loaves."

"Shirīn zabānī o lutf o khūshī Tu agar pīle bā mūe kashī."

26. "By sweet words and gentleness you may lead an elephant by a hair."

"Ghawās gar andeshah kunad kām-i-nihang
Hargiz na kunad dar girān-māyah."

27. "If the diver were to think on the jaws of the crocodile, he would never gather precious pearls."

"Kāle ke āge chirāgh nahīn jaltā."

28. "The lamp burns not before the black snake."
(Which is supposed to carry a precious jewel in its head.)

"Khatt pona to adhā mulākāt."

29. "A letter is half an interview."

"*Gharīb-parwar salāmat.*"

No. 30. "Cherisher of the poor—peace be unto you."

31. "*Allah, Muhammad, Ali, Fatima, Hussun, Hussein.*"

"*Chyūnte kī jo maut ānī hai to par nikalti hai.*"

32. "When ants are about to die they get wings."

"*Nayā naukar hiran māre.*"

33. "A new servant will catch deer."

"*Rāst darogh ba gardan-i-rāwī.*"

34. "The truth or falsehood of the story rests on the head of the narrator."

i. e. I tell you the story as it was told to me, but I am not answerable for the truth of it.

"*Baghl men chhurī munh men Rām! Rām!*"

35. "The dagger in his bosom and salutation in his mouth."

"*Fāl-i-bad bar zabān bad bāshad.*"

36. "A bad omen ought not to be mentioned."

"*Ishk o mashk panhān na mī-mānad.*"

37. "Love and musk do not remain concealed."

"*Har jā ki parī-rukhī ast dīve bā o ast.*"

38. "Wherever there is a fairy-faced damsel, she is attended by a demon."

"*Bhale bābā band pare Gobar chhor kashīde pare.*"

39. "Oh! Father! I have got into a strange difficulty, I have left off picking cow-dung, and am employed in embroidery."

"*Rīsh-i-khudrā ba dast-i-dígare ma-dih.*"

40. "Do not put your beard into the hands of another."
i. e. Do not put yourself into the power of another person.

"*Ādmī sā pakherū koi nahīn.*"

41. "There is no bird like a man."
i. e. So volatile and unsteady.

"Kal kase dekhā hai?"

No. 42. "Who has seen to-morrow?"
i. e. Enjoy to-day, no one knows what may happen to-morrow.

"Us se achhā khudā kā nām."

43. "The name of God is better than this."
i. e. This is the best of all.

"Āh dar jigar na mānad."

44. "There was not left even a sigh in his heart."
i. e. He was totally destitute.

"Dūdhon nahāo pūton phaliyo!"

45. "May you bathe in milk and be fruitful in children!"

"Tū ki īn kadar az khwāb mahzūzī chirā na mi-mīrī?"

46. "You who are so fond of sleep, why don't you die at once?"

"Ber tale kā bhūt."

47. "A demon under a Ber-tree."
That attached to Bér-trees (Ficus Indica) is said to be exceedingly obstinate —hence applied to a very importunate person of whom you cannot get rid.

"Us ki jar hain to Pātāl ko pahunch gaye hain."

48. "Its roots have already reached to Pātāl."
i.e. The infernal regions. Said of a person who has established himself firmly in any situation.

"Apnī Rādhā ko yād kar."

49. "Attend to your own Rādhā."
i. e. Attend to your own business.

"Jhūth-bolne men to sarfah kyā?"

50. "What need of economy in telling lies?"

51. *"Jhūth na bole, to pet na phut jāe?"*

"Khānah-i-khālī dīv mī-gīrūnd."

52. "Demons take possession of an empty house."

" Zamīndārī dūb kī jar hai."

No. 53. " Landed property is like the root of the Dūb-grass."
i. e. It is not easily destroyed.

" Shamlah ba mikdār-i-ílm."

54. " The pendant part of the turban should be in proportion to the learning."

It was formerly the custom of the learned to have the end of the turban hanging down the back.

" Gāchh men kathal honth men tīl."

55. " The jack fruit is upon the tree, and oil on your lips."

" Hāl men fāl dahī men mosal."

56. " Talking to a man who is in ecstasy (of a religious natuie, feigned or practised by fakīrs) is like beating curds with a pestle."

" Merā māthā tabhī thonkā thā."

57. " It was hammered upon my forehead."

" Takdīr chū sābik ast tadbīr chi saud ?"

58. " What is the use of taking precautions, since what has been pre-ordained must happen ? "

" Jaisā des waisā bhes."

59. " Every country hath its own fashions."

" Jādū hakk hai karne-wālā kāfir."

60. " Magic is truth, but the magician is an infidel."

" Gul se hamāre nishīn Siwā kānte ke nahīn."

61. " My only portion of the rose is the thorn."

" Nigāh-e-darwesh ắīn-i-sawāl."

62. " The sight of a beggar is a request personified."

" Ek gharīb ko mārā thā to nau man charbī."

63. " I have killed such a poor man as you, and have got nine mūns of fat out of him."

"Jal men basī kamudinī chandā basī ākās.
Jo jan jā ke man basī so jan tā ke pās."

No. 64. "The Nymphæa dwells in the water, and the moon in the sky, (but) he that resides in the heart of another is always present with him."

The Nymphæa expands its flowers in the night, and thence is feigned to be in love with the moon.

"Himmat-i-mardān hārhā dārad."

65. "Resolution overcomes great difficulties."

"Har-kirā sabr nīst hikmat nīst."

66. "He who has not patience, possesses not philosophy."

"Ki gumbad har chi goyī goyad-at bāz."

67. "Whatever you say to a dome, it says to you again."

"Kab mue kab kire pare."

68. "When he died and when the worms ate him (I know not)."

"Ab bhī merā murdah tere zinde par bhārē hai."

69. "My dead are better than your living."

"Har ki dil pesh-i-dilbarē dārad,
Rīsh dar dast-i-dīgare dārad."

70. "Whoever hath given his heart to a beloved object, hath put his beard into the hands of another."

"Bī-tāb-i-ishk har-chi kunad hakk ba dast-i-o ast."

71. "Whatever a man does who is afflicted with love, he must be excused for it."

"Laili ko Majnūn ke ankhon se dekhnā."

72. "One must behold Lailī with the eyes of Majnūn."

"Dah darwesh dar kalīme bi-khuspand
Do pādshāh dar iklīme na ganjand."

73. "Ten derveshes may sleep under the same blanket, but two kings cannot exist in one kingdom."

"Hūr bhī saugan koden se burī."

74. "A contemporary wife, although a hūri, is worse than a she-devil."

"Saut chun kī bhī burī."

No. 75. "The very voice of a rival wife is intolerable."

"Sautīyā dāh mashhūr hai."

76. "The malice of a rival wife is notorious."

"Saut mūrat kī bhī burī."

77. "A contemporary wife is intolerable even in effigy."

"Saut bhalī sautela burā."

78. "A contemporary wife may be good, but her child is bad."

"Āsūdah kase ki buz na dārad."

79. "The man is happy who has no she-goat."

"Būnd kā gharon dhal gayā."

80. "The house may be filled with the falling of drops."

"Ham māl ba-dast āyad o ham mār na ranjad."

81. "To get possession of the wealth without disturbing the snake that guards it."

"Saidrā chūn ājal āyad sū-e-sayyād rawad."

82. "When death approaches the game it goes towards the sportsman."

"Apnī guriyā sanwār-denā."

83. "To dress one's own doll."

"Ghar kar ghar kar sattar balā sir dhar."

84. "He who builds a house and takes a wife, heaps seventy afflictions on his head."

"Jahān dekhe to ā barat.
Wahān gāwe sārī rāt."

85. "Where there is a marriage they may sing all night."

"Jis dūlhah tis banī barāt."

86. "The nuptial procession is proportioned to the rank of the bridegroom."

"Hamahrā yak mār gazīdah ast."

87. "One snake has bit them all."

"Rānī dīwānī hoyī oron ko patthar apnon ko laddū mār kī."

No. 88. "The princess is grown foolish, she pelts her own relations with sweetmeats, others with stones."

"Tātorah ba hawā pāshīdah and."

89. "They have scattered datūra (thorn-apple) in the air."
i. e. The people are all gone mad.

"Man motion byāh Man chāwalon byāh.

90. "A marriage may be celebrated with a mŭn of rice, as well as with a mŭn of pearls."

"Nakāre bāj damāme bāj gaye."

100. "The sound of the nakaras and dumana has ceased."

"Misi kājil kisko Miyān chale bhasko."

101. "For whom should I stain my teeth and blacken my eyelashes? the master is turned to ashes."

"Zabān-i-khūsh mārrā az sorākh bar mī-ārad."

102. "A pleasant voice brings a snake out of a hole."

"Kharbūzāh chhurī par gire, yā chhurī kharbuze par to kharbūze kā zarūr."

103. "Whether the melon falls on the knife, or the knife on the melon, the melon is the sufferer."
i. e. The weakest go to the wall.

"Dhūl kī rassī batnā."

104. "To twist a rope of sand."

"Az bīwah kīr gadā'ī."

105. "To beg a husband from a widow."

"Āthon gānth kumīt."

106. "Bay in all his eight joints."

"Māmū jī juhār."

107. "God save you, uncle!"

"Ek nahīn sattar balā taltī hai."

108. "Not one, but seventy misfortunes it keeps off."

"Kāne kī ek rag siwā hotī hai."

No. 109. "One-eyed men have a vein extra."

"Thorā khānā aur Banāras rahnā."

110. "A little to eat and to live at Benares."
The wish of a pious Hindū.

"Zabar-dast kā thengā sir par."

111. "The cudgel of the powerful must be obeyed."
Club law—the weakest always suffer.

"Jiskī lāthī us kī bhains."

112. "He who has the stick, his is the buffalo."

To express that the most powerful is generally the most successful in all disputes. Club law.

"Jis ne na dekhā ho bāgh wuh dekhe bilāī.
Jis ne na dekhā ho thag wuh dekhe kasāī."

113. "He who has never seen a tiger let him look at a cat; and he who has never seen a Thug, let him look at a butcher."

"Zauk-i-chaman 'z khātir-i-bulbul na mī-rawad."

114. "The desire of the garden never leaves the heart of the nightingale."

"Ghar gūr to bāhir mamāke."

115. "A gooroo at home, but a beggar abroad."

"Gharīb ko kaurī ashrafī hai."

116. "A kourī is a gold mohur to a pauper."

"Hazār niamat aur ek tand-rastī."

117. "Health alone is equal to a thousand blessings."

"Chirāgh tale andherā."

118. "It is dark under the lamp."

"Larke ko jab bheriyā le-gayā tab tattī bāndhī."

119. "Fasten the door when the wolf has run away with the child."

"Khwāb āsāīsh-i-jān ast."

120. "Sleep is the repose of the soul."

"Agar firdause bar rū-e-zamīn ast
Hamen ast, hamen ast, hamen ast."

No. 121. "If there be a Paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this."

"Dar-i-khānah-e-khudā dāim bāz ast."

122. "The gate of the house of God is always open."

"Jitnā chhota itnā khota."

123. "Vicious as he is little."

"Tārīkī-i-shab surmah-e-chashm-i-mūsh-i-kūr ast."

124. "The darkness of the night is collyrium to the eyes of the mole."

"Sabz bar sang na-rawad chi gunah-e-bārānrā?"

125. "If grass does not grow upon stones, what fault is it in the rain?"

"Ek jorū sāre kumbe ko bas hai."

126. "One wife is enough for a whole family."

"Murdah ān ast ki nām ash ba nikūī na burand."

127. "He only is dead whose name is not mentioned with respect."

"Roz-i-tangī siyāh ast."

128. "The days of distress are black."
i. e. White and red amongst the Persians denote good.

"Shutur-ghamze karte hain."

129. "They cast camels' glances."

"Chhīnkte khāē, chhīnkte nahāe chhīnkte par ghar na jāe."

130. "After sneezing you may eat or bathe, but not go into any one's house."

"Astarrā guftand, pidar ast kīst? Guft asp khāl-i-man ast yā mādar-am mādiyān ast."

131. "The mule was asked 'Who is your father?' he answered, 'The horse is my maternal uncle, and the mare is my mother."

"Wahm kī dārū hī nahīn."

132. "There is no physic for false ideas."

"Āb dar jaughan kobīdan."

No. 133. "To pound water in a mortar."
Labour in vain.

"Ām machhli bahtā ho hī rahtā hī."

134. "Mangoes and fish meet of necessity."

"Murdan ba-izzat bih ki zindagānī ba-mazallat."

135. "It is better to die with honour than live with infamy."

"Bhāgalpūr ke bhagliye aur Kahalgaon ke thag,
Patne ke diwāliye tīnon nām-zad."

136. "The hypocrites of Bhagulpūr, the thugs of Kuhulgaon, and the bankrupts of Patna are famous."

"Zāt bhānt puchhe na koi, jatio pahan kar Bahman hoe."

137. "No one enquires his caste or tribe, he has put on the string and is therefore a Brahman."

"Rānd sānd sīrhī sanyāsī
In chāron se bache Kāshī."

138. "At Benares you should be upon your guard against the women, the sacred bulls, the stairs, and the devotees."

"Bel ke māre babūl tale Babūl ke māre bel tale."

139. "He who was hurt by the bel (its large fruit falling on his head) fled for refuge to the babūl (the prickles of which wounded his feet), and he who was hurt by the babūl, fled to the bel."

"Mānte to deo nahīn to bhīt kā leo."

140. "If you believe, it is a god—if not, plaister detached from a wall."

"Daryā men rahnā aur magar machh se bair karnā."

141. "To dwell in the river and be at enmity with the crocodile."

"Khudā shakar-khore ko shakar detā hai."

142. "God gives sugar to him who eats sugar."
i. e. He provides for his creatures according to their wants.

"Na burad kazz-i-narmrā tegh-i-tez."

143. "A sharp sword will not cut raw silk."

"Nakl-i-ʻaīsh bih az ʻaīsh."

No. 144. "The narration of pleasure is better than the pleasure itself."

"Ukhle men sir diyā to dhamkon se kyā dar."

145. "I have put my head into the mortar; it is useless to dread the sound of the pestle."

"Āp kā topī par salāmat rahī."

146. "The blessing of heaven be upon your head."

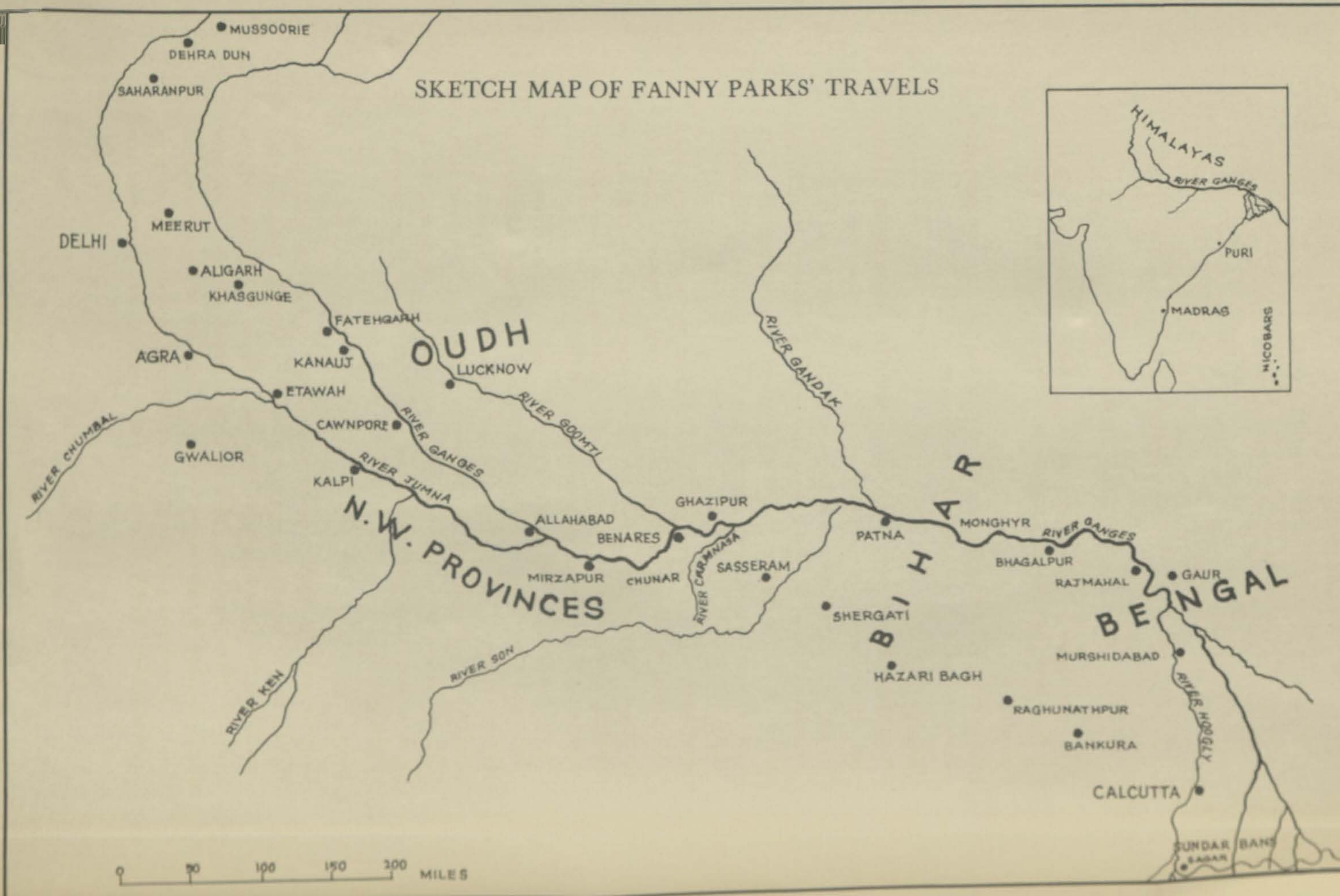
"Kalam īn jā rasīd o sar bi-shikast."

147. "The pen arrived thus far and broke its point."

i. e. It is finished.

RAM! RAM!

END OF VOL. I.



SKETCH MAP OF FANNY PARKS' TRAVELS

NOTES

TO VOLUME ONE

In the sources quoted in the notes, the name of the publication has been given only when it is first mentioned; in subsequent references the author's name only has been given.

Chapter I

1 Colonel John Luard served for 40 years in the Cavalry, and published *Views on India, St. Helena and Car Nicobar* in 1835.

Chapter IV

1 Raja Ram Mohun Roy, the religious reformer, campaigned against *sati* and the control of the press.

2 Nickee seems to have had a long reign. Lady Nugent heard her at the Nawab of Chitpur's in 1812; Mrs. Heber heard her at Babu Rup Lal Mullick's, and, according to Emma Roberts, she was paid Rs. 1,000 nightly, wherever engaged. (*Scenes and Characteristics of Hindustan*, 1835)

3 Wine had been the most popular drink in the eighteenth century, when it displaced the arrak punch of the seventeenth, Dewar tells us, (*In the Days of the Company*, 1920). At first it was always spiced. In the nineteenth century there was less heavy drinking, and beer replaced wine in popularity, to be later superseded by brandy.

4 Prince Jama-ud-din Sultan was the ninth son of Tippu Sultan, and lived until 1845. When Seringapatam, capital of Tippu's kingdom of Mysore, was besieged in 1782, his two eldest sons were taken by the Company as hostages, and were later restored to him, as he had faithfully discharged his obligations. After his defeat and death in 1799 all his sons were taken prisoner. Later they were sent as state prisoners to Calcutta.

Chapter V

1 Lotteries were the most popular way of raising money in Calcutta. There was one for the building of St. John's Church, for the maintenance of the Free School, for the building of the Town Hall. So great was their popularity that in 1809 a larger scheme of lotteries was established 'for the improvement of the town of Calcutta and its vicinity' by an order of the Governor-General, to be conducted by a superintendent, under the immediate control of commissioners

appointed by the Government. Previously they had been supervised by a committee of independent gentlemen.

2 William Ward, *View of the History, Literature and Mythology of the Hindoos*, Mission Press, Serampore, 1816.

3 Writers came to India as mere boys, straight from school, and had no training. So Lord Wellesley in 1800 started Fort William College in Calcutta, to give them a three-years' course in Indian languages, law and history. He opened it first, and then informed the Directors. They refused sanction, and it was closed, but in 1803 it was re-opened, for Oriental languages only. In 1806 the East India College was set up in England, at Hertford, to give training for two years on the lines Wellesley had planned, and in 1809 it was moved to Haileybury.

4 *Hookas* were very popular towards the end of the eighteenth century. Before, pipes were more often smoked. A *hooka* was expensive, showy and decorative, and needed a special servant, the *hookaburdar* to attend to it. Later in the century, when people had more work to do and the display of wealth was less ostentatious, cheroots were preferred to the *hooka*, for it was cumbersome, and smoking it a leisurely process.

Chapter VI

1 The Barrackpore Mutiny, 1824.

2 In 1805 the Raja of Bharatpur renounced his alliance with the Company and joined Holkar in attacking Delhi. Lord Lake besieged the fortress for several months, but failed to take it, and made peace. In 1824 a usurper seized the throne and imprisoned the five-year-old heir. The Company refused to allow General Ochterlony to take action, but later changed their minds, and in 1826 Lord Combermere, the then Commander-in-Chief, took the fort by storm.

Chapter VII

1 Reginald Heber was the second Bishop of Calcutta. The bishopric was created in 1813, and comprised the whole of British India, and the East Indies. His *Narrative of a Journey Through the Upper Provinces of India, 1824-26* was published by John Murray in 1828.

2 The Lower Provinces of Bengal consisted of Bengal Proper, Bihar, Assam and Chota Nagpur, while the Upper Provinces were the Gangetic Plain, between Benares and Delhi, excluding Oudh.

3 The New Road from Calcutta to Benares crossed the hilly and wild parts of Bihar, and was considerably shorter than the Old Road, which went *via* the towns on the banks of the Ganges.

4 The Temple of Jagganath referred to is five miles from Ranchi, built on the plan of the great Jagganath temple at Puri.

5 To 'travel dak' means to go by palanquin with relays of bearers

arranged through the Post Master or District Collector, travelling by night and resting by day. This was the usual and quickest method of travel, and arranging it was called 'laying a dak'. The traveller provided his own palanquin, and had to give several days' notice of his route and where he would require relays of bearers. Eight bearers at a time were needed, four to carry the palanquin and four reliefs to run by the side. They went at 3 to 4 miles an hour, and at the stages, which were 10 to 14 miles apart, a fresh set of men would be waiting. It was an uncomfortable method of travel. The palanquin was like an oblong chest, with canvas walls, sliding wooden doors, two small windows in front, and beneath them a shelf and a narrow drawer. There was a mattress, a bolster and pillow, and sometimes a movable support for the back, in case the traveller preferred sitting up to reclining at full length. It afforded very little room even for one person, and only a few small packages and refreshments could be carried inside. People could take only a little light luggage with them, carried in *bahangis* — baskets suspended on a bamboo pole over the shoulders of a bearer — and generally two bearers were hired for this purpose.

6 Allahabad in ancient times was called Prayag, meaning a confluence, because it is situated at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna.

7 There is no trace of the house now, but the spot is easily located, and the view is very fine. It was a rent-free house because Charles Parks was Collector of Customs. Allahabad, being at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, both highways of trade in those days, was a busy Customs post. According to Sleeman, 'the rule is now to tax only the staple articles of produce (cotton, sugar, salt and grain) from the west in their transit into the valley of the Jumna and Ganges, and to have only one line on which such articles are liable to duty. They are free to pass everywhere else without search.' *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official*, London, 1844.

Chapter X

1 The Padshah Begam, widow of Ghazi-ud-din Hyder, was really not the king's mother, who was a slave.

2 She was a Miss Walters.

3 Lord Valentia visited Mirza Suliman Sheko in 1803, and says: 'The Prince keeps up as much state as possible and even treats the Nawab as if he were on the actual throne of Delhi in the fullness of power, and the Nawab Wazir an actual slave......... His countenance is fine, and his manners stately and polished. He looks the Prince, and nothing in his behaviour disgraces his royal descent.' *Voyages and Travels in India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia and Egypt, in 1802-6.*

4 The Company's policy was not to interfere with Indian customs, so

they took no action against *sati* till 1813, when it was ordered that a magistrate must always be present. This was taken to mean that the Government sanctioned the custom, and the number of *satis* grew. Then a group of Hindu reformers, led by Ram Mohun Roy, organised propaganda to rouse public opinion against *sati*, and fought hard from 1818 onwards. The Government was thus forced to do something. So in 1828 they consulted officials whether it could be abolished without causing trouble, and most replied that it could not. When Bentinck came he determined to abolish it, and in December 1829 he declared it illegal in Bengal, and the next year in Madras and Bombay, and none of the expected trouble occurred.

Chapter XI

1 *Batta*, an extra allowance to make good the increased cost of living when in the field compared with in garrison, had grown to be a constant addition to the army's pay. Bentinck enforced the new rule that in the case of regiments stationed within 400 miles of Calcutta only half *batta* was to be allowed. This affected those in the five principal stations of the Bengal army. The salary of an officer consisted of his pay, which was small, and his allowances, which were substantial (tentage, house-rent, and field allowance or *batta*).

Chapter XIII

1 Thuggee (which has a legendary origin) had been prevalent from remote times, but in the disorder following the decline of the Mughal power little attention was paid to it, until in the time of Bentinck the Thuggee and Dacoity Department was set up, under Colonel Sleeman, to suppress it.

Chapter XVI

1 Agha Meer was butler to Ghazi-ud-din Hyder when heir-apparent, and when he came to the throne became Prime Minister, and amassed immense wealth. When Nasir-ud-din Hyder succeeded to the throne he dismissed Agha Meer, and kept him under house arrest. Agha Meer put himself under the protection of the Resident, so he was safe, but all his efforts to smuggle his wealth out of Oudh failed. Then, in 1830, the Governor-General intervened, Agha Meer was freed, and a regiment of cavalry was sent to escort him over the frontier with his treasure. The *Calcutta Review*, Vol. III, suggests a reason for this apparently strange action of Bentinck's. During the Burma War, 'the Company borrowed a third crore (of rupees) from Oudh. As the greater part of the interest was settled on the Minister of the day, Agha Meer, and his life, honour and property were guaranteed, it may be inferred that he managed the matter.'

Chapter XVII

1 Claude Martin, Hodson says (*Officers of the Bengal Army*),was sent to Oudh to do surveywork,and allowed to join the Nawab's service as Superintendent of Artillery and Arsenal. He speculated in indigo and other commercial activities. Constantia is now the La Martiniere School at Lucknow.

2 Asaf-ud-Dowlah was not 'the second king' but the fourth Nawab Wazir of Oudh. The Nawab Wazirs ruled on behalf of the Mughal Emperors until, in 1819, Ghazi-ud-din Hyder, son of Saadat Ali Khan the sixth Nawab Wazir, renounced his allegiance to Delhi and took the title of King.

3 Thomas Henry Maddock, Resident at Lucknow 1829-31.

4 Hawkins, Resident at Delhi 1829, and Acting Resident 1831.

Chapter XVIII

1 The Hakim was Prime Minister to Saadat Ali Khan, and then was ousted by Agha Meer when Ghazi-ud-din came to the throne. In 1827 Nasir-ud-din dismissed Agha Meer and reinstated Hakim Menhdi. He was an able man, and the *Calcutta Review*, Vol. III, says: 'Bentinck had one hope for Oudh, Hakim Menhdi Ali Khan was then the Minister. His energy and ability might, if unshackled, save the sinking state. To encourage his efforts Bentinck studiously manifested his regard for the minister, and forbad further interference by the Resident. Hakim Menhdi effected much good.'

2 Dresses of honour (*khillats*),Irvine says (*The Army of the Indian Moguls*, 1903), were given to everyone presented at court, and were of five degrees — those consisting of 3,5,6 and 7 pieces, and those the Emperor had actually worn. Other gifts consisted of ornaments, weapons, *palkis*, horses and elephants, in progressive order of importance. The dresses of honour were generally very flimsy, and the other presents, too, were not always worth having. Bishop Heber, at the Delhi court, was presented with a horse which was afterwards valued at Rs. 30.

Chapter XIX

1 The list of servants is interesting, not only because the wages of the whole 57 come to only Rs. 290, but also because some of them have become obsolete or, though their names are the same, their duties have changed.

The *sircar*, whom Fanny mentions when talking about her Calcutta servants, is not shown in this list, so must have been dropped from their household. He disappeared entirely in the eighteen-forties, Dewar says. *Bearers* were originally a set of servants who carried the palanquins. As palanquins gradually went out of use and *punkhas* grew common, pulling them became their main duty; later, when *punkhas* gave

way to electric fans, the number of *bearers* dwindled to one per person, and later one per household. Fanny does not say that their *bearers* carried a palanquin, and never mentions having bought one, so they probably did not use one much. They were already going out of fashion with the young and smart in Calcutta, who, like the Parks, drove about in their carriages, though Dewar says it was not the custom to go to the office in a carriage till 1828. The *khansaman's* duties have somewhat changed; in those days he was not a cook, as he is now, but a butler. Fanny had both a *khansaman* and a cook. The *abdar* has disappeared in private houses, with the coming of the refrigerator and plenty of ice, though he still exists in some clubs and hotels. Similarly the *bhisti* is no longer necessary. What increased the number of the Parks' servants was their fondness for horses — 8 grooms and 8 grass-cutters, and a woman to grind gram, besides a coachman.

Chapter XX

1 The Patal Puri temple is very ancient, and in the *Ramayana* Rama and Sita are said to have visited it as they set out into exile. In 1916 openings were made to let in light and air, and it can now be seen by daylight.

2 Baradwaja, a great sage, lived a thousand years ago on this piece of land, which then overlooked the Sangam (confluence). A great number of scholars flocked to his retreat, and it became a famous centre of learning. In the *Ramayana* a meeting of Rama and the sage is described.

3 The dinner-hour was gradually growing later. In the early days it was one o'clock; towards the end of the eighteenth century 3 p.m.; and, after Fanny's time it became 7.30 or 8 p.m.

Chapter XXII

1 Charles until then had been officiating, both at Allahabad and Cawnpore, in place of Collectors of Customs who were absent on leave.

2 Many stations had mutton clubs. Every member paid a monthly sum, and when an animal was killed joints were distributed amongst them.

3 Hakim Menhdi was banished from Oudh, charged with disrespect, and exiled to Fatehgarh.

Chapter XXIII

1 The Mela is held annually in the month of Magh (mid-January to mid-February) and every twelfth year there is the Kumbh Mela, a much larger one.

2 William Fane, brother of Sir Henry Fane the Commander-in-Chief, was in 1829, Collector and Deputy Opium Agent at Allahabad, and was posted there again in 1832 as Member of the Board of Revenue.

3 The Charter of the Company, when renewed in 1813, removed the ban on missionaries, though it was not till after 1835 that much missionary activity developed.

Chapter XXIV

1 Captain Mundy came to India as A.D.C. to Lord Combermere, and went with him on a tour of inspection of the Upper Provinces in 1827. He arrived in Lucknow on 11 November 1827, and must have met Fanny there. From Lucknow he travelled to Delhi, visited the Emperor, and went on to Simla. His *Pen and Pencil Sketches, being the Journal of a Tour in India* in two volumes, was published in 1832.

2 Doctor Joseph Wolff (1795-1862) on this expedition had travelled through Constantinople, Armenia, Khorasan and Kabul, had been received by Ranjit Singh at Amritsar, and then went by palanquin from Ludhiana to Calcutta, preaching 150 sermons on the way. We can read of his further adventures, when he went alone to Bokhara to try to rescue two captive Englishmen, in *A Person from England* by Fitzroy Maclean (1958).

3 *Eau de luce* was a preparation of alcohol, ammonia and oil of amber.

Chapter XXV

1 In 1825 the *Enterprise* came to India via the Cape, partly under steam and partly by sailing, but the voyage took four months, which was disappointing, and so no more experiments were made for some years. In 1830 it was decided to use the Red Sea route, mainly for official mail, and the *Hugh Lindsay* steamed from Bombay to Suez, first taking a month over the voyage, but later reducing it to 22 days. The journey across from Suez to Alexandria was made by camel, and from there travellers and mail went on to Europe by a French ship. By 1857 the P & O had started a regular service from Southampton to Alexandria, and from there passengers went by rail to Cairo and thence by mule to Suez, the baggage going by camel. Within just over ten more years, the Suez Canal was open.

Chapter XXVIII

1 A pinnace was the only keeled boat in use on river journeys, so it was not as well suited to the shoals and shallows of the Jumna as the clumsier flat-bottomed country boats drawing less water. But it was the largest and handsomest and most comfortable boat for a journey. There were three rooms in the stern — a bedroom (with bathroom, often with a shower), a living-room in the centre, and an enclosed verandah in front of this to keep off the sun. The rooms had large windows on all sides, fitted with Venetian blinds (and, in the case of of the *Seagull*, with glass) and they were large enough for comfortable

furniture, and often were fitted with *punkhas*. In front of these rooms was a small deck where the oarsmen sat if the boat was being rowed, and below this was the luggage hold. On the roof the crew lived, and the helmsman aloft at the stern guided the rudder.

2 There was much traffic on the Jumna in those days. The chief crops of the region, cotton, sugar and indigo were loaded on numerous boats at Hameerpur, Kalpee and other places higher up, while Chilla Tara Ghat was a centre from which goods of many kinds, brought from Bombay on camels, were shipped down to Bengal, Emma Roberts tells us. Many boats carried salt.

Chapter XXIX

1 Captain Thomas Skinner. *Excursions in India, including a Walk over the Himalaya Mountains to the Sources of the Ganges and Jumna*, 1833.

Chapter XXXI

1 The Company's troops captured Agra Fort from the Mahrattas under Scindia in 1803, and occupied it for some months.

2 Lord Ellenborough, Governor-General 1842-44, was noted for his bombast.

Chapter XXXIII

1 Lieutenant J. Pester, in *War and Sport in India, 1802-05* says: 'Nairne was most probably the only man that ever was known to spear a tiger on horse-back. Lord Lake shot the tiger, after it was about to spring on Nairne, and sent the tiger's skin and the broken spear to the Prince of Wales.'

2 Sleeman, in his *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official* gives a somewhat different account of James' elopement. He says: 'When the King of Oudh refused to give up Mulka Begam, her father, Mirza Suliman Sheko, got his old friend Colonel Gardner to come and plead his cause. The king gave the young woman up, but stopped the the father's pension and ordered him and his family out of Oudh. He set out with Colonel Gardner and his daughter on the road to Delhi, when news was brought that she had run off from the camp with James, who had accompanied his father to Lucknow. The Prince and the Colonel rode after them, but soon gave up the chase in despair. Suliman Sheko insisted on the Colonel immediately fighting him, after the manner of the English, with swords or pistols, but was soon persuaded that the honour of the House of Timur would be better preserved by allowing the offending pair to marry.'

3 Valentine was the Colonel's half-brother, and was also living in India. He is shown in the pedigree which Fanny gives, as married to Alaida Scott, but this is obviously a different, and Indian, wife.

Chapter XXXIV

1 In *Bengal Past and Present,* Vol. II of 1908, in an article 'Slavery Days in Old Calcutta', by Syud Hussain, we read that, 'slavery was an established institution before the Europeans came, and the Company sanctioned its continuance. In Warren Hastings' time the family of a sentenced robber were sold as slaves, and to avoid the expense of jails persons convicted were sold. Slaves were regularly registered in Court House, where a duty of Rs. 4/4 a head was paid. In the latter part of the eighteenth century slavery was widespread, and regarded as an indispensible condition of normal domestic life, but a strong wave of disapproval swept over Europe, and the Company could not long remain indifferent. The importation of slaves from Arabia was stopped in 1811; the sale of agrarian slaves for the recovery of revenue was forbidden in 1829; but private owners continued to buy and sell them. In 1833 the British Government formally abolished slavery with effect from 1845. After abolition, domestic slaves were to be apprenticed to their masters for four years, agrarian slaves for six, and all children under six were to be immediately liberated.' Children were sold as slaves chiefly because of poverty and famine.

2 The Nawabs of Cambay were descended from the governors appointed by Akbar when he conquered Gujerat in 1572, from among the nobles who accompanied him from Agra. When the Mahrattas partitioned Gujerat, the Nawabs resisted their claim to tribute. By the Treaty of Bassein, 1802, Cambay ceded to the British and became a feudatory.

3 Banu Bibi was James Gardner's first wife, and the mother of the two girls, Alaida and Evening Star.

Chapter XXXV

1 Akbar, who had no surviving son, went on a pilgrimage to the holy man, Sheikh Selim Chishti, who lived at Sikri, and on his advice brought the Empress Jodhbai, his Rajput wife, to the place. The prayers of the holy man were heard, and Jodhbai presented Akbar with a son, who was named Selim after the saint (afterwards taking the name of Jahangir). Akbar founded the city of Sikri in 1569, and later named it Fatehpur Sikri (City of Victory) after his conquest of Gujerat.

2 This, it seems, is by Emma Roberts, for it is reproduced in Vol. III of her *Scenes and Characteristics of Hindustan* as part of a series of sketches published by her in the *Asiatic Journal*.

3 The end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth were the great days of the 'Adventurers' in India—Europeans of various nationalities or of mixed parentage—men who, like de Boigne and Perron, built up Scindia's army and led it to victory, or, like James Skinner, won fame in the service of Perron and as a cavalry

leader, or George Thomas, who set up his own independent principality, defied Perron, and dreamed of conquering the Punjab, and many others. All led lives full of adventure, some attained great prestige and wealth, and then, they disappeared with the break-up of the Mahratta armies.

4 Gardner's father served in America from 1767 to 1782, and there he married the daughter of Colonel Robert Livingstone, of Livingstone, Manor, New York, and their son was born. The boy joined the British Army in 1783 as an ensign in the 80th Foot. In 1796 he came to India with the 30th Foot, and, two years later, after several changes of regiment, resigned his commission and entered the service of Holkar, the Mahratta chieftain.

5 The Governor-General, in 1803, issued a proclamation that all Britons in Mahratta employ must resign their service, or they would be considered traitors.

6 The rest of Gardner's service was with the forces of the Company. Lake appointed him to a cavalry command, and he raised his famous regiment of irregular horse. The uniform of Gardner's Horse was green, with red facings and silver lacings. They were included in the cavalry of the Company's army, and became the 2nd (Gardner's) Local Horse in 1823, the 2nd Bengal Cavalry in 1861, and the 2nd Lancers (Gardner's Horse) in 1890. Irregular corps were maintained out of the *jagir* or estate which was assigned to the commander for their upkeep. Gardner saw service in the Gurkha Wars of 1814-15, and fought in Rajasthan in the Third Mahratta War between 1817 and 1818. In 1819 he was made a local Lieutenant-Colonel, which meant that he did not hold a King's commission, or one from the Directors of the Company, but received it from the Governor-General in India, and was consequently subordinate to even the most junior officer in the King's or Company's service, as also happened to Colonel James Skinner. Their case was taken up, and in 1822 they both received appointments in the King's service, Gardner's majority being antedated to 1803, the date he left the Mahrattas and rejoined British service. He saw further fighting in the Burma War of 1825, and in 1828 he resigned and retired to his estate at Khasgunge.

7 Keene, in *Hindustan Under the Freelances* (1907) has pointed out that Thackeray's 'The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan' in his *Burlesques*, published in 1838, caricatures the career of Gardner. The caricature is not very good; there seems no resemblance in character and very little in events, except that Gahagan commanded a corps of Irregular Horse, wooed a princess and quarrelled with Holkar.

8 Amrit Rao, the brother of the Peshwa.

9 Holkar was Scindia's chief rival. Jaswant Rao Holkar, son of Tukoji

who founded the family, was a brave but violent man, a more difficult master to serve than Scindia, and in the end he went mad. When Wellesley and Lake were preparing to attempt to crush the Mahrattas, Holkar tried to come to terms with Lake rather than join Scindia in his fight against the British.

Chapter XXXVII

1 Irvine says there were eight insignia of royalty, among which were the *chatr* (state umbrella) and the *saiban* or *aftabgir* (sunshade) and the *chatr tok* of yak tails (three tails attached to a cross-bar on a long pole).

2 Godfrey Thomas Vigne, 1801-63, travelled to India in 1832, visiting Kashmir, Ladakh and Afghanistan, and wrote *A Personal Narrative of a Visit to Ghazni, Kabul and Afghanistan* in 1840, and *Travels in Kashmir* in 1842.

Chapter XXXVIII

1 Shubbeah and Mirza Unjun Sheko had a daughter, Jane, who in March 1879 married her cousin Alan Hyde Gardner, son of Hurmoozee and Stewart William Gardner. On the death in 1883 of the third Lord Gardner (his father's cousin), Alan was next in line for the title, but his claim was not recognised, and the barony has been dormant since then.